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Vol. VII. No. 37. APRIL, 1902.

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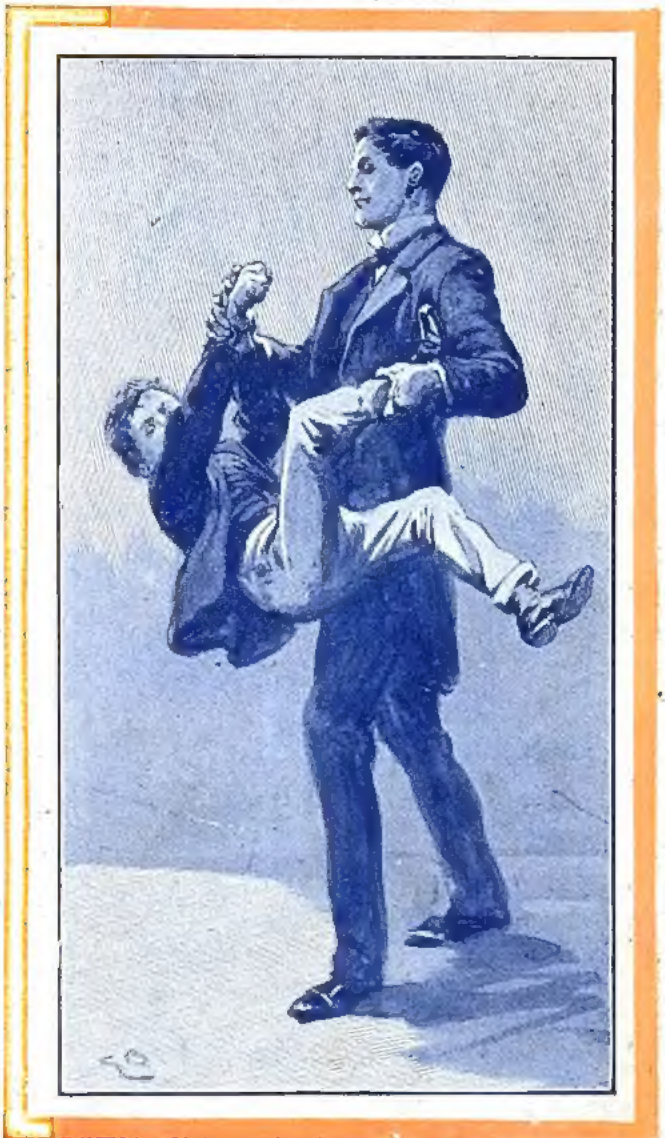

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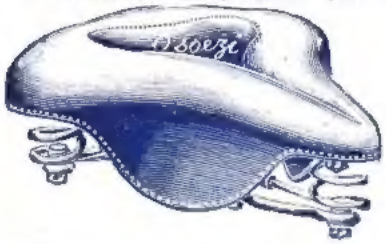

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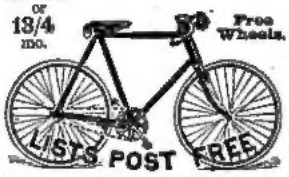

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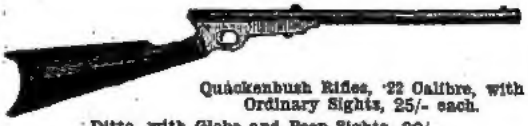

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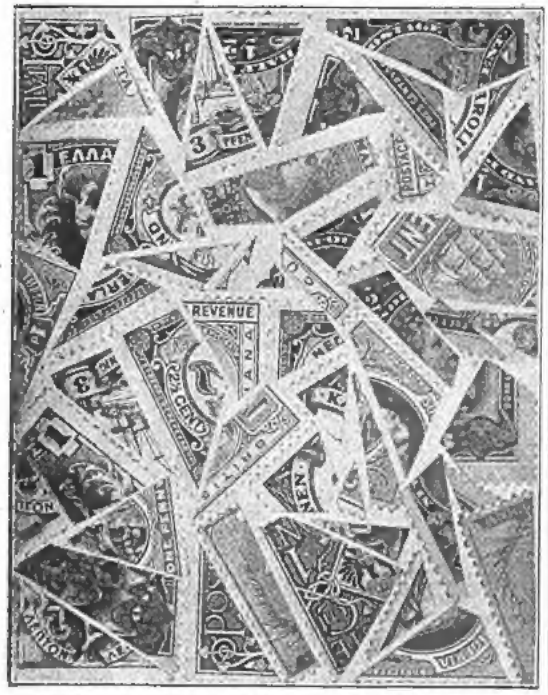

This block is made up of several well-known Postage Stamps. The task of the competitor is to cut up the illustration and piece together the separated bits into the original stamps. Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps in their original form will be taken into consideration.—*See* "Captain" Competition, No. 5, *for* April, *page* 92.

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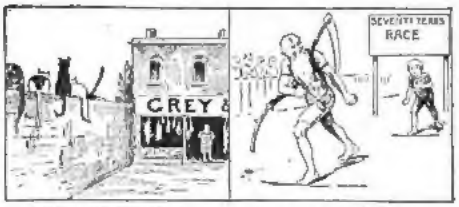
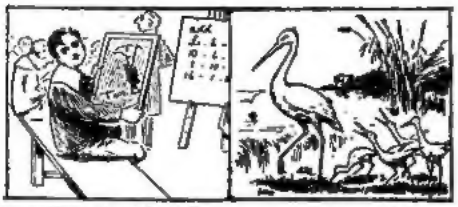
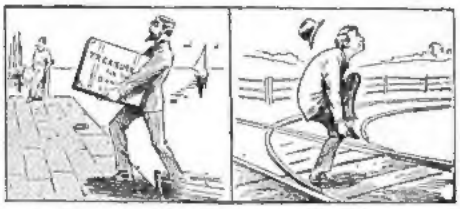


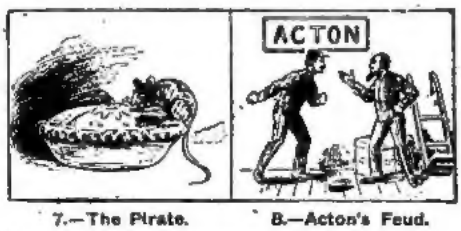
1. Tales of Greyhouse. 2.—Life's Handicap.



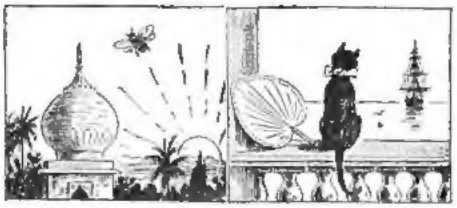
3.- Tom Brown's School Days. 4.—Stalky and Co.



5.—Treasure Island. 6.—Eric.



7.—The Pirate. 8.—Acton's Feud.



9.- Dombey and Son. 10.—Phantom Ship.

11.—Boy Hunters. 12.—Ivanhoe.

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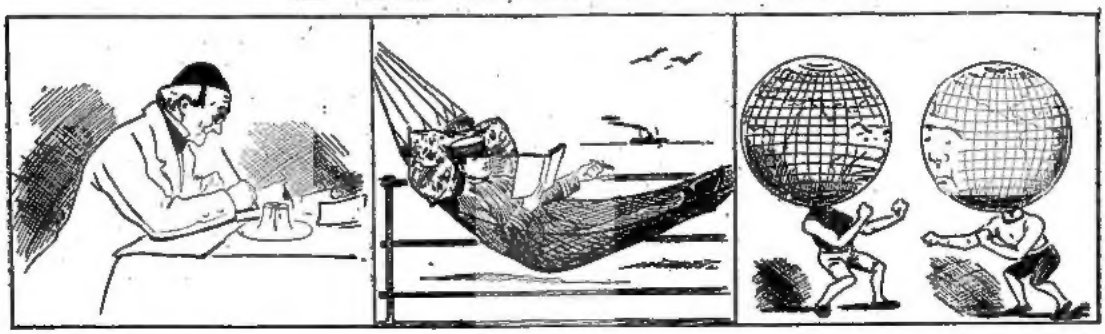

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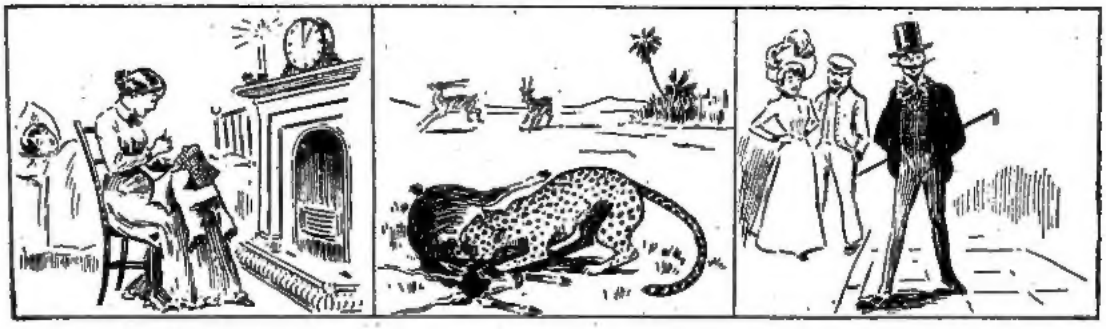

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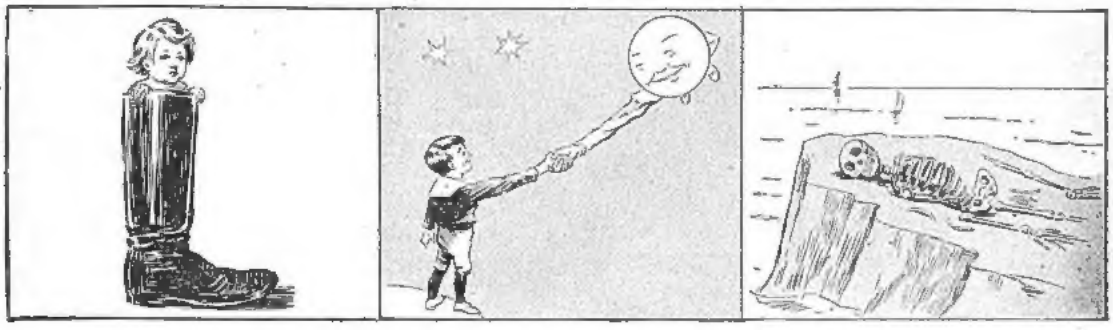

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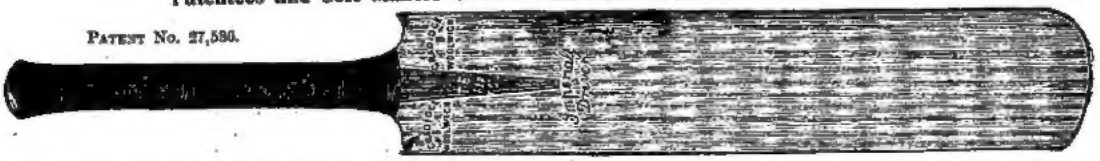

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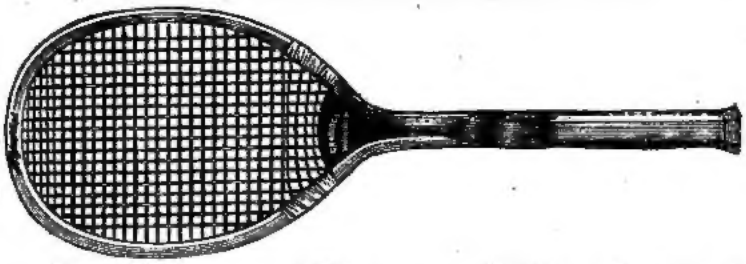

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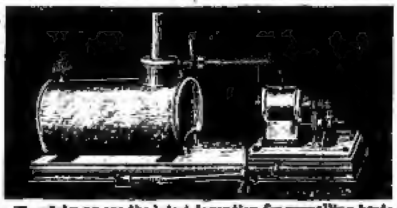

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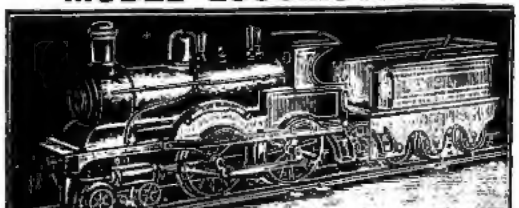

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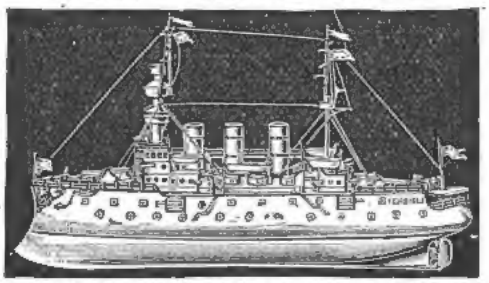

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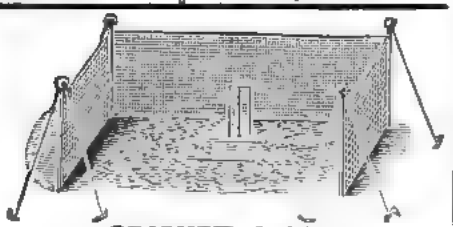

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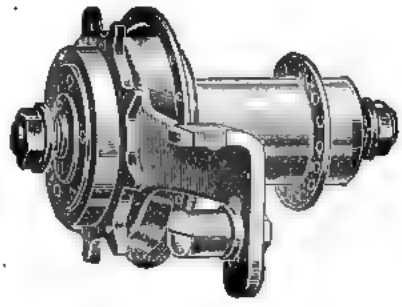

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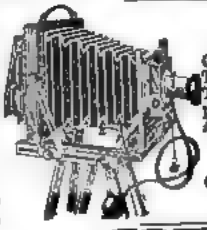

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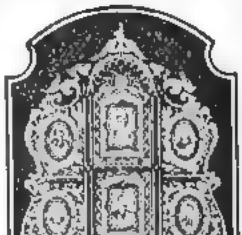

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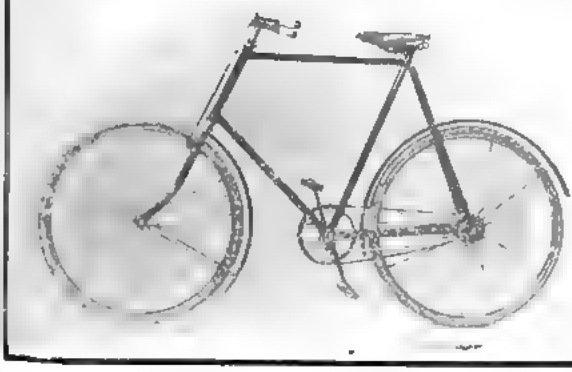

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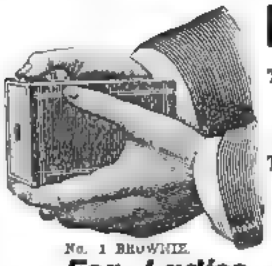

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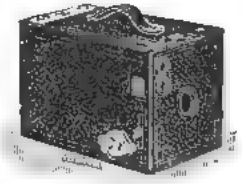

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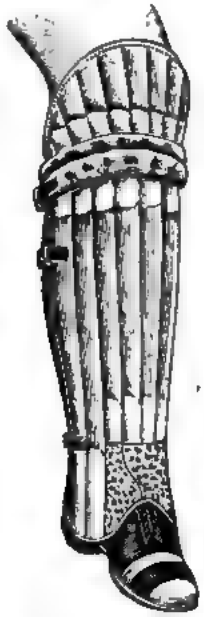

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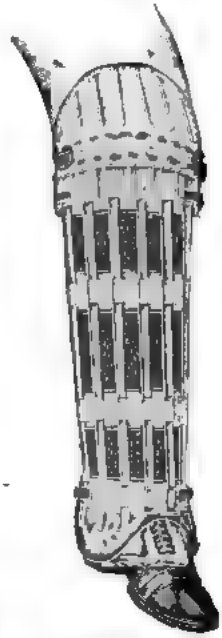

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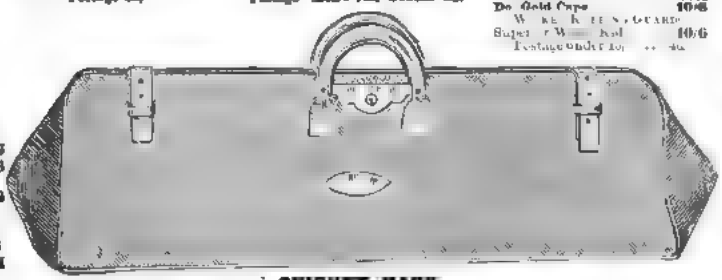

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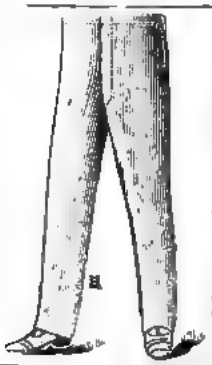

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The Boyhood of the PRINCE OF WALES

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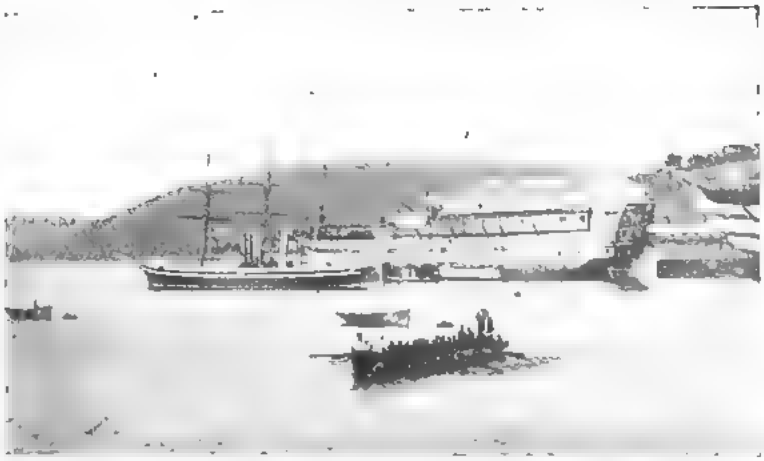
THE Prince of Wales probably had as interesting and exciting a boyhood as that of any lad in the United Kingdom. Of course this was partly owing to the fact that till he was a grown-up man the then Prince George of Wales was not considered as even probable heir to the throne, and accordingly did not receive the kind of careful and rather dull education which had been bestowed on his own father, as heir-apparent, and in a certain measure on his own elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence.

As has fortunately always been the case with innumerable British boys of every rank of life, our future King seems to have made up his mind, even in his nursery days, that he would be a sailor.

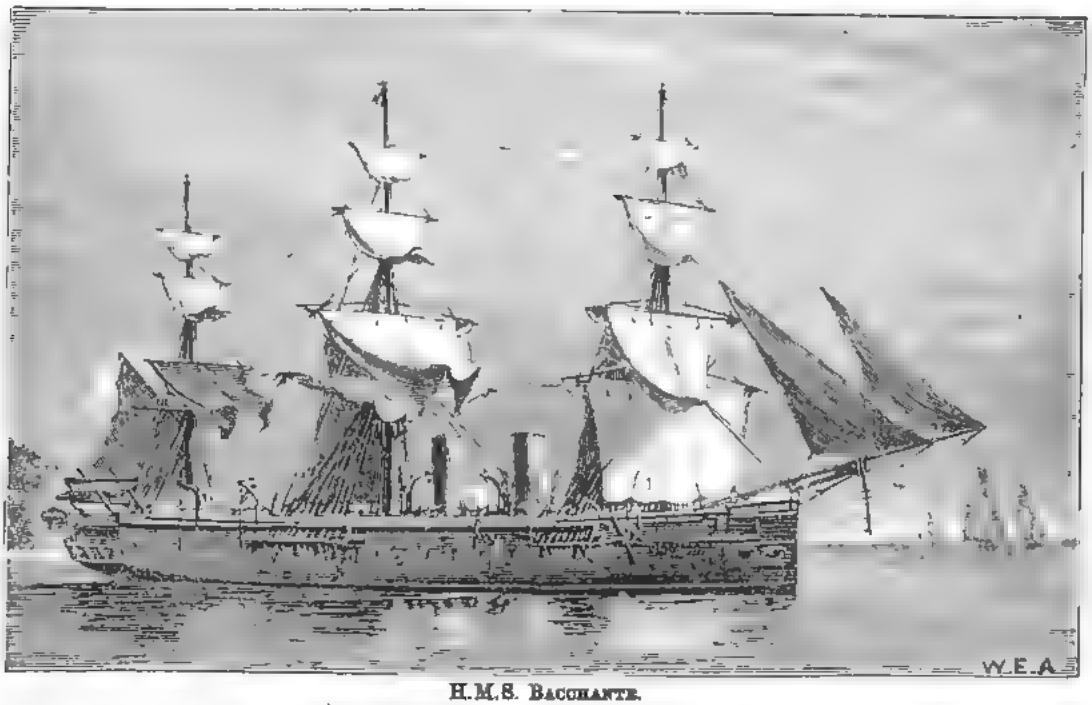
It has often been pointed out, and with great truth, that an apparently slight incident or fact not unfrequently decides the whole of a lad's future life. Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales naturally spent much of their early childhood at Sandringham, their parents' beautiful country home in Norfolk. Now the rector of the parish, the Rev. Lake Onslow, had commenced his clerical life as a naval chaplain; he loved and admired the Navy above all things, and considered that no boy could hope for a more healthful and happy career than that spent on, and associated with, the ocean wave. What more natural, therefore, than that he should tell the two little Royal Princes moving stories of the sea, and recall the adventures of the great naval heroes whose memory is kept green by gallant Jack Tar? Yet another clerical friend of the Royal family, Charles Kingsley, the great author of "Westward Ho!" had the same enthusiasm, as had the rector of Sandringham, for all those who go down to the sea in ships, and during his yearly visit to Sandringham he used to delight the young Princes with wonderful yarns of sea heroism, and with perhaps even more fascinating stories of the wonderful things that befall those who spend their lives on board their country's wooden walls.



H.M.S. BRITANNIA.

The Prince of Wales joined this training ship as Naval Cadet on June 5th, 1877.

Accordingly, although a great many people were very much surprised when it became known to the world at large that the then Prince and Princess of Wales intended both their sons to be trained on the *Britannia*, those who knew the young Princes thought it a very wise decision. Our Navy has always been able to boast among its gallant officers more than one Prince belonging to the Royal house. William IV., the great-uncle of King Edward, was surnamed the "Sailor King," and our present Sovereign, though he did not himself receive a naval training, has always shown particular favour to the Navy, while his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, to the last was devoted to that branch of the Service of which he was in very truth a distinguished ornament.



H.M.S. Bacchante.

The Prince began his real naval career by joining this ship at the age of fourteen, under the command of Lord Charles Scott.

Prince George of Wales, as he then was, joined the *Britannia* on June 5th, 1877, that is, two days before his twelfth birthday. From the very first, and by the special wish of his parents, no distinction was made between the Royal and the other naval cadets; and during the happy years spent by him on the fine old training ship, the present Prince of Wales made many life-long friends, quite a number of whom are now attached to his Household.

From the first he was immensely popular with his mates, and a good many stories are told indicative of his high spirits and the love of adventure displayed by him, as he became early familiar with every practical duty connected with Jack Tar's arduous life.

It was at this early time of his existence that the Prince learnt the useful art of boxing from a member of the crew of the *Britannia*, a certain Henry Feltham, known among his mates as "the champion scrapper." The two Royal cadets were most anxious to be taught the noble art of self-defence by so excellent an exponent, but according to Feltham's own account Prince George proved by far the best pupil of the two, and after six lessons he began, as his instructor pithily put it, "to shape very well." One of the pleasantest traits in Prince George's character, even at that time, was that he never forgot anyone, however humble, who had ever done him a service or a kindness. Many years after his sojourn on the *Britannia* the Prince was performing his part in some pageant at Portsmouth when he heard a familiar voice shout out, "God bless you!" and according to Feltham's own words the Prince immediately "turned round with a smile and shook his 'duke' (hand) at me."

To return, however, to the Prince's early days. Our future King was fourteen when he began his naval career by joining the *Bacchante*, then commanded by Lord Charles Scott. "The Prince," says one who served on the *Bacchante*, "had to do duty in all weathers and at all hazards, just like any other young 'reefer' on board." Prince George, indeed, always got on well with the other middies in the gun-room mess, and, like them, was not averse to indulgence in practical jokes. It was about this time that a curious story was told in London clubs, setting forth in a most circumstantial fashion that the then Princess of Wales had just been dreadfully distressed by the news that her second son had insisted on having an anchor tattooed *on his nose*, and so permanently disfiguring himself for life! Of course there was not a word of truth in the story, but at the time quite a number of people believed it firmly, and much sympathy was expressed for the Royal sailor's parents.

A truer tale, which at the time did not find its way into print, was told some years ago

PRINCE GEORGE IN HIS UNIFORM AS MIDSHIPMAN

Photo by W. and D. Downey

H.M.S. CANADA

Commanded by Captain Francis Durrant, on which Prince George served as Midshipman from 1883 to 1884.

Google

by Sir Frederick Bedford. Prince George's ship was coaling in Turkish waters, when it became known to the Sultan that the great Queen Victoria's grandson was near at hand. Accordingly the Grand Vizier was sent in all haste to convey his august master's greetings to the Prince. The high Turkish official was received by the Admiral, whom, however, he treated with but scant civility. "I am here to compliment the Royal Prince," he declared pompously. "Very well," replied Prince George's commanding officer good-humouredly, "I will send for him at once," and there and then the Royal middy, covered with coal-dust from head to foot, approached unwillingly, far from pleased at having been disturbed while in charge of a coaling party. The Grand Vizier, with true Eastern politeness, expressed himself as highly delighted to observe that the descendant of a great Sovereign was being taught wisdom by being made subject, in his youth, to others.

The two young Princes went round the world in the *Bacchante*, and a record of their trip, being extracts from their diaries, was published. From it one learns very conclusively that Royal boys have duties as well as pleasures, even when supposed to be on amusement bent. During their interesting journey they were constantly called upon to make short speeches, to lay foundation stones, and, what must have been a real ordeal, to distribute prizes to and address boys of much their own age. On one such occasion, when replying to an Address presented to them by the boys of Prince Alfred College, Adelaide, they made a really sensible little speech. It ran thus: "Boys, it gives us great pleasure to come amongst you, and to go over your school and grounds. We shall long remember the sound of your voices, and trust that if ever we again visit Adelaide, some of those we saw as boys we may then meet as men, a credit to their school, to themselves, and to the Colony!"

It was during this eventful tour round the world that Prince George first became a stamp collector. He had not, in those early days, very much pocket-money, and his present splendid collection was started in just the usual way, by the contributions of friends, by intelligent exchange, and by begging his mother, as has done many another stamp collecting middy, to carefully preserve for him all the *envelopes* of his letters home! During that first long voyage, Prince George also constantly bought pretty and quaint mementoes of the places at which the ship touched, and not one of his old home friends and servants were forgotten by the Royal sailor.

Even as a boy the Prince took his profession very seriously, and nothing annoyed him more than to be treated as a "fair-weather" sailor. On one occa-

H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT.

Commanded by Captain Bedford. Prince George was transferred to this ship from the *Thunderer*, June 2nd, 1893; he subsequently received his commission as one of the ship's regular Lieutenants.

sion, when he was in charge of Torpedo Boat 79, he was sent for by the Admiral, who informed him that the Princess of Wales had asked if he might have a short holiday in order to join the Royal house-party at Goodwood. "But what is to become of my torpedo boat while I am away?" asked the Sailor Prince anxiously. The Admiral answered jokingly that to please the Princess the torpedo boat would have to take care of itself for a day or two. "Oh, no, that won't do at all," replied Prince George. "You know, sir, my orders were to take my torpedo boat on to Spithead without delay, and I *must* go." Then he added consolingly, "But I'll make it all right with my mother!"

Of course the Royal middy was not allowed, doubtless to his own regret, to neglect those accomplishments which are supposed to be essential to modern Princes. Right in the middle of the earlier half of his naval career he spent six months in Switzerland rubbing up his French and German. Even there, however, he was cheered by the presence of his naval instructor, Mr. Lawless, and so was able to go on with that section of his naval studies which is just as well acquired on dry land as at sea. It was after this brief sojourn on the Continent that Prince George was appointed midshipman to the *Canada*, commissioned for service on the North American and West Indian stations.

PRINCE GEORGE HAVING A RED AND BLUE DRAGON TATTOOED ON HIS ARM BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.

As we have seen, our future King was not spared any of the hardships which fall to the lot of the ordinary young naval officer. Perhaps what he felt most in those early days were his long absences from his truly-loved home and from his parents. The story goes that on one occasion when the Sailor Prince, rather against his will, was asked to fill up one of the so-called "Confession Books" which were popular twenty years ago, he put as his answer to the silly question, "If not yourself, who would you be?" the one word "Papa," while it need hardly be said that it is on record that his favourite name is that of "Alexandra." The Prince of Wales has all a true sailor's love of his own land, and of that corner of it where is his home

He loved the sea with his whole heart, but no boy ever enjoyed holidays more; and perhaps to prove how untrue is the saying anent a sailor on horseback, when at Sandringham he generally spent a great deal of his time riding the wildest and most untamed of ponies, while, even in those days, he was particularly fond of those two very opposite forms of amusement, hunting and fishing.

HOW WE GET ABOUT IN NATAL.

By "Umfaan."

HOW do we get about in Natal? Well, of course, that all depends upon where we are going.

In town our chief conveyance is a riksha. That vehicle is comfortable and convenient when the Kaffir puller goes "carefully," but is apt to be dangerous when he seems under the impression that everybody is interested in his movements. Then away he goes helter-skelter down the street, ringing his bell when about two yards off the individual for whom the warning is intended, grazing carts by inches as he passes them, and all the while you are nervously holding on to the sides of the vehicle in an agony of suspense. That's the way we get about in town.

Then there is the railway line—the Natal Government railways. They're never in a hurry, and various are the tales that are told about their slowness. However, out of deference to the O. F., who has probably heard them told in connection with lines in the "old country," I will let them pass, only mentioning the facts that, if you happen to drop your cap out of the window, the train will very likely be stopped in order to enable the guard to go and recover the lost headgear, and that when the engine driver comes to a hill, he knows exactly at what speed the "iron horse" can ascend it, so he leaves it to look after itself and goes off for a hunting expedition. He has been waiting some time when the train arrives at the top.

If you're Scotch and you want a billet in Natal—go to the N.G.R.; you're sure to get it. They're all Scotch on the railway, and I am sure it must be very gratifying to anybody fresh from the "land o' cakes" to hear his many questions answered in broad "Glasgie" or "Hieland." There is a story told of a man named Evans, who wanted a job as a guard. Well, he couldn't get it in Durban because he was a Welshman, so he came to Maritzburg and said his name was Donald McEvans. He got the job, and was a station-master within a week. Fact!

Another means of travelling in this uncomfortable little colony is by post-cart. I think that if old Nero were alive now I should obtain a pension as a reward for suggesting this kind of torture to him. If you want a bit of an impression of what riding in a post-cart is like, get a fairly large wheelbarrow and a lot of small boulders. Place the latter in one continual line down your garden path, and ask some kind friend to wheel you over them at a quick pace.

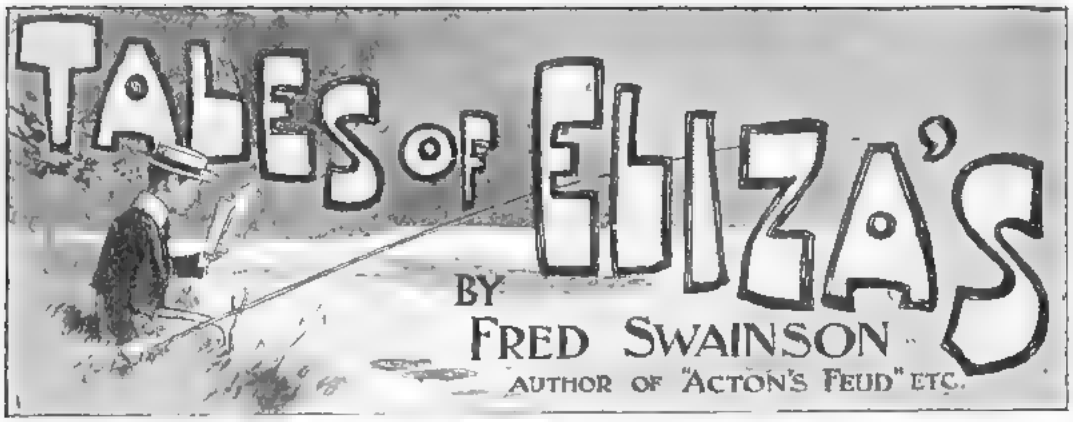
And then the post-cart driver—usually a Hottentot—generally gets drunk before the journey is completed, and takes you through drifts at a terrific speed. There are no good roads in Natal, and in rainy weather there are no roads at all—they are nothing more or less than swamps.

Perhaps the most enjoyable, but undoubtedly the slowest way of getting about in Natal is by bullock-wagon. There are usually from twelve to eighteen oxen yoked to one wagon, and they all seem very lazy, though usually the laziest animal in the whole turn-out is the Kaffir "voorloper," who leads the bullocks. The first time I was in a bullock-wagon I had to endure a night-journey in pouring rain. I was so miserable sitting in my position in the front of the vehicle that I decided to walk. I got and had gone a few yards when I noticed the native in charge of the wagon striking out at something in the grass with his long ox-whip. "What is that?" I asked. "Snake," he answered laconically. I hastily re-entered the wagon.

I will end up with a humorous thing worth mentioning about a Boer's team of oxen. The laziest animal in the team is called "Englishman," and is always singled out for special punishment, while the correspondingly good ox is dubbed "Dutchman."

SHOEING THE BAY MARE

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype



No. I.—MASTER AND FAG.

I.

MR. VIVIAN CHUBB hurried into his den after first school feeling at peace with all men and Elizabethans, and also uncommonly hungry. His fag, Drysdale, had set out a good square meal, and the coffee-pot gave forth an aromatic welcome. Chubb dropped his books into the nearest chair, and drew up. Then he perceived a letter lying unobtrusively near his plate, and when Chubb saw the handwriting thereon, and the grimy surface and out-of-society look of the envelope, his jaw dropped.

"I'm hanged if it isn't Peach," he said, with angry disgust. "What's in the wind now?"

He cut open the unappetising letter and ran rapidly over its few lines.

"DEAR MR. CHUBB,—

"I should like to see you to-night at about 12 or soon after—same old spot—as I'm badly in want of a little coin, and you and me are not quite square—not by a quid or two—as you'll see if you look up your book. I can't meet you by daylight, as Eliza's Cross, by day, don't suit my eyes. Twig? In fact, I'm playing owl, though I ain't any owl, *you* know, for one or two extra-special reasons. But I fly by night, and I hope you'll look me up on our usual perch. I'm pretty sure you will. All things considered it would be playing it rather low if you didn't—and a pity too. I shall want a quid at least. Me and Ricketts are going a-trouting to-night, and, if you want to see a bit of sport, you're welcome. But pay your foting first; a quid at least, or else there'll be no sport for one of us. A friend in need is a friend who forks out. Them's my sentiments. Your old pal,

"MATT. PEACH."

After reading this oracular and cryptic note Chubb had small appetite for his breakfast, and his charitable feeling for the world in general went away in a fine mist. "And I thought the beggar was dead and buried! And he means to cut up nasty if I don't use palm-oil, too."

Chubb was a good-looking, unobtrusive black sheep, and the last of the gang that had included Mr. James Weedon and Mr. Isaacs among its members. He knew Ricketts' sanctum in the "Anglers' Arms," and had made in his time one or two decent breaks on Ricketts' well-worn billiard-table. And in the landlord's opinion he was a "real gentleman"; he didn't criticise even the cigars or the beer as Weedon did. He had betted loyally with Ricketts for a whole season, and the landlord was surprised how very little wool he managed to get off the black sheep. This increased Ricketts' respect for him. Isaacs' career of unauthorised pleasures soon came to an end, and Weedon—clever Weedon—dropped out of the gang and the school with meteoric suddenness, but Chubb kept unobtrusively on. He did not seem likely to be found out either. He had gone to a subscription dance at Saltby, enjoyed himself until three in the morning, and then managed to scramble through his bedroom window. And Ricketts vowed that Chubb was "fuddled" with cheap, subscription-dance champagne, too, when he left Saltby. Vivian Chubb hid all his good qualities—if he had any—very thoroughly; and a youth of the Chubb type can make a very promising canker in school life. Now, real dissipation, such as practised by Chubb and Co., cannot be carried on in any school unless the black sheep have some one—some kind shepherd—to provide them with the un-

wholesome fodder. And Mr. Matthew Peach was such an one. He was the legitimate descendant of those men who, in the bad old days, smuggled brandy into Winchester for the boys to tipple, of those who drove Harrow boys to Epsom the night before the Derby, who provided game cocks for many a fierce main, badgers for a "draw," and rats and rabbits and the fox-terriers for a little mixed slaughter. As a matter of fact, Mr. Vivian Chubb and Mr. Isaacs, under the auspices of Peach, had had a few quiet afternoons among the rabbits and a little pigeon shooting—Chubb could grass a blue rock rather neatly—behind the sheltering trees of the "Anglers' Arms," and once Peach had imported from Cumberland two cocks, and half-a-dozen wretched Elizabethans had an exciting half-hour watching the birds tearing each other to pieces. Of course Peach's services were expensive, but then, unfortunately, Chubb had a very unusual allowance. Then one fine day when Chubb had gone up the Lodden to meet Peach, the illegal provider was *non est*, and on enquiries at Ricketts' the landlord said Peach had "mizzled."

"Why?"

"Well," explained Ricketts, elaborately, "the air of this part just at present don't suit his constitootion, and he thought a change 'ud do 'im good. And he thought he'd choose the air himself, small blame to him, for fear he'd have it chosen for him."

"That means the police, I suppose?" said Chubb.

"Among gentlemen," said Ricketts, hastily, "coppers aren't mentioned as in any way personal."

"Oh, well," said Chubb, easily. "I'll see him again, no doubt."

"If you owe him money for services rendered you will, sir," said Ricketts emphatically.

What Peach had done to make his stay in St. Elizabeth's Cross unsatisfactory to himself, Chubb forbore to inquire, and as weeks passed by and Peach made no sign the Elizabethan began to think his exile was permanent. But a bad penny always turns up just when you don't expect or want it, and Peach's letter was eminently disturbing to Mr. Chubb. To begin with, his stock of money was at a very low ebb; he had only a few shillings left, and, for another thing, he did not at all relish slipping out at night for anybody's convenience but his own. Discovery meant almost certain expulsion, and Vivian Chubb did not fancy running the risk for a fellow like Mr. Matthew Peach. And yet he did not like the tone of his grimy letter. It was threatening in a peculiarly forcible way, and Chubb had formed a pretty correct idea of his jackal's character. He diagnosed that Peach, for private reasons, would not come back to The Cross for a long time, and wanted to have his money instanter, or, failing that, would show he wasn't called Peach for nothing. It was annoying, horribly annoying, but Chubb made up his mind then and there to see him. It seemed safer.

As I said at first, before seeing Peach's letter, Chubb had felt at peace with everyone. He had a definite cause for this charitable feeling. He had a lovely wager—from his point of view—with Mercer, a fellow of Carver's house, that he could pick an eleven under fifteen from Bultitude's which would lick any similar eleven chosen from Carver's. And he felt very confident of the result. Now Chubb, who was no fool, had made a private discovery—two, in fact. He had observed that youngsters cannot play fast, very fast, bowling, and he had discovered a boy in Bultitude's who could really swing down the balls at a rare pace. This boy was young Drysdale, his own fag. These little private cricket duels were quite a usual thing for Chubb to arrange with other sporting seniors, and any casual spectator, looking at Chubb calmly seated under a shady wall cheering on his men, would have thought it was some kind-hearted senior giving his juniors a gentle leg-up. But Chubb cared not a straw about the game, though he liked winning bets immensely.

When Drysdale came in to clear, he found Chubb moodily eating breakfast. "Cut; can't you see I've not finished," he said surlily.

The youngster without a word turned on his heel and was going out, when Chubb said, a trifle more blandly, "All right, Drysdale. You can clear in a tick. By the way, I've got you down against Mercer's Carver eleven for this afternoon."

Drysdale faced round angrily. "I hate cricket, Chubb, and besides, I've got something else on this afternoon."

"Bug-huntin'?"

"No," said Drysdale.

"What is that round thing, young 'un, which runs over the grass or flies through the air and yet has no wings, nor yet legs; doesn't speak until it's hit or brought down in full flight, when it sometimes bites; colour red, when young, greenish in old age; only seen in summer, and the bark of the animal can

be taken out and felt?" Chubb propounded sardonically, as he watched his fag's discontented face. Other people's discontent amused Chubb generally, and he partially regained his original good humour as he looked at Drysdale. "Anyhow, Waterton-Buckland Drysdale, that is the only butterfly you've got to put your straw over this afternoon."

"I loathe cricket, Chubb, and I'm not going to do more than we juniors are booked to do."

"Plus what your seniors request you to do," genially corrected Chubb. "Why, you're no end of a bowler; Eliza's coming fast bowler, perhaps."

"Not by a long chalk," said the fag fervently.

"Well, you're booked for this afternoon. Bultitude said he was pleased to see your name down; you can't take it out after he said he was pleased to see it there. How does that strike you?"

The boy's eager eyes blazed with anger at this little argument. "You've a funny idea, Chubb, of common decency, that's all," said Drysdale, bitterly. "There aren't many like you in Eliza's."

"Not many," admitted Vivian.

"What time is the match?" said Drysdale, beginning to clear.

"Two, sharp. Punctuality is a virtue," said Chubb, with a sneer.

Drysdale said nothing, but went on with his work. As he was going out the senior said pleasantly, "I say, youngster, can you lend me a sov.?"

"Sorry, I can't."

"Poor beggar," sneered Chubb.

I wonder if many fags dare have put as much contempt and dislike into a look as young Drysdale did.

The look cut Chubb to the quick, as though a lash had been laid across his face. Dropping his sneering mask completely, he sprang out of his chair, and put his back to the door. "You're not sorry, and you can lend it me."

"Yes, I can, but I won't."

The senior clutched his fag by the coat collar and struck him savagely on the face. "That's what happens to high-souled bug-hunters when they forget their manners."

Drysdale felt his head spin, but he glared at his senior with uttermost contempt. "You're a coward, too, Chubb. And why don't you pay me back what you've borrowed before?"

The lad's words went home. Chubb dropped his upraised hand and let his fag go. To borrow from a fag was in Eliza's one of the things "no fellow could do," and it didn't improve matters if the loan was not repaid. Explanations would be awkward for Chubb—very—if he were required to make them; so, instantly the blow was struck he wished it recalled. Drysdale had gone out with a heart full almost to bursting of loathing for his master.

Drysdale was an odd lad; unlike the majority of young Elizabethans, he cared not a straw about cricket or footer; his whole mind and spare time were given to the pursuit of natural history. The minute he was free, winter or summer, he was off to the fields and woods bagging specimens. All was fish that came into his net. Fur or feather or fin had equal attraction for him, and this intense devotion to his hobby had earned him the endearing cognomen of the Bug-hunter. He had, of course, to put in the regulation cricket, but he put in not a minute more than he could help. And yet he had the making of a fine cricketer in him. His ball seemed appallingly swift to his fellow-juniors, and a rather eccentric pitch helped out its terrors. Drysdale took no pleasure in its deadliness, except that it tended to shorten the game. When Chubb made his two discoveries, he had to use a fair amount of art to get Drysdale's name on the Bultitude under-fifteen list. The fag stood upon his rights of no compulsory extra cricket very steadfastly, but Chubb, with his usual cunning, managed to circumvent him.

He always contrived to let the house-master see Drysdale's name on the list first, and then Bultitude beamed genially on the shrinking fag, and told him how glad he was to see him amusing himself in an orthodox fashion. Bultitude didn't approve of beetles as a hobby. Now Bultitude was an awfully decent fellow, and Drysdale had not the heart to tell him he loathed cricket from the bottom of his heart, but he had no such scruples about Chubb, and told him he hated the "under-fifteen" rubbish. Chubb smiled sardonically, and circumvented him when necessary. There never had been any love lost between fag and senior. Drysdale had more than a suspicion that Chubb was a blackguard, but, like a loyal little kid, kept his own counsel, and did his duty. How often he sighed for a master like Higgins, or Wantage, or Burke. *They* wouldn't have borrowed his money, nor smelt of wine or tobacco when they didn't perfume the room with pink cachous. But wishing didn't change masters, and Drysdale felt happy when he could get out of the room without a word—generally a sneer—from Vivian Chubb

"THE WATER'S AWFULLY C-C-C-OLD, SIR," SAID DRYSDALE WITH A SINKING HEART

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II.

A YEAR before the story opens Drysdale had done an insane thing. Two miles away from the Cross was the estate of R. Nugent, Esq., as strictly preserved as that of an old true-blue Tory should be. Half a mile from the house was a lake, and as it swarmed with water-birds Drysdale wanted above all things to explore its sedgy edges. The very heart of this little watery paradise was a little scrubby islet two hundred yards from shore. One day Drysdale had seen a teal patrolling the waters round this reedy heaven, like a small and squab gun-boat. The naturalist in him read the signs unhesitatingly. "There's a teal's nest for a hundred pounds. I haven't got an egg either."

Then came the insane thing. Drysdale slipped through the hedge, glided stealthily to the lake, and there, in a kind of exaltation of spirit, stripped to the buff. Wading quietly into the chill waters he struck out for the islet. Ten minutes afterwards he came back, snoring like a porpoise, and tucked in snugly beneath his cap were two unappetising-looking eggs. As he waded out a small spaniel came yapping towards him, and following hard on the dog an astonished old gentleman. R. Nugent, Esq., took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at this naked boy rising out of the water with utter stupefaction.

"The water's awfully c-c-c-old, sir," said Drysdale with a sinking heart.

"The deuce it is," gasped Nugent. "Did ye think we'd warm it for you?"

"No-o-o," said Drysdale, his teeth chattering. Then he tried to achieve the impossible—to dry himself—with one handkerchief. "There's not enough to go round, sir," observed Drysdale, forlornly.

For answer the gentleman stuck his stick into the ground, and laughed as at some huge joke. "Here's mine, boy."

Drysdale unfurled the old gentleman's handkerchief—it was as large as a small flag—and finally struggled into his shirt.

"What were you doing?"

The Elizabethan explained elaborately that he collected birds' eggs, and said he simply couldn't stand the teal swimming so exultingly round the island.

"I'll tell you what you are," said Nugent, as he hobbled off. "You're a natural curiosity, but—I'd bring a towel next time you visit the ducks."

"Oh, thanks!" said Drysdale, blank with joy at this utterly unlooked-for ending to the cold dip. And then something flashed through his mind and he ran after the old true-blue Tory in his shirt. "I say, sir, there's something I'd like to tell you before you go."

"Eh?" said Nugent turning round.

"I found a woodcock's nest in your plantation, sir. Five eggs. I thought you'd like to know a thing like that."

"Thanks," said Nugent, gurgling with mirth. "That's a secret between you an' me. Evening."

From thence onward, Drysdale used Nugent's estate with discretion, and, beyond glaring at him fiercely, Nugent's keeper did nothing, if by chance he met him in the woods. Nugent, himself, sometimes waylaid him and the lad, and the old gentleman talked casually on many things. Drysdale amused one man immensely.

After morning school Drysdale found he had two hours to spare before he was due for the hated cricket, and he forthwith went down to the spinney near the "Anglers' Arms" on the off-chance that he might find a nest. He drew it blank, but enthusiastically prosecuted his search into Ricketts' private property. Drysdale knew as well as any one Ricketts' objections to Elizabethans, but he could run, he argued, if need were.

When he got in he found his retreat cut off with automatic suddenness. Ricketts himself, and another man, came in from the spinney, and, at the sound of their voices, young Drysdale dropped into the dry ditch like a stone. The voices came nearer, and Drysdale made up his mind for a thrashing. But the pair stopped within five yards of him, evidently to wind up the conversation before Ricketts went to his own quarters. Drysdale heard every word.

The landlord and his friend were going to net Nugent's water—they calculated on a hundredweight of trout—and the proceeds had to be halved. And from what Drysdale could gather this netting was an annual performance and profitable. Twelve was the time. Then Ricketts moved off to his house, and Mr. Matthew Peach slunk out again into the spinney. Five minutes afterwards Drysdale was running briskly for school.

That horrid cricket match was a species of slow torture for Drysdale. How could any fellow, knowing what he knew, give his mind to such a rotten game? Mercer brought his string of under-fifteen colts and Chubb had his team, all keen as mustard about the

game, bar Drysdale, who wished Chubb at the bottom of the horse-pond.

The greatest friend that Drysdale ever had would have been ashamed of his cricket. He was put on to bowl. He was persevered with for three awful overs. All this time Mercer, who scored with Chubb, was kept busy putting down wides and byes. Not a ball was within a yard of the wickets, but they hurtled past the wicket-keeper's outstretched hands and jumped up joyfully when they hit the boundary-palings. The Carver crew crowed merrily, Chubb wondered whether he dare go and kick Drysdale *coram populo*, and Mercer said he didn't know that the youngster had such a pace. Mercer smiled genially at Chubb. Drysdale was put in the country; he "buttered" the crack bat of Carver's twice running; catches which *could* have been caught in the mouth. Chubb was for recalling Drysdale, but Mercer protested. It was arranged eleven against eleven, and there was to be no alteration. (Mercer's father was a barrister.) Then Mercer's lot came out to field; Chubb smiled broadly when his team was within half-a-dozen of the other total, and young Drake was playing like Fry. At this critical moment Drysdale went in last man; he was told, till he felt silly, "to keep up his end," "block, you cuckoo," and favoured with other choice endearments by the anxious nine. Chubb said nothing, but his looks spoke volumes; he eyed Drysdale with a sullen sneering look. Drysdale lost the match by *hitting his wicket*.

To the minds of everyone, including Mercer, it seemed patent that Drysdale had deliberately lost the match. That is a crime unspeakable to Elizabethans, and they have one drastic remedy for this sort of traitor. This was what happened to Drysdale. *Imprimis*, Chubb kicked him savagely; secondly, he was rolled round and round in a cricket net—arms tightly trussed to his sides—the ropes carefully drawn across his knees tight—and, as a stay to keep an artistic piece of tying up quite secure, two poles were lashed securely lengthways. Then he was carried under the shade of a tree, and then, a handkerchief having been dropped lightly over his face, left *solus*.

What the next few hours held of agony and hatred and heart-breaking thoughts for Drysdale can, perhaps—*perhaps* be imagined. He could only think of Chubb, the hateful Chubb. All his mind was taken up with Chubb. The world only consisted of Chubb and himself. And the minutes went by like hours, and the hours were like ages. Towards the end of the evening he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Vivian Chubb, instead of paying over to Mercer the amount of his lost bet, astonished that light-hearted sporting gentleman by deferring payment and borrowing instead.

HE GASPED AS HE SAW THE LIVING MUMMY.

Mercer thought this very funny, but what would he have thought, if, an hour after "lights out," he had seen Chubb lift up his well-oiled window, slip lightly to the ground, and dodge quietly and stealthily through the fields out into the country. Mercer, "sport" though he was, would have drawn the line at

meeting Peach by midnight, and accompanying a couple of poachers on one of their thieving expeditions.

When the groundsman came round to stow away nets and scoring-boards he gasped as he saw the living mummy. Drysdale, though, hardly felt living. He was unwound, and then he sat for half an hour with his back against the tree, blinking like a young owl, and feeling that he would never walk more. But when the blood began to flow again through his legs, he scrambled up and staggered off to Bultitude's. There he threw himself on his bed. Filled as he was with his own wrongs, he took no heed of the time, and it was only when he found the room quite dark that he remembered about the netting of old Nugent's trout. Now, Drysdale had meant to run over to his friend, and just tell him the facts as soon as ever the cricket match was over. But Chubb and his overzealous band had rendered that impossible, and now the "lock-up" bell had gone. But Drysdale had set his heart on serving his friend. He went down to Bultitude and told him just how matters stood, and Bultitude, who knew Nugent—and also Ricketts—pondered the matter for five minutes. "I think you'd better go to Mr. Nugent's and tell him about this. Atkinson will let you in when you come back. By the way, you're not looking very well, Drysdale."

"I think I'm quite well, sir, thanks."

Drysdale forced an appetite for supper, and then to the undiluted astonishment of Bultitude Juniors put on his cap and stepped out into the street. Mr. Nugent entered into the matter with the utmost zeal, and a small cohort of grooms and gardeners was every whit as zealous. Decidedly a cloud seemed gathering to overshadow the future of Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Matthew Peach.

"I'll tell you what, Drysdale, that weasel Ricketts has wanted a change of air for quite a long time now, and if he does come with his nets and Peaches, he'll certainly catch something. But it won't be a hundredweight of trout."

Drysdale begged for permission to join in the fun, but the old gentleman wouldn't hear of it. "We're not going to risk you, Mercury, thanks, but you can see as much as you like, if you keep out of the scrimmage."

This was certainly an eventful day for the Elizabethan. Here he was stretched full length in the warm lush grass, a hundred yards from where Ricketts and Co. were to commence operations, and he could see, dimly, the quiet waters of the lake glittering under the June stars. And whilst he waited, he listened to the nightingales.

The poachers were commendably punctual. Drysdale could see when first they appeared on the scene by the black shadow of the boat rowed silently in a semi-circle, and he could make out a figure paying out the net over the stern. It was very interesting, watching. When the pair landed to draw in, the fun began. The poachers were caught unawares, but they made a fight of it, and Drysdale could discern a desperate struggle going on, half in half out of the water. Drysdale in his excitement was rushing down to the water when he saw a figure running towards him like a deer. "That's one got clean away," thought the Elizabethan. The runner was almost upon Drysdale before he perceived the boy. Hardly thinking what he did, Drysdale threw himself before the runner, clutched him by the legs, and the next instant they both rolled over together. Drysdale stuck to the man he had grassed like grim death, though the other made desperate efforts to shake off the boy. And then Drysdale saw the fellow's face.

"Chubb!" he gasped.

"You!" said Chubb, starting as though he had been stung.

"This means the gaol if——"

"Don't I know it—you young fiend . . ."

The Elizabethans heard the shouts of the pursuers, and, even in the half light, Drysdale could see that Chubb's face was ghastly with fear.

"You've got half a chance, Chubb," said his fag. "Go for all you're worth."

Chubb scrambled up and shot away into the night whilst Drysdale ran to meet his pursuers.

"Seen—seen him, sir?" panted a groom as Drysdale came within earshot.

"Yes," said the Elizabethan, "he's got out lower down. He headed off when he saw me."

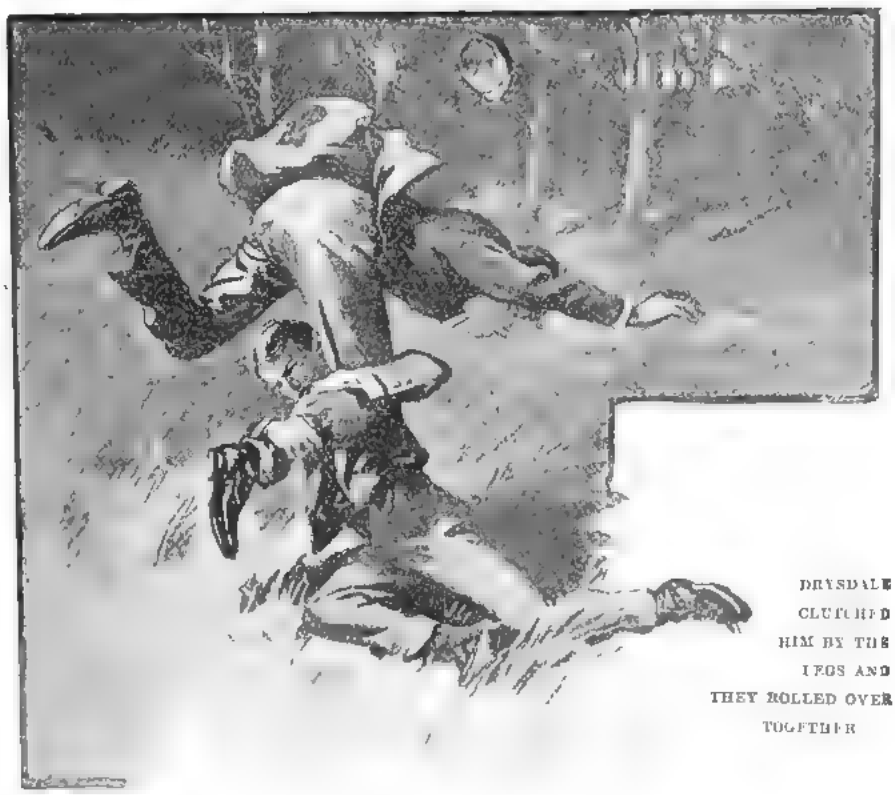
"He's got the legs of us, drat him," said the man, bolting on the wrong tack.

* * * *

Chubb got in safely, as usual; he felt fuddled, but this time it was not with cheap champagne; he didn't sleep, either, when he crawled into bed.

Nor yet did Mr. Ricketts nor Mr. Peach, but then the bare boards in a police cell do not invite refreshing slumber. But they felt very tired.

Drysdale didn't sleep well. There was a nasty bruise on his left thigh which woke him



DRYSDALE CLUTCHED HIM BY THE LEGS AND THEY ROLLED OVER TOGETHER

every time he turned over, and then he had to try to get Chubb out of his mind.

In the morning Drysdale got Chubb his breakfast as usual; indeed, he took rather extra care over the coffee, because he knew it would be the last occasion he'd have to fag for his old master, and he wanted to finish up well. But he hurried out before Chubb came in from first school. What he had to say to Chubb would do after. Chubb looked far from healthy; his face was the colour of dough, and there were black rings about his eyes. He couldn't keep his hands from trembling, either. There was a world of difference between him and the old, sly, quiet, you-won't-catch-me-napping Vivian Chubb. That first school had tortured him almost as much as the net had yesterday tortured his fag. When Drysdale came in to clear, Chubb flushed uneasily and walked to the window.

"I'm not fagging for you any more, Chubb," said Drysdale.

"Are you going to round on me?" asked the senior, trembling.

"That's not my line," said Drysdale angrily. "I don't do dirty work."

Chubb's face brightened for a moment, and he said, savagely: "You'd better not, you little hound. You're in the same boat, too. You're a fly-by-night as well."

"When Bultitude gives me an *exeat* only and *I* go out by usual door and return ditto."

"Bultitude's *exeat!*" gasped Chubb in stupefaction.

"Rather!" said Drysdale proudly. "Why, I told Nugent and Bultitude all about the poaching. If it hadn't been for me, those blackguards wouldn't have been run in. I overheard the beauties making their arrangements in the spinney."

Chubb felt crushed indeed. "Were Ricketts and Peach caught?"

"Rather," said the youngster, "and you had a near squeak."

Chubb flushed again feverishly. "I had to see that filthy Peach about some money I owed him, and I only went with them for a lark. Of course I didn't want any of the rotten fish. Fact is, I held back and only watched them netting."

"I'm not curious," said Drysdale, as though he meant it. "I fancy you got all the luck that was knocking about last night, though."

"I'm in a hole if either of those two splits," moaned Chubb.

Drysdale rolled up the tablecloth carefully, but said nothing.

"Think they will, young 'un?"

"I don't know what that sort of animal will do," said Drysdale. "They're not our sort. Shouldn't wonder."

"What good would it do 'em?" said Chubb, half to himself.

"Hanged if I know; I expect they'd feel a bit cut up when they saw you bolting, though. Nugent says *they'll* get twelve months hard."

Chubb sank back into his chair, and then Drysdale said solemnly: "Sorry to say it, Chubb, now you're down, but you've been a brute to me."

"I'll pay you back that sov., young 'un," said Chubb pitiably. "Honour bright."

"I wouldn't take it," said Drysdale with utter scorn. "Keep it."

"I'm sorry I kicked you yesterday."

The boy's face grew black. "I can't forget that, Chubb. I don't think I'll ever forget it. You can do what you like about what I've told you. I'm not coming into your den again."

Drysdale stalked out and left the senior to his own sweet thoughts. He saw another senior ten minutes afterwards and explained to Mercer why he had played such a rotten game on the previous day.

"It's a funny tale, young 'un, but why don't you tell it to Chubb? He's your man."

"I don't care what Chubb thinks. But I didn't want you to think that I had done it on purpose."

"I did," said Mercer, "but I don't now. I didn't approve of that kick either, but Chubb was too wild at your 'hit wicket.' I apologise for the net. Are you going to mill all the under-fifteeners, *seriatim*, Bug-hunter?"

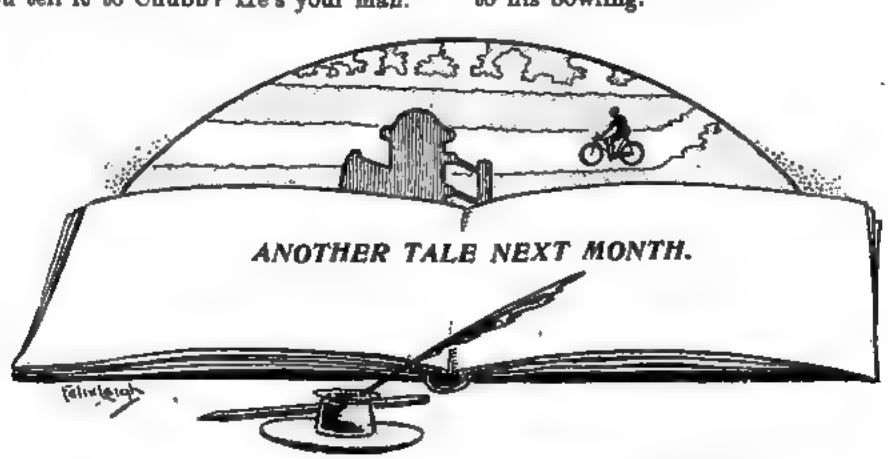
"I'll think about it."

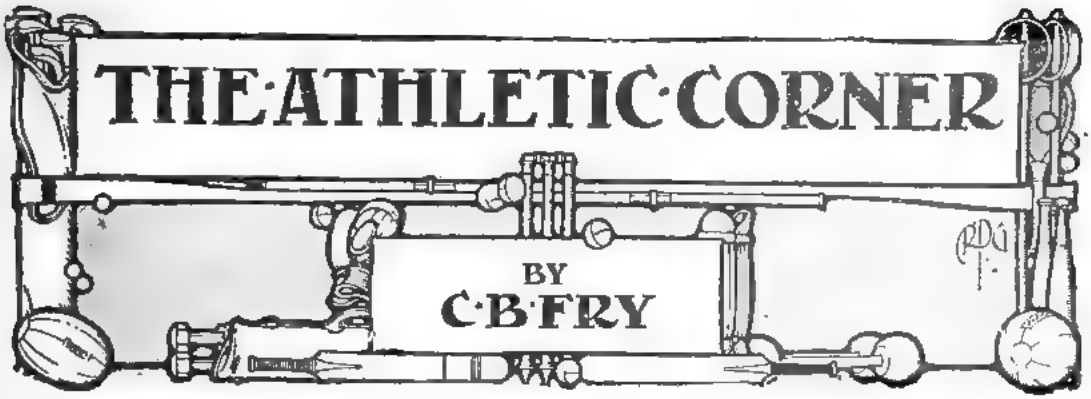
Mercer laughed till he cried. "You're a funny fellow. Feel inclined for any more breakfast?"

I think it must have been that Ricketts and Peach could see no good in bringing Mr. Vivian Chubb into their own involved affairs, or that they hoped to make use of him afterwards, but they didn't name him as sleeping partner in their little poaching failure. But fear kept Chubb on tenter-hooks for many weeks, and it was only when the worthy couple had been safely tucked away for twelve months that the black rings began to disappear from his eyes. The suspense did him good, and although he didn't grace Eliza's beyond another term, he lay very low, and left forbidden things severely alone. He sometimes explained to his friends that fags were more bother than they were worth, but, I'm bound to say, he didn't say it with conviction. And so no more of Vivian Chubb.

As for Drysdale, the rest of the year was for him one grand holiday. He followed his craze to his heart's content and never cheered Bultitude's spirits by playing one minute's cricket. In a light-hearted moment young Drake put him down for an inter-tribal match, but when the naturalist said he was going to fight Drake for his trouble, Drake reconsidered the matter.

He informed all his gallant under-fifteeners that, on the whole, Drysdale was a bit dangerous. This was supposed to refer to his bowling.





INDOOR GAMES.

FROM one point of view, indoor games are innumerable; from another, they are very few. It all depends what you bring within the category of games. If you include every sort of game that is played indoors from hunt-the-slipper to chess, from blind-man's-buff to whist, you have a very fine assortment to choose from. But if you strike out from the list the games which are essentially intellectual, the stiff thinking sort, and also the games which, in spite of the amusement they supply at times, may be fairly described as infantile, or, shall we say, Christmassy, then you have not got much left. What we want to find is some indoor games that are counterparts more or less of the best outdoor games.

I do not propose to consider such games as rackets, real tennis or fives, or any other such as requires a court specially built for it, and is more or less expensive. Not these, but games that can be played in an ordinary room in an ordinary house.

I can tell you the best game of this sort straight off; it is Squash-Rackets. I daresay you know that Squash-Rackets can be played in an ordinary racket court, and also in a special court of its own, and that thus played it has a considerable vogue both in England and America. There is, in fact, a special Squash-Racket court at Lord's Cricket Ground. But the game can also be played in any fair-sized room of which the walls, windows, corners, doors, etc., are not too irregular. The best kind of room is oblong with biggish windows, rather high in the wall, at one end, and the other three walls absolutely bare. But if you cannot get a room like this you can make shift with almost any decent-sized room that has one plain unbroken wall.

The arrangements for the game are as follows: The floor is divided into four courts by two lines; one line runs exactly down the middle of the room from the front wall (that is, the wall against which one serves), the other line crosses this at right angles somewhere between half-way and three-quarters way from front wall to back wall, so that the two back courts are smaller than the two front ones. The front wall has two lines drawn across it, one about 6 ft. from the floor, the other 2 ft. 6 ins. from the floor. The game can be played either with ordinary tennis rackets and tennis balls or with rackets like those used in real rackets, only with a shorter handle, and then the ball used is an india-rubber one, hollow, but hard, about the size of a fives ball. The game can be played exactly like real rackets, but for an ordinary room the best game is this. Say A and B are playing. Then, A serves with one foot inside the right-hand back court against the front wall, so that the ball hits it above the higher line, and then drops somewhere on the left side of the centre line on the floor. B returns it as best he can, taking it either full volley or first-bounce, but he must return it so that, either directly or off one of the side walls, it strikes the front wall above the lower line. This is a very crude explanation of the game, but I can assure you the game itself is first-rate. If you wish to find out all about it, let me refer you to "Squash-Rackets," a small hand-book in the "All-England Series." Of course, when the game is played in a room instead of in a proper court, the standard measurements, arrangements, etc., should be modified and adapted to the particular room. This requires just a modicum of ingenuity. But you have no idea until you have tried

what a first-rate game can be evolved, even under very unpromising circumstances.

It is worth mentioning that the noble game of cricket can be well played in miniature in any decent-sized room; of course, unfurnished. The best sort of wicket is an oblong piece of tin nailed on a board of the same size, of dimensions about equal to a real outdoor set of stumps, and this wicket should be set up in one corner so that the bowler bowls down the longest diagonal of the room from the other corner. The best kind of bat is made from an

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ordinary cricket bat, cut down at each side until only two inches of its face-breadth remain. The ball to use is one about twice the size of, but rather softer than, a fives ball; I remember we used to employ such balls at Repton for yard-cricket, and we called them "podges." You do not need to run your runs out in indoor cricket; you simply make marks on the walls at intervals, and score so many runs per stroke, according to where the ball is hit. It is impossible to make the game sound very good on paper, but, none the less, having played almost every game under the sun, I hereby guarantee to you that, played after this style, miniature cricket is most satisfactory. Of course, if you can get a large barn or gymnasium, the game can be enlarged and improved.

While mentioning barns and gymnasiums, it may be worth adding that there is such a thing as indoor football. You cannot play it in an ordinary room unless it is a very big one, but if you can command this the game is worth trying. You simply mark a goal at each end, about 4 ft. square, and play three a side, according to the Association rules, except that there is no off-side, no touch, no goal-kicks, and no corner-kicks; in fact, the ball is always in play, except after a goal has been scored. One of the most amusing things about the game is the skill one soon attains in passing the ball to oneself by kicking it against the wall and taking it on the rebound. The ball to use is one of grey india-rubber 6 or 7 ins. in diameter; ordinary white sand shoes or gymnastic shoes are the best footgear. By the way, the best way to protect window glass is to have some detachable frames made to set up in front of the windows, which frames should be tightly stretched with fine-meshed wire netting.

There are, I believe, a great many people ignorant of how excellent a game is Badminton. The game is practically lawn tennis, played with a shuttle-cock instead of a ball. The full-sized game is as follows: Court 44 ft. long by 20 wide; net about 18 ins. deep, stretched across the middle, with its lower edge 5 ft. from the ground, and as tall as possible, the court is divided on each side of the net by a service line parallel with the net, and about 6 ft. from it, or, rather, from the centre line of the court; and the rectangular space behind the service line is divided into two equal spaces by a line at right-angles with the service line. The server must stand behind the service line and hit the shuttle-cock over the net into the opposite back court, or, rather, the opposite diagonal back court; then his opponent returns the shuttle-cock on the full volley. For the rest, the game is just aërial lawn tennis. The shuttle-cock should weigh about ¼ ounce, and the bat, whether a miniature racket or a battledore, not more than 5 ounces. There is an excellent description of the game in the "Encyclopædia of Sport." But a simple and very good form of the game can be played in any ordinary empty room or hall, without any courts marked out. The capabilities and adaptabilities of Badminton are thoroughly worth investigation. For exercise, the only indoor game that equals it is Squash-Rackets.

Now, as to—need I say it?—Ping-Pong. Really, this game is an enigma. At least a hundred of THE CAPTAIN readers have written to me to ask what I think of it. Most flatter-

* Photo of Mr. Arnold Parker, winner of the Queen's Hall Tournament.

ing! For some unearthly reason, when they envisage the game of Ping-Pong, people lose all confidence in themselves. There are three aspects of Ping-Pong. The first is the idiotic; there are certain people who, if you mention the word to them, or they mention it to you, look ashamed of themselves; they smirk or grin, or giggle, and look apologetic. What it is all about I never can understand. Then there is the ultra-scientific man, who has never heard of Ping-Pong; who knows a great deal, and, dear me! has known it for years, about table tennis; why, he was elected a member of the Peninsula and Oriental Table Tennis Club ten years ago. This man pulls a long face, wrinkles his forehead, and introduces you to a long string of technical terms and scientific propositions connected with table tennis, and glares at you if you try to enjoy yourself, or if you innocently remark that Ping-Pong is a jolly good game. The third class is the rational being who regards Ping-Pong as a very first-rate, rational, enjoyable, and skilful indoor game. Mind you, it is a very skilful game, and altogether first-rate. To laugh at it, or despise it, simply shows ignorance; and, on the other hand, it is, to my mind, not a game that ought to be turned into a sort of athletic whist with endless rules and complications. What makes the game, in my opinion, is the celluloid ball, at once so light, so lively, and so controllable; that is to say, you can control it if you are skilful enough. Personally, I consider the game extremely fascinating, though my skill is so mediocre that I doubt if I could make one point a game against a swell player; sufficient for me that I can defeat all the members of my own household, and am champion of my own dining-room. Those of my readers who do not know the game, or who are afraid to know it intimately, I confidently advise to obtain a proper table, and enjoy themselves. To experts I do not presume to offer any advice.

There seem to be two schools of players: those who take all returns they can back-hand on the half-volley, and those who prefer to take the ball mostly fore-hand at the end of its bounce. I belong to the latter class. I admire the other style, but can't do it. I fear I am no true player of table tennis; rather am I a ping-ponger; for I prefer longish rallies of moderate pace to scientific, invisible sudden death. I don't like opponents who hit the ball so hard that I can't see it; give me the gentle art of placing and the linked sweetness long drawn out of ringing parchment and echoing celluloid. Oh yes, and, on the whole, I prefer a tight parchment racket with a short, thick, stubby handle, though I am not averse to the new fish-tailed battledore, the aluminium, the cork-faced, the cloth-faced, the gun-metal, the hair, the straw, the whalebone, or any other sort. In fact, other things being equal, I find it enjoyable to play anybody with anything, provided he is not too much of an ex-champion smasher, and provided the ball is celluloid. That is all I know about it. This personal point of view is, of course, between

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myself and my readers. I do not pose as an authority on Ping-Pong. Bless it!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.—A correspondent, signing himself thus, is kind enough, *apropos* of some remarks about training which have appeared here previously, to send me the following information:—"With reference to 'Old Racer's' remarks (see back), the following word or two may be found useful: The question at issue is what really constitutes training; and this is generally considered to be a matter chiefly of the development of proper size and strength in the right ventricle of the heart. The heart consists of two chief compartments, separated from one another, called the right and left ventricles. By its contraction the right ventricle drives the blood through the lungs, where it receives oxygen, and passing thence into the left ventricle is forthwith distributed to all parts of the body, giving up its oxygen to the muscles, and enabling them to perform their work. Now, during increased work, running, for example, the muscles require a larger supply of blood and a larger supply of oxygen; the first is obtained by enlargement and greater

strength of both ventricles, the latter by a similar development of the right ventricle only. As more oxygen must be given to the blood, the lungs expand more rapidly, i.e., breathing is quicker. If, then, a man out-of-training runs a severe race, he gets absolutely 'done'; this means that his right ventricle is full of exhausted blood, which it cannot drive into the lungs. Here, therefore, is the danger in racing untrained. What is called stitch is probably cramp of the diaphragm, due to unaccustomed rapidity of breathing. Gradual training causes gradual enlargement of the right compartment of the heart, quite a healthy enlargement, just as proper dumb-bell work causes enlargement of the biceps." I am not quite sure whether my correspondent is correct in speaking of enlargement of the heart. But there is no doubt that a gradual increase in the working power of the heart is the most important point gained by gradual training. And about the worst effect of indulging in very severe athletic exercise when you are untrained is that you give your heart more work to do than it is safely and conveniently capable of. As a matter of fact, "Old Racer's" point did not exactly concern the heart, but rather the proper method of breathing air into the lungs in order that when the blood is forced through the lungs it may find in the lungs a regular and sufficient supply of the oxygen it is in search of. It is quite obvious that unless by proper breathing you keep your lungs supplied with oxygen, the blood cannot collect as much as it needs of this all-important stuff. Hence the vital importance of proper breathing. "Old Racer" maintains, and I believe rightly, that the proper way to breathe is through the nose, with long, deep breaths with the mouth shut, and not through the mouth in a jerky, gaspy fashion. I hope later on to give the best information obtainable on this very important point

R. M. R. was playing not long ago in a football match, when the following incident happened:—At about ten minutes from time, one side was leading by a goal to nil; then one of the opposing forwards ran right through with the ball, the goal keeper ran out, but missed his man; the forward shot, but what seemed a certain goal was spoilt by the goal-keeper's young brother, a spectator, who rushed on to the field and punched the ball away. The incident caused argument. The referee gave a penalty-kick (unfortunately not at the kid, who suddenly had an engagement "elsewhere.") The penalty-kick failed, and the match ended in the defeat of "R. M. R.'s" side instead of in a draw. What do I think? I think the referee was quite wrong; if the ball would have gone through but for the younger brother's interference, he ought undoubtedly to have awarded a goal

Monkey Brand.—Yes; Ranji has really gone to India. He expects to be back at the end of April or early in May. Yes; I have caught myself playing ping pong sometimes, and also billiards; casually, you know. I agree with you in your high estimation of the game of cricket, and of the cricketers you mention. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

A Very Old Reader.—It is delightful to discover that someone who actually owns a great-grandson is a constant reader of this magazine. Also it is delightful to receive from you so kind and so interesting a letter. The best advice I can give about your boy's bat is this: Let him stand upright, with his arms hanging full-length at his side, then measure on an upright stick the distance from the ground to his wrist-joint. That distance is the proper height for his bat. As to weight, it should be as light as can be for a bat of that height. If you write to Mr. Alfred Shaw, of Shaw and Shrewsbury, Victoria-square, Nottingham, telling him the height of the bat you require, and that you want it as light as possible, he will, I expect, send you exactly what you want. You had better mention my name in writing to him. I hope your boy will grow up a good cricketer, and a fine fellow. He certainly ought to, with his family traditions, and with your wise sympathy. Please let me hear from you again. I shall be proud to accept your advice and suggestions

H. A. W.—It is rather difficult to describe the whole art of half-back play in so short a space. You do not say whether you play centre or wing. Perhaps a description of the play of Needham and Ratsbeck, and some other great half-backs, which I contributed to the *Strand Magazine* for February, might help you. One great secret of good half-back play is to watch your opponents' movements very closely, and to go for the ball not after but before it reaches its destination. You need to make an art of anticipating. In tackling you should worry rather than rush; you should stick to your man even though he beats you. You should aim at making things easy for your back, providing him with as many free-kicks as you can by judiciously keeping off your opponents from him. When you get hold of the ball, endeavour, unless close pressed near goal, to pass it accurately to one of your forwards—along the ground if possible. Keep close up in touch with your forwards when they are attacking.

E. Lewis.—If the position of goal-keeper is scorned by the rest of the team, all I can say is that the rest of the team is "a lass." In good football, it is recognised that no man is more important than the goal-keeper. If you buck-up, and become a good goal-keeper, a really good one, I will guarantee that many a club will jostle for your services. You are, I see, a bit of a joker. Nevertheless, I am obliged to you for your letter. I take it you do not want answers to all your questions

G. S. J. K.—It is impossible to say which is the better of two bowlers, both first-rate, and each different in style from the other, like Trott and Rhodes. Both would play for a picked eleven representing the British Race. Trott's merit comes out best on hard, fast, true wickets; Rhodes excels on wet, sticky, or crumbled wickets.

Flip.—Please don't apologise for being a girl; we like them. If you have been playing hockey twice a week regularly since the beginning of the season, you ought to be pretty fit by now. But everyone is a bit stiff after a hard game. Even a highly trained professional footballer feels stiff after a cup-tie. Personally, I always feel a bit stiff the next day, but am all right the day after, unless very badly bruised; then it takes two days. Though you, like others, will probably doubt it, there is nothing to equal walking exercise, fast walking for from four to six miles, three or four times a week, for keeping one in condition. And there is nothing like a good walk for working off stiffness. Glad you took my hint about wearing a sweater after games. It beats me why the use of such a remarkably valuable article of attire as the sweater is confined to males, and males who play games.

C. C. Gover.—Of course, if you suddenly start off running quarter-miles without any previous training, you will feel stiff afterwards. Your muscles were not strained; they were simply sore and stiff from unaccustomed exercise. If you keep up your training your muscles will become used to the extra work and your stiffness will disappear. The best cure for stiffness is to have a quick hot bath immediately after your exercise, followed by a thorough good

rubbing and kneading, massage, in fact, of all your muscles, especially the muscles of your legs and of the small of your back. There is heaps of advice on training in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. You ought to be able to jump well over 4 ft. Some jumpers can jump higher than their own heads.

A. R. Courtenay.—I do not know any book containing directions about the making of marl wickets. But you might be able to obtain information by writing to Mr. H. B. Daft, Nottingham, or to the Groundman, Mr. Bates, I think it is, Warwickshire County Ground, Edgbaston. There is no difficulty about it, except getting the right kind of marl. If you use local marl, you must be careful that there are no stones in it. I think the proper way is to dry the marl, then pound it, and then pass it through a fine sieve. Then the marl is spread over the turf in winter or early spring; the frost crumbles it, the rain washes it in between the root fibres of the grass, and when the time for rolling comes the whole surface rolls out smooth and hard. It is an excellent method of treating poor and friable turf.

O. H.—It is, of course, nonsense to say that Mr MacLaren's team in Australia is a weak one. It is not fully representative of English cricket, and it is somewhat short of bowling, but it is quite a strong team, as strong as any team that is likely ever to go out there. You may gather my opinion of ping-pong above.

C. I. Hunt.—So far as I know there is no rule forbidding the goal-keeper to hold the ball as long as he likes, provided he doesn't take more than two steps carrying the ball. The referee was quite wrong, to the best of my belief, in awarding a free-kick. The phrase, "two clear goals," simply means an excess of two goals, *e g.*, a side winning by three goals to one is said to win by two clear goals.

Cliftonian.—I used to do some cross-country running at school, but not at Oxford. I am afraid I cannot speak as an expert. But, if I had your job on, I should train as follows:—Twice a week I should run from two to three miles across country at a good pace; once a week I should run, say, five miles at a very easy pace. I should try not to run two days running, but in between I should put in a couple of longish walks of from six to ten miles, going the first four miles as fast as I could and strolling the rest of the way. But I am not sure that this would not be too much for you. From what you say, I fancy your half holiday runs should give you quite enough training. My school, sir, I am proud to say, was Repton.

R. L.—I am very glad to hear that you like my article on "Games Girls Can Play." It was very proper of you to read it to your friends, and it is pleasant to hear of their appreciation. No; tell your young brother that if he wants to be a good athlete he must not smoke until he is fully grown, which won't be for a long time yet; and even then he will be better without it. There is no reason why he should read Scott's novels if he doesn't like them; but he ought to read good books by good authors, and certainly not penny dreadfuls and that sort of trash. Still, I cannot imagine a boy not liking "Ivanhoe" and "The Fair Maid of Perth."

W. Bonghey and **J. E. W.**—From your descriptions of yourselves I should say that you were simply rather over-grown. You ought to take as much outdoor exercise as possible without overdoing it, and eat plain, wholesome food. I fancy bicycling would be very good for you.

Sport.—Ordinary running shoes, which you can get from any athletic outfitter, will suit you. But be careful to get a pair that fit you like a glove. You do not want any spikes in the heels; the usual number in the sole is four. Certainly the centre forward should pass to his outside men when he sees they are unmarked, except, of course, near goal, when the ball should be kept as much in the centre as possible. When the ball is being thrown in from touch, the centre forward should endeavour to place himself unmarked within reach of the throw.

H. Osborne.—Though I sympathise most heartily with your desire to qualify in stature for the South Notts Hussars, I am afraid I cannot furnish you with any specific for putting on more inches. I have been told that he who would grow should sleep with his legs straight out and not curled up; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. You ought, of course, to get as much outdoor exercise as possible.

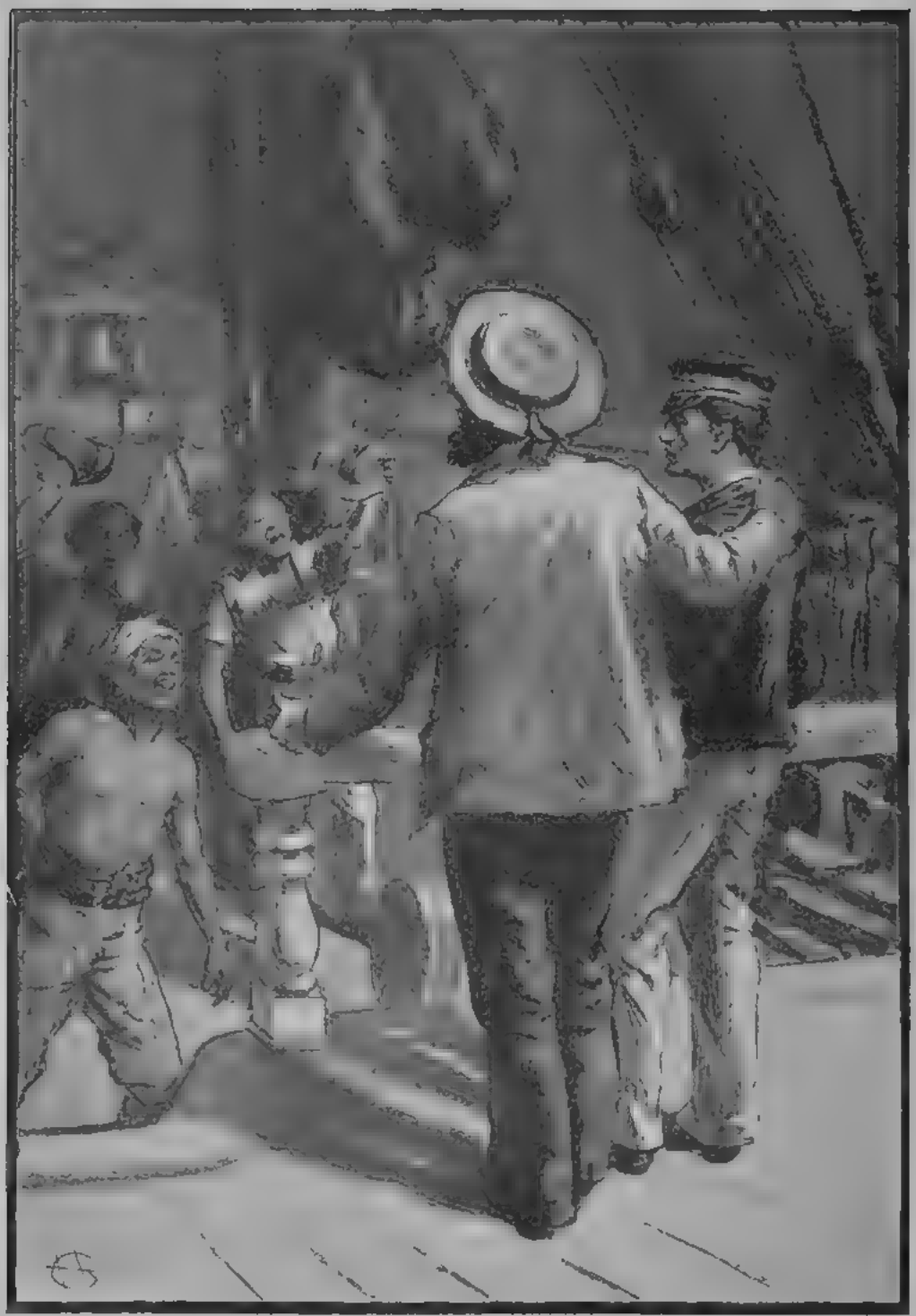
R. M. O. C.—Certainly it would not be bad play for the forwards on one side to run back and endeavour to deprive the other forwards of the ball near goal. Also it is better to give a corner or to kick into touch than to allow a shot at goal; but, of course, neither of these things should be done if danger can be averted otherwise. Young cricketers ought always to wear pads and gloves, both in practice and in matches. There is no way of becoming a good wicket-keeper except by practice. You must learn to stand close up to the wicket and to stand still. You must keep your hands wide open, with the fingers pointing downwards: you must not snap at the ball, but let it come right into your hands, so that the force of the ball causes your hands to close upon it. Of course, you must watch the ball very, very closely.

Table Bay.—I hope you received the picture safely. You will find some excellent advice on lawn tennis in the book on that subject by H. W. W. Wilberforce, in the "All England" series, and also in a little book on "Squash-Racquets," by E. H. Miles, in the same series. Then there is "Lessons in Lawn Tennis," also by E. H. Miles, published by Upcott Gill. The great secret of learning lawn tennis is to learn how to use your feet, and how to stand for the strokes. I liked South Africa very much when I was there. I did not play against the last South African team. No: I do not find writing these answers tedious work; if I did, I shouldn't do it. You see, the "Old Fag" and myself, and everyone else connected with THE CAPTAIN, take a genuine interest in our readers, and make a point of doing all we can for them. That is why our magazine succeeds.

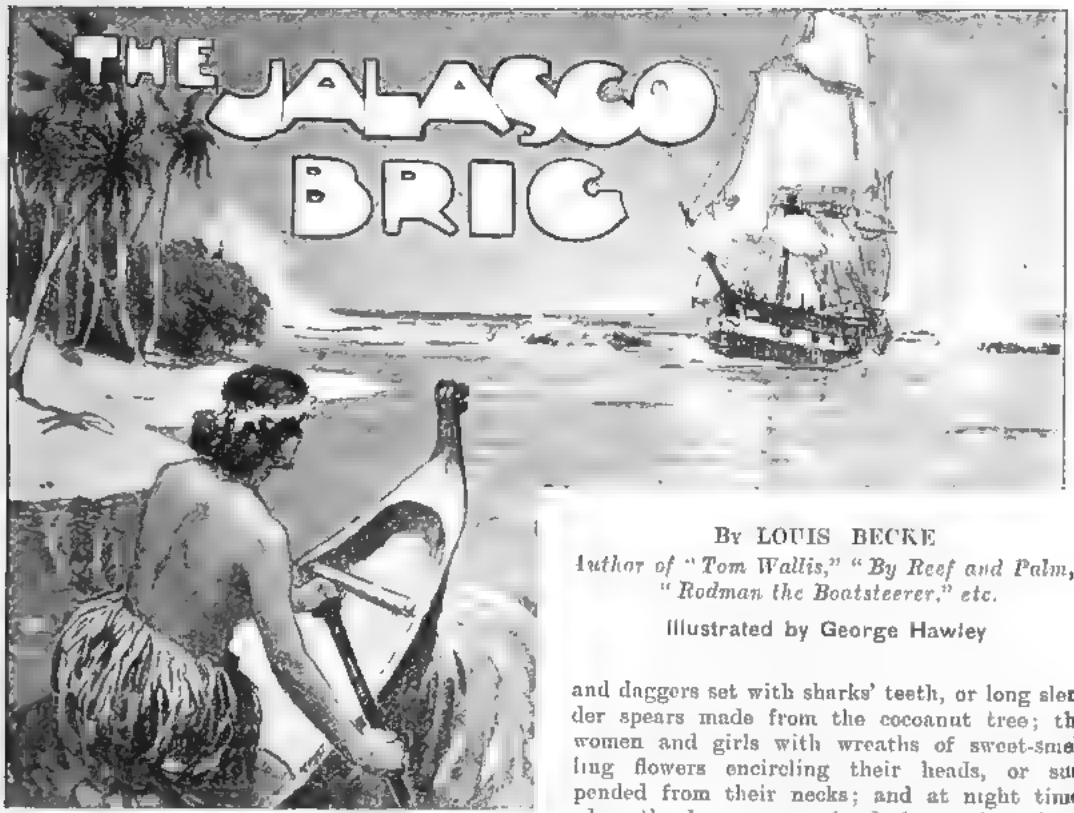
J. H. C. P.—The muscles belonging to growing boys are very variable commodities; it is impossible to give measurements that might be called normal. If you take my advice, you will abandon the heavy dumb-bells that you are using in favour of some weighing 1 lb. or 1½ lbs. each. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour per diem is quite long enough for this sort of exercise. The great point is to work on a systematic course of exercises, so as to develop yourself uniformly all over. There are plenty of small books that describe the proper exercises.

W. J.—I know of no good book on Australian cricket of the sort you require. Still, you might like "With Stoddart in Australia." There is also a book by George Giffen, the exact name of which I forget.

C. B. F.



THE DAGOES VIVA'D BOTH EL CAPITAN ROWLEY AND SEÑOR KINGSTON MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY.



By LOUIS BECKE

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley

CHAPTER I.

NUKUFETAU.

NEARLY a thousand miles north and west of Samoa, in the South Pacific, is a cluster of seven-and-thirty lovely palm-clad islands enclosing a spacious lagoon, marked on the charts as De Peyster's Island, but called by the people who dwell there Nukufetau, which signifies "the land of the *fetau** tree," for of all the scores of groups and isolated clusters of low-lying coral islands in the North and South Pacific, Nukufetau excels in the size and beauty of its *fetau* trees, which there thrive well on the rich and soft but shallow soil, formed by the falling leaves of many hundreds of years mixing with decayed coral detritus, and continuously moistened by the warm tropical rain.

In the days of which I write—not much more than sixty years ago—a full thousand of vigorous, healthy and warlike brown people lived on the thirty-seven islands, and all day long canoes, with great lateen sails of mats, sailed to and fro across the lagoon from one island to another, carrying visitors from village to village, the men armed with heavy iron-wood clubs and swords and daggers set with sharks' teeth, or long slender spears made from the cocoanut tree; the women and girls with wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers encircling their heads, or suspended from their necks; and at night time, when the houses were in darkness, long lines of fires could be seen on every beach as the people of each village brought out their mats and spread them on the sand to sit and watch the young men and women dance their wild dances of the merry old heathen days, and hear the tales of those who, ten years before, had sailed with the great Foilape in his fleet of fifty canoes to the island of Nui, where he slew six hundred people, men, women, and children, and brought their skulls home to Nukufetau to adorn the temple of the god Erikobai. But now Foilape was dead, and his name might be spoken by even the lips of a child, though in his life even his most trusted warriors dared not speak to him but in a whisper, and with head bent low. And so now, because a new chief, who was less cruel and avaricious, reigned in his stead, the people of the thirty-seven isles made merry, though ever prepared for war with those of their race on Nui to the north, and Funafuti to the south.

To-day all is changed; the rattle of the wooden war drum has given place to the sound of the mission school bell, calling them together in the big white-walled church built of coral lime and stones, taken from the reef; and the remaining people of the group, especially those of the younger generation, know nothing

*Calophyllum inophyllum.

of the heathen laws, customs, and mode of life of their savage forefathers. All they do know is that those were the times of the *po uli uli*, i.e., the old heathen days, when men's lives were held cheaply, and when the whispered word or the open frown of the chief, and the ill-will of the priests of the god Erikobai, meant swift death by club or spear

* * * * *

One morning, soon after daylight, and about eleven years after the despot Foilape had fled for his life to the neighbouring island of Vaitupu, a weather-worn brig made her appearance off the entrance leading into the lagoon, and, to the astonishment of the natives, without waiting for a pilot, sailed confidently in through the dangerous passage, and dropped her anchor off the principal village, which was situated on the fertile island of Teanamu. In a few minutes she was surrounded by a number of canoes, each trying to get alongside first, when the captain, who was standing on the poop, called out to them in English not to be in such a hurry. There was plenty of time, he said, as the ship wanted wood and water, and would remain in the lagoon for at least ten days. Could any of them speak English, he asked.

"Yes," replied a fine stalwart young native named Fonu (The Turtle), "I can speak English, and there are some more men here who can speak it, but not speak it good like me."

"Well, you and those with you come aboard, and tell the others that they can have a look at the ship some other time. I don't want my decks filled with people to-day. My crew are tired, and need rest, for we have had bad weather, and the ship is leaking so much that I may have to put her on the beach here."

This was good news for the natives, who knew that in all probability their services would be required in beaching the brig; and that they would be paid for their assistance in firearms and ammunition, tobacco, and fiery rum—the staple articles of trade in the South Seas in those wild days. That the brig was no ordinary trading ship they could see, for she carried ten guns, though manned by a very small crew. With such ships it was the custom—similar to that observed in the Society and Marquesas Islands—for every man of the crew to choose some particular native for his *soa* or friend.* When the time came for the ship's departure, a mutual interchange of presents took place. The seamen would give their *soas* such useful and greatly desired articles as sheath-knives, nails, metal buttons, etc., and would receive in return mats, native head-dresses, turtle shell, and other curios.

* Synonymous with the Tahitian *taio* and the Samoan *so*.

The moment Fonu stepped on board, he shook hands with the captain, and then looked around him in admiration, for the brig, although heavily armed, and despite the small crew she carried, was in such excellent order that her decks and guns equalled in their smart appearance those of any man-of-war he had ever seen.

"Is this ship man-o'-war?" he asked.

"No," replied the master of the brig with a laugh, "but she was built to be a man-of-war, and was fitted out as one—that is why she has so many guns. When I bought her I bought the guns as well. Now come below, my friend, and have a glass of grog, and I'll tell you what I want done."

The native followed him into the main cabin, which was handsomely fitted up. Bidding him be seated, the captain called for liquor, and poured out some brandy into his visitor's glass. Then in a few minutes he told him what he required.

"I shall want wood and water, as I said. But first I need a lot of men—fifty at least—to help my crew take the guns from the decks and all heavy things from the hold on shore, so that she can be put upon the beach. We struck on a reef many weeks ago, and I think she's pretty badly hurt. Can you get the men for me?"

"The chief will do all you want," replied Fonu, who, however, went on to say that before the chief could undertake such an operation, he would have to consult Potiri, the head priest, who was practically the ruler of the whole lagoon. The priest, he explained, would, after the captain had made his requirements known, consult the oracle in the temple, and if the shades of certain deified ancestors of the people gave a favourable answer, the work would be at once proceeded with. But, the young native ingenuously added, it all depended upon what presents the captain made to Potiri, independently of what he paid the people for their labour.

"Ah, I see," said the captain, stroking his beard thoughtfully, "what do you think this chap Potiri would like?"

"Guns, powder and ball, red cloth, knives, axes—all such things."

"Well, he shall have four new muskets with bayonets, a keg of bullets, a keg of powder, and a lot of knives. I have no red cloth, but can give him two red shirts. Will you tell him this for me?"

Fonu's dark eyes sparkled at the mere mention of such a gift, and said he would at once go on shore, and speak to Potiri privately, before the captain paid his visit to the king. Then he inquired how it was that the brig was so easily able to enter the lagoon.

"One of my officers, who was here a long time

ago in a whaleship, told me he could pilot me in, and that the people here would not try to capture my ship and kill us. But there was a ship cut-off here once, wasn't there?"

Fonu replied frankly that the captain was correct. The ship was cut-off, and everyone on board killed. But that was long ago, when he was quite a little boy. Since then no further attempt had ever been made, for the people now desired only to trade, and not fight with and kill white men. There were, he said, three or four men among them who could speak English. They had been to sea in whaleships; he himself, he added proudly, had been eleven years in English and American whaling and trading ships, and had been to Sydney, London, and New Bedford.

As an indication of his good-will, the captain then made the native a present of some tobacco and a naval uniform much ornamented with tarnished gold lace. Then, promising to meet the captain on shore, and conduct him to the chief, the young man took his departure.

As soon as he had left the cabin, the captain called the Chileno steward.

"Tell Mr. Merrill I want him."

A few minutes later, Merrill, the mate of the brig, entered the cabin, and, carefully closing the door, seated himself opposite the captain.

THE CAPTAIN MADE HIM A PRESENT OF SOME TOBACCO AND A NAVAL UNIFORM.

CHAPTER II.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

NO two men more unlike in personal appearance and manners could be imagined than Captain Benjamin Rowley and his chief mate, Thomas Merrill. The former was tall, stout, broad-shouldered and bearded, talked volubly and was careless, almost dirty, in his dress; Merrill was short, slender, clean-shaven, particularly neat in his clothing,

which fitted him perfectly, whereas Rowley's garments looked as if they had been cut out with a knife and fork and fitted by a one-armed tailor.

"Well, Ben," said Merrill, with an unmistakable American accent, "how did you get on?"

"First rate, first rate, Tom," replied the captain, leaning back in his chair and squaring his huge shoulders, "take a drink, and I'll tell you all about it."

The American helped himself sparingly to some brandy, and then, lighting a cigar, listened carefully to Rowley's account of his interview with Fonu.

"So you see, Tom, we'll get along all right with these people here; and what Kingston said he had heard of them is true, so he has played fair with us. What is he doing now?"

"Nothing particular. I was waiting to see what you wanted done."

The captain considered for a few moments, and then turned his ruddy, rather pleasant-looking face to his officer, and said, as he laid his hand upon the table:

"Look here, Tom Merrill. You and me have been together a long time now, and you know the kind of customer I am, and that I've done some queer things in my time—tougher jobs than collaring this brig, as you know—and my conscience is pretty elastic; but I *don't* like—no, I'm hanged if I like the idea of treating him badly. It 'goes agin me,' as you Yankees say."

Merrill nodded. "Well, what are you going to do? I reckon *I* don't bear the chap any ill will. He's as good a sailor man as ever chewed dead horse meat and wanted to buy a farm."

"We *must* make him come in with us, Tom. I'll try him again."

"Guess you might as well try to teach a buffalo how to make buckwheat cakes. He won't do it. If it wasn't for the girl he'd have more sense."

"Ah, that's it. I didn't act square with him in the first place when I met him that night in Arica, and then, as you say, the girl is always in his mind. But I'll try him again, Tom. I can't bring myself to put him ashore on any of these islands; besides, he's useful. We must have someone to navigate."

Something like a smile flickered across the American's face. "We're a mighty poor pair of pirates, Ben. What you ought to have done in the first place was to have sounded him carefully, and when you found he was not the sort of man we wanted, looked for someone else. But you didn't, and so there's no use talking about it. And unless we put him ashore somewhere between here and the Bonin Islands—at some island where ships are few and far between—we'll make a mess of things. And what is more, if he gets a ghost of a chance to recapture the ship, he will try to do it."

"He will, Tom," said Rowley gloomily, "but I think the men know you and me too well to let him try it on."

Merrill's hard, saturnine, yet handsome features relaxed, and a grim smile moved his lips. "They do, and they well know, too, that none of them can put foot ashore again anywhere between Valdivio and Callao. No, Ben, the men are all right. Kingston, I am pretty sure, has tried to sound them, once since the nigger disappeared and once since we lost the steward, although they have said nothing about it to us."

Rowley made no remark. He was thinking deeply. Then, after helping himself, he pushed the decanter of brandy towards Merrill. They drank together in silence. Then the mate rose to go on deck.

"Set the hands to unbend sails, Tom," said the captain, "the sooner we get her on the beach, the better. I'll fix up matters with the natives, and be back before dinner time. Now tell Kingston I want to see him. I'll try him once more."

Captain Rowley sat waiting impatiently, drumming on the cabin table with his fingers. Then, as the man he was expecting entered the cabin, he motioned him to a seat.

The new comer was a man of about thirty years of age, dressed in the usual style of merchant officers of those days. His face, neck, and hands were tanned a deep reddish-bronze by long years of exposure under torrid suns and wild skies, and his features, though handsome, were somewhat too lined and stern for a man of his years. As his grey, deep-set eyes met those of Rowley, the latter, who had plenty of assurance and bulldog pluck, felt something like a blush creep up to his temples.

"Won't you take a glass of grog, Mr. Kingston?" he began, somewhat shamefacedly.

"No, I won't. I'd rather lend the mate a hand. He tells me you are going to unbend sails."

"Yes, I am. And then I'll put the brig on the beach; but first I want to talk to you, Mr. Kingston."

"Well, go ahead, but don't spin it out too long," said Kingston, looking him squarely in the face again.

"Look here, Kingston," said Rowley, rising from his seat, and placing both hands on the table, "I ask you for the last time—won't you join us? A third share of the plunder, man."

"And I tell you for the last time that I'll see you and your fellow pirate hanged—and, by heaven, you deserve to be hanged—before I will have anything to do with you and Merrill

and your Chileno gaol-birds, or share any of your plunder."

Captain Rowley's face purpled. "Stop," he said hoarsely, "for your own sake don't try me too far. Look here, man . . . I mean well to you, by heaven I do. You saved my life in the Paumotus, and——"

"And you have ruined mine," retorted Kingston fiercely. "I was a fool to do it. I should have let you drown."

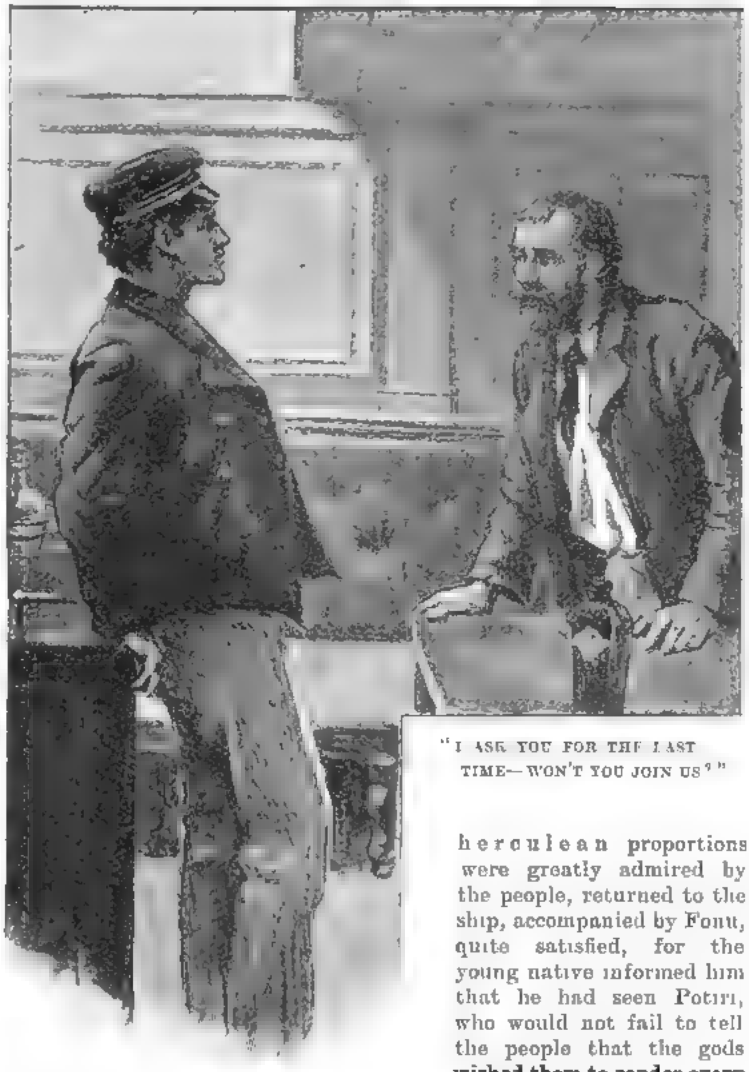
"Don't drive me to desperation," breathed rather than spoke Rowley, "I am not in a mood to be trifled with. For your own sake——"

"Do what you please!" and with a defiant glance, Kingston strode from the cabin and went on deck.

Shortly afterwards Rowley appeared, followed by one of the Chileno seamen, who was carrying a number of articles intended as a preliminary present for the chief. One of the quarter boats was lowered and manned by half-a-dozen sailors. Captain Rowley having taken his seat, she set off for the shore.

At the landing-place the boat was met by Fonu, and some of the leading men of the island, by whom the captain was conducted to the *fale kaupule* or council house, where the head chief and his *kaupule*, or councillors, awaited him. After the usual florid compliments—which all Malayo-Polynesians are fond of paying and receiving—had been exchanged through Fonu, who acted as interpreter, Rowley made his request for assistance to enable him to repair his ship, and named the number of muskets, etc., which he would give in return. As Fonu had told him, the chief replied that he and his people were quite willing to do all that was desired, but that the head priest, Potiri, would first have to consult the oracle of the gods; the captain, however, should have an answer by sunrise on the following day.

This finished the interview, and Rowley, whose



"I ASK YOU FOR THE LAST TIME—WON'T YOU JOIN US?"

herculean proportions were greatly admired by the people, returned to the ship, accompanied by Fonu, quite satisfied, for the young native informed him that he had seen Potiri, who would not fail to tell the people that the gods wished them to render every assistance and hospitality to the white men.

So, as soon as he reached the deck, he instructed Merrill to send down the royal masts, topmasts, and upper yards, and have all ready to haul the brig in to the shore early on the following morning.

At supper time, much to his and Merrill's surprise, Kingston seemed to have quite forgotten the morning's brief altercation between the captain and himself, and conversed freely with them both, displaying an interest in Rowley's account of his reception by the natives, and of Potiri's priestly power. Then he inquired if he (Rowley) had been told by the natives which was the best spot to beach the vessel.

"They want me to haul her in right abreast of the village," replied the big captain, "but I

don't like the place at all; it would suit them, of course, and that's all they care about, but there's not enough 'fall' from the water's edge, and I'm afraid we can't get at her keel if we put her there."

"What about that flat stretch of reef in front of those two little islands," suggested Kingston, with unusual affability, "it was quite dry when we anchored this morning, and at high water there must be a good eight or ten feet of water on it."

"The very place!" exclaimed Rowley. "I'll go and look at it in the morning."

* * * * *

Just before sundown the captain again went on shore, and returned rather late in the evening. Kingston was walking the deck, smoking his pipe.

"That was a good idea of yours, Mr. Kingston," said Rowley, "even the natives, though they wanted me badly to put the ship on the beach right in front of the village, say that the place you saw is the best; it is hard, smooth rock, and we can work better at her there than on soft, sandy mud"

Then he paused, and said with a certain affected bluntness.

"I think I'll have a tot and turn in. Won't you join me?"

"Thank you, I will," replied Kingston promptly, and secretly delighted at the second officer's change of demeanour, Rowley led the way into the cabin, where the two remained for quite half-an-hour, talking on various matters, but each carefully avoiding any allusion to the cause of the disagreement between them.

Then, bidding each other good night, Rowley retired to his state-room, and Kingston, whose mind was full of a project which had come to him but a few hours before, went on deck to think it out undisturbedly.

And as Kingston paced to and fro on the quarter deck, Rowley tapped at the mate's open door, and Merrill sat up in his bunk.

"I think he's coming round, Tom," said the captain in a whisper.

"Maybe," said Merrill, pessimistically, "reckon we can't tell till we know for certain. Good night."

CHAPTER III.

KINGSTON DRAWS HIS PAY.

THE night was wondrously bright and calm, and Kingston, as he paced to and fro on the quarter deck, busied as he was with his own thoughts, could not but gaze upon the beauties of the scene before him. The brig lay motionless upon the sleeping lagoon, which, save for the occasional ripple or splash caused by a fish coming to the surface, was as smooth as a sheet of glass, and reflected upon its bosom the steady light of myriad stars.

Astern, and within half a mile, the clustered houses of the native village stood out sharp and clear, with a background of tall palms lifting their plumed heads against the western sky. In front of the village, on a beach of snow white sand, lay a long row of canoes, on which women and children sat and talked and sang, as they waited for the men to come forth from the houses and launch their frail craft for the night's fishing out beyond the white line of tumbling surf which forever beat upon the barrier reef a mile away. And then, on either hand of the brig, as he turned his face for'ard, were the curving, palm-fringed beaches of the other isles encompassing the lagoon, with here and there a faint glimmer of firelight showing through the groves of some little village nestled therein.

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Less than two years before that evening, Kingston had thought himself one of the luckiest men in existence, for, after sixteen years of seafaring life in all quarters of the globe, beginning as an ordinary seaman, and working up to chief mate, he found himself master of a fine brigantine employed in the West Coast of South America trade.

The brigantine was named the *Rosa Forestier*, after one of the daughters of the owner, a Captain Forestier of Valparaiso, one of the wealthiest merchants of that city. Kingston had joined her by the merest chance.

Mate of a leaky coal-laden ship which had arrived at Valparaiso from an Australian port and had been condemned after survey, he found himself unable to get another berth unless he liked to sink his dignity and ship before the mast.

One day, after three weeks' idleness, he went to his lodgings, which were over a combined grocer's, ironmonger's, bookseller's and stationer's shop in the Almendral. The proprietor was an Englishman who had been long settled in the country. He would often ask Kingston as he passed through the shop to sit down and smoke a cigar. On this occasion, however, the young man saw that there were customers being attended to by his landlord—a gentleman and three young ladies, who were, he could see at a glance, English people, and indeed, as he passed by them, after raising his hat, he heard them speaking in English. A few minutes after he had entered his room, he was surprised by his landlord coming to his door with a smiling face.

"You've just arrived at the right time, Mr.

Kingston. That is Captain Forestier. He owns several vessels sailing out of here and Conçepcion. I happened to mention that you wanted a ship, and he says he should like to see you. So come along."

Kingston needed no pressing. He at once followed the landlord, and was introduced to Forestier, a tall, keen-eyed, business-like man of sixty, and in five minutes he was practically engaged as master of the *Rosa Forestier*, whose captain had died suddenly the day previously, just as the vessel was on the point of sailing for Conçepcion.

"When can you go aboard?" queried Forestier, in his sharp, abrupt manner, as he looked Kingston up and down.

"At once."

"Ah, that's right. I'll go with you, and we'll call at the Custom House on our way. Speak Spanish?"

"Pretty well."

"Good. Now, sir, we'll go. Ah, I forgot—Mr. Kingston, my daughters. Your new command is named after my second daughter, Miss Rosa Forestier. Now, girls, drive home; don't wait for me."

Kingston enjoyed but one brief glimpse of Rosa Forestier's face. She was very lovely, he thought, lovelier than her two sisters, and he wondered whether he would see her again. Most probably not, he reflected. Her father did not look the sort of man who would be likely to invite one of his captains to visit his house, and, anyway, what business had he, a man without a dollar, to let any woman come into his thoughts?

With Forestier he boarded the brigantine, and was well satisfied with his first command. On the following day he sailed for Valdivia, with which place his employer did a large trade, always sending there every few months one of the six vessels he owned.

From the very first Kingston met with good luck, returning to Valparaiso much sooner than Captain Forestier expected, and was duly complimented upon the quick passage he had made. His next voyage was to Callao, where Forestier had a branch of his business, and on this occasion the merchant himself came with him as supercargo.

During the voyage there and back he watched Kingston closely. Himself a seaman of great experience, and used to the controlling of rough and mutinous crews, he could not but admit to himself that in Edward Kingston he had found a man who, though so young, was every whit as capable and resourceful as he himself was in times of emergency and danger. When they returned to Valparaiso after a highly successful and profitable voyage, he invited Kingston to his house, introduced him to his friends, and eventually desired him to consider that house his home whenever the *Rosa Forestier* was in port.

For Captain Forestier never for one moment dreamt that Kingston, privileged guest as he was, would presume to lift his eyes to one of his daughters; had he entertained the slightest suspicion of such a thing, he would, in nautical parlance, have brought that daring young man up with a round turn, and curtly told him that his services were no longer required. Always busied in his money-making, he never noticed that Rosa and Kingston were very often together; her mother and sisters, who all liked the handsome young sailor, giving them every opportunity of meeting. Before he had been a year in Forestier's employ, he had told Rosa of his love, and she had promised to be his wife.

It so happened that, on the very day he had told Rosa of his affection, her father returned home in a more than usually good temper, and informed Kingston, who was just on the point of returning to his ship (which was to sail on the following day), that he wished to see him at his office in the morning, as he thought he should have "some pleasant news" for him.

"And I too wished to see you, sir, to-morrow morning," said Kingston, as he bade his host good-bye, and went off, wildly elated.

At eleven o'clock he found his employer in his office. He was smoking a cigar, and looked the personification of good humour and business contentment.

"Ha, here you are, Kingston. Sit down. Take a cigar. Just got definite news about a certain matter. You have heard of the *Jalasco* brig?"

"Yes, sir; I have been told she is one of the fastest brigs on the coast."

"Well, I've had my eye on her for a long time. Just the vessel for the Chiloe and Patagonian trade, new, well-armed, fast and of good carrying capacity. Moreno Brothers, I knew, wished to sell her, as they are in a tight place, but they wanted too much coin. However, to make a long story short, I made them an offer for her some weeks ago—thirty thousand dollars—and this morning Diego Moreno came and accepted it. And you are to have command of her. Riecke (Kingston's chief mate) shall have the *Rosa*. The *Jalasco* is on her way down from Callao now, and ought to be here in a few weeks; so you can wait for her, and I'll send the *Rosa* to sea. Hope you're satisfied?"

"Indeed I am, sir," said Kingston gratefully, "she is a beautiful vessel; and though I am sorry in one way to leave the *Rosa*, I shall be proud to command her," and then, without further ado, and thinking it a fitting moment, he bluntly told

his employer of his love for Rosa, and asked his consent to their engagement.

Captain Forestier heard him in silence; then he rose from his seat, and his face was set, stern, and cold.

"I thought," said the old man slowly, as he bent over towards Kingston, and almost scowled at him from under his thick, bushy eyebrows, "that you were a man whom I could trust. I have done much to advance you. You have returned my confidence in you by ensnaring the affections of my daughter in an underhand and clandestine manner. You are a dishonourable scoundrel, and from this moment are no longer in my employ. Attempt to see my daughter again at your peril. . . . Stop!" and he raised his clenched hand passionately, "I will hear no excuses — your conduct admits of none. I will thank you to at once remove your effects from the brigantine. My cashier will pay you whatever is due to you."

Then stepping to the door that opened into the main office, he called the cashier.

"Mr. Thompson, Captain Kingston has left my service. Pay him whatever is due, together with three months' extra money."

Too stunned to attempt any further protest, yet burning with mingled shame and anger, Kingston followed the sympathising cashier into the outer office, drew what money he was entitled to, but refused to accept the extra three months' pay.

Then he went to his friend the English storekeeper, who readily promised to be the means of communication between himself and his sweetheart. So he sat down and wrote a long letter to Rosa, telling her all that had occurred, and saying that he would never give her up.

"I shall leave here to-morrow, dearest," he concluded, "for Callao, where I am in great hopes of getting a berth in one of Lorimer's vessels trading along the coast. But I shall have to begin as second mate again, I fear. Let us hope that your father will receive me differently when I ask him for you again. If he does not—well, then, I shall take you."

CHAPTER IV.

A DEAD MAN TELLS A TALE.

ON the following day Kingston took passage in a small Spanish vessel bound to Arica, from where he was pretty sure of getting to Callao. But in this expectation he was disappointed when he reached Arica, and was told that he might have to wait a month or more before any vessel would leave Arica for that port. However, he had no choice but to wait, so resigned himself to the inevitable.

He took up his quarters at a house much frequented by the captains of English and American ships. It was kept by an ex-American whaling captain, a man named Vigors, whose wife was a Spanish woman. It did not take Kingston long to learn that both Vigors and his pretty little wife were engaged in smuggling operations, which were connived at by the port authorities, who shared in the proceeds.

Almost every day and night, Vigors was visited by numbers of ruffianly looking characters, with whom he would hold long conversations in private. They all, of course, Vigors included, spoke in Spanish, and did not seem to care whether Kingston, who, as Vigors knew, understood that language, overheard them or not. However, as they were always perfectly civil to him, and Vigors himself tried to make him as comfortable as he could in his so-called hotel, he endured their presence in the evenings with patience. In the daytime he contrived to pass the time fairly well, making excursions into the country through the fertile Azape Valley, returning at dusk to the Hotel La Serena, as Vigors's establishment was called. Sometimes the host, when he was not engaged with his smuggling friends, would play a game of cards with him for moderate stakes, and on one occasion, when Kingston had lost, and handed a gold coin to Vigors, the latter frankly advised him not to display his money too freely in Arica, especially in his house.

"These friends of mine you see here are a pretty tough lot, and the sight of gold would be a bit too much for them. And I guess I don't want anything to happen to you through any fault of mine."

Kingston thanked him for his candour, said he would be careful, and from that time took rather a liking to the man.

One evening, on his return from his usual ride into the country, he found that Vigors had a visitor, a big, florid-faced man whom he introduced as Captain Rowley, and who had, he said, just arrived from Callao in a coasting vessel. He and Vigors were evidently old acquaintances, and the *habitués* of the house also seemed to know the new comer very well, for he addressed most of them by their Christian names, and was very liberal to them in the way of refreshments. He seemed pleased, "as a brother Englishman," to make Kingston's acquaintance, and before half-an-hour had passed the two were on very friendly terms, telling each other of their seafaring experiences in various parts of the world.

Rowley seemed much interested when he learned that Kingston knew the South Sea Islands and the China Seas pretty well—having been second mate of a Hobart Town whaler for several cruises, as well as having had many years' experience in trading vessels.

"And so you're going to Valparaiso to look for another ship?" he said meditatively, after Kingston had told him practically all his story—for he somehow felt attracted to the big, voluble, red-faced captain—"there's not much in that, is there? I know the Lorimers—mean lot, I can tell you. Forestier isn't any better, or he wouldn't have served you as he did. Why, does he think he's going to marry the girl to a prince of the blood royal? It was a dirty kick-out for you, I must say."

"It was," said the young man, his face flushing with anger as he thought of the old merchant's insults.

"Now, look here," said Rowley, with sudden confidence, "you chuck up this idea of going to Callao. There's nothing in it, and it'll take you a month of Sundays to make any money. Come with me. You're just the man I want. You know the South Seas and the China coast; I don't, and neither does my mate. I'll give you rattling good money if you'll do second mate's duty, and help us in the navigating work; for, to tell you the truth, neither Merrill—that's my mate—nor myself are good navigators, though we're right enough along the coast."

"Where is your ship?" asked Kingston in surprise.

"Not far off by this time," replied Rowley, with a laugh. "Now look here, I'll tell you the whole truth. I've got a fine brig, and I've been making a pretty penny in the contraband line between Panama and the southern ports, but when I was ashore in Callao a few weeks ago a friend of mine there told me that my brig was to be seized within a few days, and that I was being watched. He helped me to get away into the country that night, and took a letter from me off to my mate telling him to slip his cable and skip, and pick me up at Arica. I'm safe enough here, as I'm among friends, and I expect Merrill every day now. He won't come to an anchor, but there's a couple of men on the top of the morro on the look-out for him day and night, and Vigors has a boat ready to put me aboard. Now, what do you say?"

"First of all, I want to know where you are bound to?"

"China. I'm sick of this trade; it's too risky, though there's a lot of money in it. The brig is well armed, and just the right sort of ship for the opium trade."

"I don't particularly care about leaving South America," said Kingston, who was thinking of Rosa.

"No, I dare say not. But look here," and Rowley bent forward with an eager light in his staring blue eyes, "I want you badly—that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will see us safe into Macao harbour, I'll give you two thousand dollars."

"You *must* have made money," said Kingston with a laugh.

"I've done pretty well, pretty well, and mean to do better. Now, is it a deal?"

"Yes, I can't resist such a good offer. Two thousand dollars means a lot to a poor man like me."

"Come here, Jimmy, my buck," cried Rowley gleefully to Vigors, "bring us some writing gear. Mr. Kingston here and me are doing a bit of business."

Vigors brought writing materials; in a few minutes Kingston had signed an agreement to navigate the brig *Blossom* to Macao for two thousand dollars, and Rowley paid one quarter of the sum down in gold.

That night he wrote a long hopeful letter to Rosa, telling her of his good fortune, and saying that with two thousand dollars added to what he had previously saved, he would at least be able to buy a share in a small vessel on the South American coast, and, all going well, would be back in Valparaiso within twelve months. The letter with the money he confided to the care of Vigors—whom he felt he could trust—to send to Rosa *vid* his friend the storekeeper in Valparaiso.

Two or three days after he had signed the agreement with Rowley, the latter suddenly left Vigors's establishment. He took with him eight or ten of Vigors's smuggling friends. They were all armed and mounted, and Kingston saw the party ride off in the direction of the Azapa Valley.

On joining Vigors and his wife at breakfast, he found a note from Rowley, telling him to hold himself in readiness, as, all going well, he (Rowley) expected that the brig would be off Arica that or the following night, and that Vigors would have a boat in readiness to convey him on board.

"Why could not he wait here till the brig was off the port?" asked Kingston, naturally enough, of Vigors.

The American shook his head, and said that that would not do—the authorities of Arica,

although they were actually concerned in many of his and Rowley's transactions, dared not wink at his openly leaving the country under their very eyes, when a price was offered for his apprehension, and the Government had given orders for the seizure of the brig. Therefore, he added, Rowley had gone off with his party along the coast to a rendezvous arranged with Merrill, where the old crew, of whose trustworthiness he was not assured, were to be put ashore, and the men who had ridden away with him put in their places.

This sounded reasonable enough, and Kingston was quite satisfied when, after his usual game of cards with his host, he turned in. It was then about midnight, and, the night being cool, he was soon asleep. He had not slumbered, however, for more than an hour, when he was awakened by the sound of galloping hoofs on the dusty road. They stopped at the courtyard of Vigors's house, and presently he heard the American and his wife talking to someone in the adjoining room; a few minutes later Vigors came to his room and called to him to dress.

"Hurry up, Mr. Kingston. Rowley is lying to outside. The boat is all ready."

Dressing himself as quickly as possible, and pitching his few belongings into a bag, he went into the other room, where Vigors was awaiting him. Bidding Señora Vigors a warm good-bye, he followed his host along the deserted sea front to the waterside, where a boat manned by two men was lying. They passed close beside the guard-ship lying in the centre of the port without being challenged, and, rounding the northern arm of the harbour, saw the brig lying to about a mile away under the dark shadow of the beetling morro. No lights were visible on board. Taking up a lighted lantern, which was standing in the bottom of the boat, partly covered by a coat, Vigors held it aloft for an instant.

"SHALL I GO FOR'ARD, SAH, AN' SEE DAT DOSE FELLOWS DON' KICK UP TOO MUCH ROBBERY?"

"She sees us," he said, as the brig, in response to the signal, at once filled and stood towards the boat, "pull, Miguel, pull, Pedro."

The boat was soon alongside, and Vigors and Kingston clambered on deck, where they were

met by Rowley and his mate, who shook hands with them.

"Ha, Mr. Kingston, welcome on board the *Blossom*," said the big captain effusively. "Now, will you please come on the poop with me, and take charge of the ship, as my mate and myself have to transact a little business with our good friend Vigors before he goes ashore. I'll call the hands aft first, however, before I go below, and 'talk some' to 'em, as my mate would say. Just to introduce 'em to you," and he laughed boisterously.

"Come aft, men," he bawled in English, "I want to speak to you for a minute. Show a leg, you yellow-hided Dagoes."

The crew trooped aft, and then Rowley addressed them vigorously in Spanish, telling them that the man who stood beside him was not only a personal friend of his, and a gentleman, but their new second mate as well; and also that he (Kingston) was able and willing "to knock the eyeballs out of any one, or the whole lot of them, if they didn't move along slippy." Then he wound up by telling them that he (Rowley) had no doubt that Señor Kingston, to show his good will towards his new shipmates, would allow both watches to drink his health in good French cognac, and that the steward would bring them up half a dozen bottles presently.

The "yellow-hided Dagoes" viva'd both el Capitan Rowley and Señor Kingston most enthusiastically, and Rowley, who seemed to be in most exuberant spirits, again shook hands with his second mate and went below, leaving Kingston in charge.

The steward brought up the bottles of brandy, and in a few minutes the entire crew gathered around the fore-hatch and about the windlass, and Kingston heard them laughing and talking as they opened the bottles and drank freely of their contents.

Presently, a huge American negro, who was standing beside the helmsman, came up to the new officer and saluted.

"Good ebening, sah. I'se de bos'un, sah. Shall I go for'ard, sah, an' see dat dose fellows don' kick up too much bobbery?"

"Just as you please, bos'un," replied Kingston, with a smile at the word "bobbery," which brought up old memories of East India "country ships" to his mind.

The business which Vigors had to transact with Captain Rowley and his mate did not take long to complete, for in less than a quarter of an hour the three came on deck together, all evidently in high spirits.

"Good-bye, Mr. Kingston. I wish you all good luck," said Vigors, warmly shaking the new officer's hand. "Good-bye, Ben; good-bye, Tom," and with two very large and heavy bags of dollars he went over the side into his boat, which at once pushed off and pulled shoreward. Then Rowley and Merrill again went below.

As Kingston paced to and fro on the poop, he became aware of a fact that, when he first stepped on board, he had not noticed—the decks had been washed down, and were not yet dry. No rain, he knew, could have fallen at that time of the year, and it was a strange thing to wash decks late at night.

Presently, as he passed the skylight, he glanced down and saw that Rowley and Merrill were engaged in the agreeable task of counting money. Quite one half of the cabin table was covered with bags of silver coin, piled three or four deep, while the contents of five or six bags lay in a loose heap before Merrill. Rowley had before him long rows of gold in piles, the amount of which, as he counted, he called out to Merrill, and then entered on a slip of paper.

"Very pleasant occupation," thought Kingston, as he turned away somewhat enviously, "smuggling must be a very lucrative business. If I had one twentieth part of that money, I would drop sailorising pretty quickly."

He walked to the fife-rail, and, leaning across it, looked for'ard, placing one foot on the edge of the waterway. Then he felt something soft against the toe of his boot. He stooped and touched it, and then shuddered.

He had touched a hand, and from the hand depended a body—held swinging there by the grim death-grip of the cold fingers.

Kingston sprang to the skylight, and looked down.

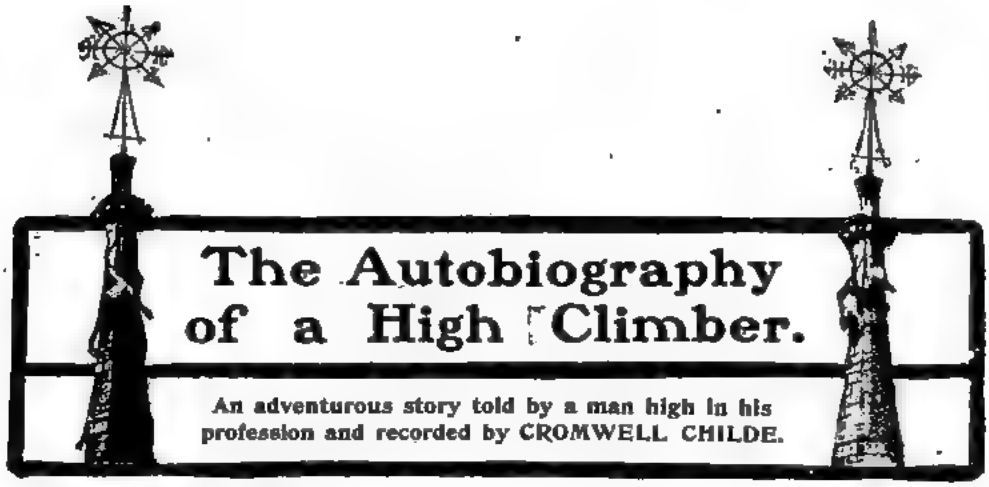
"Come on deck, Captain Rowley," he cried, "and tell me what sort of a craft this is; there's a dead man hanging to the rail here!"

Rowley glanced up swiftly, and Kingston saw that the burly skipper's face had gone as white as that of the dead sailor.

(To be continued.)

JACK IN OFFICE.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.



The Autobiography of a High Climber.

An adventurous story told by a man high in his profession and recorded by CROMWELL CHILDE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, as we know them, are recollections set down at the close of a successful life, dug, for the most part, out of memories of a distant past, frequently dry as dust and spiritless, of a day that is gone. The present memoir of activity differs from these. I came across its actor at a time when he was at the height of his career. Our acquaintance, begun in a commercial establishment of a large American city, just after his descent from the flag pole of the building, was finally cemented into friendship on a steeple, through my open-eyed admiration of his daring and skill. Thereafter we had many talks in my High Climber's little parlour, and unending was the series of stories he told. They are his autobiography.

"I was always supple," said John William Fletcher. "Tell about me from the beginning, and remember I am more than a 'Steeple Jack.' I don't like that word."

"That's why I am calling you a 'High Climber,'" I said.

The little man—at that moment, in his light blue shirt and white duck trousers, looking barely nineteen, though close to thirty—assented. "It's not only steeples with me—it's chimneys, brick and iron, 'stacks,' flag-staffs, domes, crosses, clock faces, windmills, water towers, weather indicators; gilding, painting, pointing, repairing, taking off from chimney tops and lowering heavy iron caps (caps that sometimes weigh six tons—I've handled them as heavy as seven and a half), down 200 and more feet, putting new caps up again, bolting iron bands round chimneys—everything that's high up; yes, and I even straightened out a steeple once that was eighteen inches out of plumb."

"Do you never get 'leary'?" I asked; for a few hours before I had seen him 250 feet high in mid-air, his toes touching the cross on a steeple, a flimsy bit of rope and a scrap of "board" (his "boatswain's chair") being all that held him. "Can you look down when you are up so high? Most men who climb heights say you must never look below you."

The little man laughed. "I look wherever I please," he said merrily; "down, up, anywhere. I can tell you whatever is happening below me. I could keep track of what you were doing on the ground. Trouble me? No!"

I thought how, within the week, I had seen with my own eyes the High Climber take his pretty young wife, handicapped though she was by her skirts, up upon the gilded cross of a metropolitan spire; of how I had photographed him two days before, he on a steeple, I in a great lofty belfry across the street—and I believed.

"To see how I do it you must go 'way back,'" he said, "to when I was a boy of seven. Start there."

Then followed, in this and other talks, this string of romances and daring deeds aloft over the house tops, of surprising anecdotes, of which I am merely the historian.

* * * * *

"I started gymnastics when I was seven," said the High Climber, "in a circus. But there's a difference, I tell you, between the athlete of one o' those gymnasiums and a performer in a circus. What they do in a

circus came natural to me, though hundreds of men call themselves Steeple Jacks. Any man can call himself one. I am much more, because I was a circus gymnast who could do twisters, somersaults, the slack rope, contortion. That's why I can climb without staging, with hardly any rigging at all, with a little short piece of wood instead of a big

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER AND HIS ASSISTANT.

clumsy chair, with only two coils of rope and a brace and bit, up to the top of anything. While some other fellows I know are working to put up their rigging, I climb up and do the job. It's the time that counts, and the thinking out how to do it.

"But at first, of course, I never thought of this business, or of the circus either. My people lived in Pennsylvania, at Manyunk, and then at Camden. When I was ten I was in a mill at Camden, tending a machine. One day 'Pugsy' O'Brien's circus came along. Like all the other boys, I went. Afterwards I said to a fellow who went with me—a fellow who always had his pockets full of money, 'Say, I could do better than all of those.' He knew I could, too. 'What?' he says. 'Yes,' I answered him. 'Let me have some money to get a suit and I'll show you.'

"The next day I went to the tent and saw 'Pugsy.' It was a little ten-cent circus, and 'Pugsy' was a big man with a gruff voice. When I'd told him what I wanted he said fiercely, 'Well, what can yer do?' I was just about to show him when his wife came in. 'Mr. O'Brien,' she said, 'what are you thinking of? I've waited for you over an hour now. The proper thing to do is to let the boy go in the ring to-night.' 'All right, boy,' said 'Pugsy' O'Brien. 'Come then.'

"That was just what I wanted. I was in the ring that night, you may be sure. The regular performers made me dress in a passage-way; pushed me in first. Everybody knew me; the whole town knew each other. They cheered me and called me by name. I was out of practice, but I never get stiff. I did everything. I went on the ladders, and I did a trick at balancing. I threw twisters and turned somersaults. After two nights of it 'Pugsy' took me on at the circus at twelve dollars a week. (I'd been getting three a week in the mill), and later, with Barnum, I made as much as forty dollars.

"I have to laugh," went on the High Climber, "when I see all the heavy rigging that is used, four times too much on nearly every job, and not alone the jobs of my kind, but in all sorts of heavy weight raising. Every job I get I study out to do it in some simple way. My kit that I carry about with me is my two coils of rope—half-inch rope—a lot of short ends of rope (for tying), my brace and bit, and eighteen to twenty spikes. The board I use for a seat (about nine inches wide by fourteen long) I can pick up in any town, and also the ladders I need. The kit goes in a box that when packed does not weigh over seventy-five pounds. That's the way you learn to handle high work after you've been a circus performer.

"High climbing as a business came to me gradually. It was not long before I left 'Pugsy' O'Brien for Barnum, and for three years I travelled with that show as a gymnast. After I gave it up I went round giving exhibitions at state fairs and making balloon ascents. Meantime I was picking up all sorts of climbing work, and I saw that there was a small fortune waiting for me.

"The first job of this sort I had taken was after I had been travelling with Barnum about a year. The circus was showing in a little town, and a man who had seen me the night before and had thought I was pretty good, offered me ten dollars to climb his flag pole and put back the rope that had been pulled out. It was easy for me to shin that pole—easy money. 'But say,' said the man, when I came down the same way, 'why didn't you slide down the rope?' Now, that first set me thinking. I got fifteen dollars more for painting that flag pole, and after that every town we came to I used to hunt about for a flag pole to paint. I found lots of them, too.

"By that time I was a kid of nearly fourteen. It was not until another two years had gone that I got into the next branch of the

business. Then I happened to see a man painting a stack (an iron chimney, you know). I talked with him, and made up my mind that I could paint stacks, too. But all this time I was figuring on simple rigging. I began to hunt for stacks as well as flag-poles, and found them. A year from that time I was doing crosses.

"A High Climber, as you're calling me, doesn't get proper credit, sir. Do you know what high work means? It isn't playing monkey tricks on top of a steeple, doing a few fancy capers and getting in the newspaper. A man has to learn to be a mason, a mechanic, a copper worker, a carpenter, a painter. He must do everything high in the air that other workmen can do on the ground or up a little way. I have had to learn slating, too, gold leaf laying, soldering, sign writing, the principles of clocks. It is easy to climb, to show yourself off, but it's another thing to work at all these trades, in your little bo'sun's chair, and be spry with your rigging. It's something a man has to plan out different for every job."

* * * * *

Fletcher's pungent explanation of jobs of high work needs little comment. There is only to be said that while this High Climber makes no demur to expounding the puzzles of his kit, yet he holds as his little secret just how he gets down from a difficult perch. He has put the last leaf of gold on a steeple's cross. He lowers the "tent" that has sheltered him during the job (for no man can stick gold leaf on a surface 200 feet in the air exposed to every wind that blows). He slides sensationally down the last remaining rope, made fast to the top of the spire. He lands on the edge of the topmost window. A short, quick pull, and the rope made fast to the top of the spire-weight comes tumbling down as though never a knot had been tied in it. There is not a vestige of rigging now on the steeple.

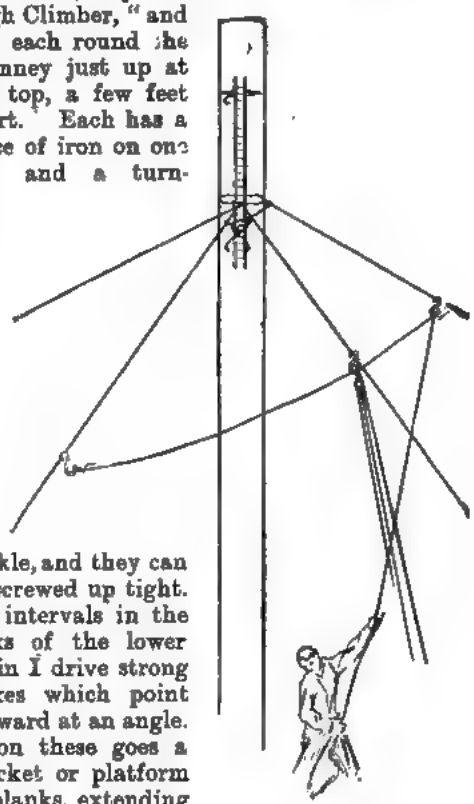
"How in creation——" I began.

The High Climber only purses his lips and looks wise.

In all the annals of high work the present aërial historian has found nothing more remarkable than the way Fletcher contrives, almost single-handed, to lower the iron caps of several tons weight from the tops of lofty brick chimneys. Chimneys of to-day are sometimes mammoth towers. Some measure nine feet through, with a circumference of twenty-seven feet. Occasionally it falls to the lot of a High Climber to lift off the cap of iron that is set atop of this. Therein rests a pretty problem in mechanics, truly a task for a latter-day Steeple Jack.

I shall explain later how a High Climber runs his ladders up a smooth surface of brick. This man can, indeed, climb to any height without ladders, or with a single ladder, used over and over again as he ascends. But for a complicated job like this a string of ladders run up to the top at the beginning is the simplest method.

"Once the ladders are in place, I carry up two chains," says the High Climber, "and put each round the chimney just up at the top, a few feet apart. Each has a piece of iron on one end and a turnbuckle, and they can be screwed up tight. At intervals in the links of the lower chain I drive strong stakes which point outward at an angle. Upon these goes a bracket or platform of planks, extending out about four feet and supported by ropes from the upper chain. This is my 'stage.' Now for the cap. I pass round the chimney two more chains, lower down, and when they are tight, slip into them a gin pole—a slender pole some forty feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the bottom, sloping up to five at the top. This pole has two hooks that fit into the links of the chains, and when a heavy weight is on it the hooks press down and hold the pole steady. My block and tackle goes at the top of the gin pole, and there you are for hoisting down. We crow-



THE RIGGING.

bar the cap out until it swings clear, push it out until its end rests on the 'stage,' and let it carefully down. If the weight is very heavy I rig up two gin poles, join them at their tops by a beam, and fasten my block and tackle on the beam, directly over the cap.

"Getting up ladders is easy," went on the High Climber, "I can run them up a chimney 125 feet an hour. You start in with spikes and use a string of ladders about twenty feet long. You lash the ground ladder to the first spike, and to another spike near its top, always driving the spikes in firmly between the bricks. Then climbing to that first ladder's top, you drive in another spike as high up as possible. To this your block and tackle is fastened, your assistant hauls away from below, and the second ladder is pulled up. Set in place, its lower end is lashed to the first ladder; and now I go up it, though it's dangerous work, fasten its top to the top spike, drive in one more spike above, pull up a third ladder, and so on, to the top.

"But you don't need a ladder to get to the top of any chimney ever built. All chimney-scaling needs is a man who is not afraid, 'an all round performer,' as they say in the circus. With two pieces of rope and two poles about fifteen feet long each, with hooks at the end, and a man to help me, I can climb without difficulty. Each piece of rope has a loop on one end and a hook at the other, with another hook made fast in the middle, and another bit of rope hanging from it. The first of these pieces of rope we put round the chimney close to the ground, but as high up as we can reach, fastening the loop in the hook. Then standing on this and buckling the second piece of rope round the chimney, we shove it up with the two poles. My assistant, who is on the other side of the chimney, jerks down the rope that hangs from the middle hook of the upper buckling rope and fastens his bo'sun's chair to it. The weight on this rope tightens the rope round the chimney. Meantime I have hitched on my own bo'sun's chair to the same circle of rope on the other side, and, undoing the lower circle, we pull ourselves up to the upper, carrying our poles with us, and repeating the process over again.

"Remember," said the little man, 'that the first part of the trick is to get a line up. You must change your ways according to circumstances. Here's how I once climbed a 250 foot chimney with never a ladder. The chimney was working full time at that moment, and the draught was a big one. 'I went in through the little door at the foot—say, it was hot!—and sent up five paper bags filled with gas with a string hitched on to them. Gee! how the draught did whirl 'em up to the top and outside!

"At the end of the cord there was a wire, at the end of a wire cable. It was dollars to doughnuts that a few moments after those bags were up they would bust and the cord and wire would fall somewhere on the outside. That's exactly what did happen. That gave me a line up and I could hoist my block and tackle easily.

"Say," he went on, "I fool people great sometimes. High Climbing takes originality. There was a stand-pipe in the water works of a Pennsylvania town, and its indicator got out of order. They sent for me and asked me what I would charge to get a rope up. 'Forty dollars,' I says, as soon as I understood the game, 'and I'll do it to-day. All I want from you is to lower the water in your stand-pipe to ten feet from the bottom for a moment when I give you the word.' 'What's that for?' the boss says. 'Never mind,' says I, 'just do it. You can let it go right back to the top again.' The boss had thought that it was going to cost them over a hundred, and he was so tickled at the idea of getting it done for forty that he never said another word.

"Then I went and got a life-buoy and a monkey wrench. I slipped the life-buoy on, and gave the word to lower the water. Then, when no one was looking, I unscrewed the little door near the foot of the stand-pipe, stepped inside, told my assistant to screw up the door again and tell them to raise the water. Say, I floated up to the top in that pipe as nice as you please. I had my rope with a hook on the end of it with me. I fastened it to the top and came down it hand over hand.

"'When are you goin' to start, young feller?' said the boss when I saw him a few moments later, 'I see you haven't begun with your rigging yet.'

"'The rope's up now,' I says, 'I'm through.'

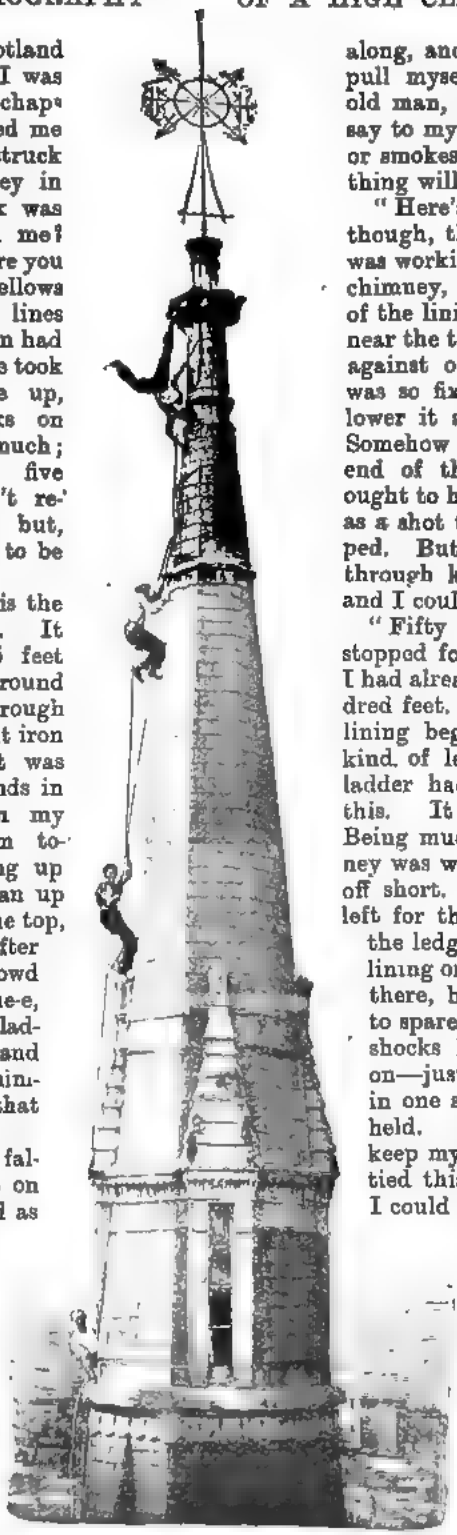
"'Bless me, how did you do it?' says he. 'Do you want to know?' says I. 'Well, don't tell any one, but in this little bag here I have a suction machine with leather straps. This machine goes around, the straps catch on to the pipe and pull me up!'

"Say, I think that fellow believed all I told him.

"You know, I went to Scotland several years ago, and while I was there I showed those foreign chaps some new things. They called me the Yankee Kid, and when I struck a job on the biggest chimney in Glasgow, what do you think was the first question they asked me? It was, 'What kind of a kite are you going to use?' Say, those fellows had been trying to get their lines up by flying kites! Three men had already tackled that job. One took seven days to get his line up, and had worked six weeks on the job without doing much; another fellow had taken five days of kite flying; I don't remember about the third, but, at any rate, the job was still to be done.

"That chimney, they say, is the largest chimney in the world. It is certainly a whopper, 375 feet high, 25 feet through, 75 around at its base, and 18 feet through at its top. The job was to put iron bands around it because it was cracked. I had my iron bands in two pieces, and, sitting in my bo'sun's chair, bolted them together on each side, screwing up with a monkey wrench. I ran up ladders, as I've told you, to the top, and the very next morning after I'd put 'em in place the crowd stood around and said, 'Whe-e, where'd he get that long ladder?' I had two blocks and tackles rigged up on that chimney, and hoisted my iron that way.

"Accidents? Sure! I've fallen 125 feet. A rope broke on me. And once a man I had as assistant tried some funny business instead of staying where I had told him, and he was killed like a shot. But there's no danger in high work if a man doesn't drink or smoke and always keeps his head clear. The main trouble I have when I'm up high is in keeping my mind on what I'm doing. Sometimes I get thinking of other things while working along, and suddenly I find I must pull myself together. 'See here, old man, this won't do,' I have to say to myself. If a climber drinks or smokes, though, some day something will happen to him.



THE HIGH CLIMBER IN HIS ELEMENT.

"Here's a queer accident, though, that I did have once. I was working on the inside of a high chimney, bolting together sections of the lining, and I was pretty well near the top. I was on a ladder up against one side, and the ladder was so fixed that I could raise or lower it and myself as I wanted. Somehow I took hold of the wrong end of the rope, letting the one I ought to have held on to go. Quick as a shot that ladder and me dropped. But the rope it was passing through kept it close to the wall, and I could hold on.

"Fifty feet from the bottom it stopped for a second, with a crash. I had already fallen nearly one hundred feet. A new and extra inside lining began here, which made a kind of ledge all round, and the ladder had struck on the side of this. It fell across the chimney. Being much longer than the chimney was wide the upper part broke off short. But there was enough left for the broken end to fall on the ledge made by the top of the lining on the other side. It rested there, but there wasn't an inch to spare. Through all the three shocks I had managed to hold on—just. If they had all come in one shock I could never have held. But I just managed to keep my grip—and the rope. I tied this to the ladder as well as I could and let myself down.

"Chimneys, you see, sir, are the great things to do after all. Church steeples look more dangerous, but they're only one end of the business. Getting up a church steeple is easy. Here's how I do it. If the spire is of wood I climb up inside as far as I can and bore a hole from inside to outside with my

brace and bit. I pass a string through this, fasten it inside, and then it's simple to pull up my block and tackle. If the spire is of stone I run up ladders (only short ladders) just as I do on a chimney. Or I can even climb up to the top without ladders, putting myself up in my bo'sun's chair, throwing loops in my rope over pinnacles, passing it a little further up, as far as I can reach, tightening it, getting a purchase with my toes and fingers.

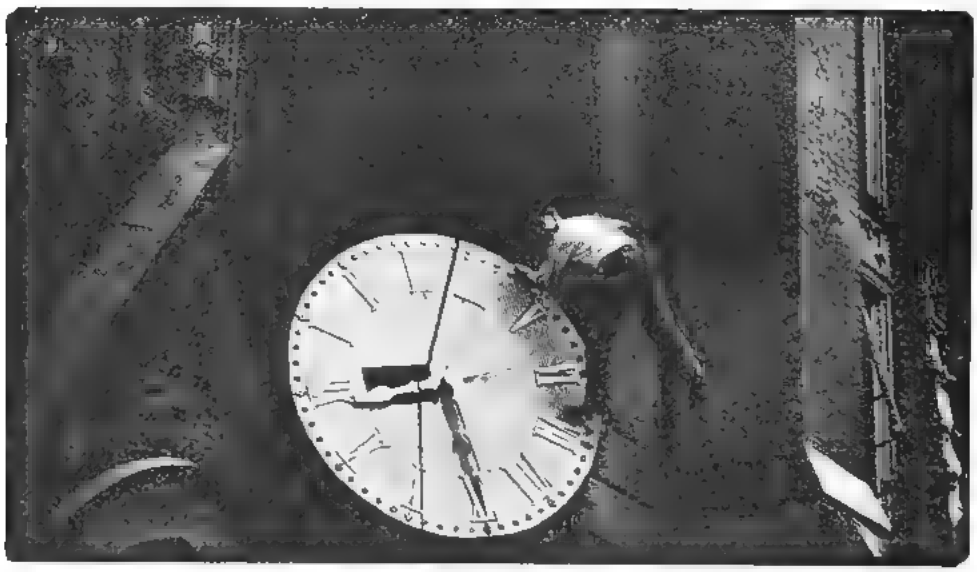
"The straightening of the steeple that I told you about was done by placing iron rods from one side to the other. A turn-buckle was put in the middle of each, a man stationed at each turn-buckle and all the rods tightened at the same time. Thus the steeple was drawn gradually perpendicular.

"If you want to know what heat is," finally said the High Climber, "you must be at the top of a chimney when the furnaces are going at full clip below. I was pointing up the sides of one high chimney in Massachusetts one hot summer day. I was up about one hundred feet. I had done one, two, three sides; now I pulled myself up to shift my hook round to the fourth. My bo'sun's chair swung down from this hook, you understand.

"It was hot enough anywhere on the top, but round the cap on the fourth side where the wind was blowing out the smoke and heat, it was awful. I dropped my hook down and walked round to the cooler side to rest a bit. Round the cap I had a space of about a foot's width to walk on. In a moment I went back and put my hand on the hook to slide down the rope to my chair. Gee! I thought the hair would come out of my head. My shoes frizzed. The hot iron of the hook blistered my hands. I could stay nowhere near it.

"Again and again I went back to that hook. Each time I was driven to the other side. There in the sun and the furnace heat pouring up, blowing this way, the hook got hotter and hotter. There was no other way of getting down even. I was caught there.

"Finally, in desperation, I took off my undershirt and grabbed the hook with it. Blistered and burned, I half fell into my chair, and managed to let myself down."



THE STEEPLE JACK'S METHOD OF TAKING DOWN THE FACE OF A CHURCH CLOCK

IV.

SOMEBODY'S CLOTHES.

IF any of you young fellows are under the impression that excursions were especially invented for your delectation, all I can say is that you are very much mistaken. There were other sieges before that of Troy, and, strange as it may appear, there were, and are, other boys besides those who peruse this magazine. For instance—as I once overheard a junior, ætat fourteen, explain of himself—I have been a boy myself; and although the schools of my time did not descend to teaching English grammar, or any other useful subject, we were all convinced that "excursion" was an exceedingly proper noun. In this view the masters did not invariably concur. You see, excursions were of two kinds. There was the duly authorised semi-state function, which took place once a year in the summer term. There were also divers unauthorised excursions which, from time to time, a few adventurous spirits made on their own, and which took them out of bounds, over the hills and far away, when they thought that their absence from the school would remain unsuspected. It was when we made a miscalculation on the latter point that we found ourselves in painful conflict with the authorities on the merits of excursions.

It was a fine, bright summer afternoon which discovered Carter, Bannister, and myself looking disconsolately over the playground wall at the fields, where the remainder of the school were busily employed in cricket and other delightful occupations. Like the Peri at the gate of Eden, we stood watching enviously the denizens of a happier world; but, unlike the Peri, we felt it would be of no use attempting to soften the stony heart of authority with a tear. Young Lewis of the angelic countenance was the only boy who ever tried that trick with success. You see, we had been "gated" on account of some trifling, innocent escapade, of which the masters had wholly declined to take a proper view. Masters always are so unreasonable. It being the third week of our detention, the monotony of the thing had begun to pall, whilst the undoubtedly striking manner in which the head master had impressed his view of the matter upon us had begun to be forgotten. So there we stood, a moody and disconsolate trio, feebly wondering what we were to do to get rid of the long hours which intervened before lock-up.

"Isn't it beastly warm?" said Carter, aimlessly swinging one leg across another. Bannister and I looked at him reproachfully. We had always regarded Carter as a boy of original genius, and we felt that his remark was obviously inadequate to the occasion. "Warm?" growled Bannister, viciously. "I call it hot. That's what I call it." "As hot as old Grumpington," interpolated I. Grumpington was our pet nickname for the head master. And then ensued a sombre silence.

"I was only thinking how jolly it would be to have a dip in the round pool," continued Carter, presently. Bannister surveyed him attentively. "And old mother Williams' apples would be a fair treat," said I. "But old Grumpington *is* hot," added Bannister, pensively. And then ensued another pause for reflection.

Carter picked up a stone and took careful aim at an imaginary cat. "Some fellows are funks," said he. "I am not a funk," retorted Bannister, indignantly. "What's the use of getting a licking for fighting?" quoth I, "when we might just

as well——" "That's what I think," interposed Carter, eagerly. "I made no suggestion," said I.

By this time, Bannister, who, despite my efforts to check him, was always leading us into mischief, had clambered on to the top of the wall and was taking a careful survey of the situation. "No one in sight," announced he, and straightway dropped to the other side. What could Carter and I do but follow? Stooping carefully, we ran past the wall, and then along the hedges of the fields, taking advantage of every cover until we had put a fair distance between ourselves and the school. Then we bore ourselves erect and trotted off cheerfully, with a keen sense of rejoicing in our recovered freedom after so long a restriction to confines of the school.

Old mother Williams' apples certainly were delicious, and the fruit being plentiful, a very small toll procured us permission to take as many as we pleased. We did please, and, heavily laden with the spoil, we presently made our way to the round pool, solemnly munching as we went. "You keep *cave*, Carter," said I, "and Bannister and I will have first dip." "Oh, that's all jolly fine," grumbled Carter. "I kept *cave* last time. Let Bannister have a turn." "Suppose you two toss for it?" said I. "Last to undress keeps *cave*," suggested Bannister. "Done," cried Carter. There was a tearing of clothes and a rending of buttons, a kicking-off of boots and then, with a simultaneous splash, three forms struck the water together, leaving no one on the bank to guard their belongings.

Oh, how delightful that bathe was! So cool and delicious was the water that I believe we might have remained there indefinitely, oblivious to the flight of time, when suddenly a startled exclamation broke from Bannister's lips. "Old Slowcoach!" cried he, and sure enough there was the senior classic advancing in our direction with rapid strides. Carter and Bannister made for *terra firma*, and disappeared, the one up a tree, the other behind a convenient bush. I, the last to take the alarm, had no time to gain the bank, and making for a clump of weeds and water-lilies, immersed myself in their midst. Would the short-sighted master pass us? Had we but taken care to hide our clothes before bathing, we might have escaped, but Bannister's rash suggestion proved our undoing. Even the senior classic could not miss that litter which lay in full view on the bank; and with an exclamation of astonishment the master came to an abrupt halt, and gazed about him for the owners of the garments.

A dead silence reigned, and the master, observing no one, stooped down and began to gather the clothes in a heap. What on earth was he going to do? We were not kept long in suspense.

Producing a ball of twine from his pocket, he neatly tied the bundle together; and then, standing erect, took another survey of the scene. No one appeared, so, taking up his burden, the senior classic trudged off in the direction of the school. For once in his life old Slowcoach had been a match for us.

It was a very mournful trio that met in consultation as soon as the master had disappeared from view. "It is all your fault for not keeping *cave*," cried Bannister angrily to Carter. "Why, you silly chucklehead," responded the latter, "what could I have done, I should like to know?" "At least he has been kind enough to leave us a few apples," said I, munching as I spoke. "Much good they will do us," growled Bannister; but he took one nevertheless. "Five miles from home if we are a step," murmured Carter, ruefully, "and how are we to get back in this state, I should like to know?" "Wheels!" cried I; and we all pricked up our ears.

Yes; certainly there was some vehicle coming down the road. "It's old Joey out with the doctor's brougham," exclaimed Bannister excitedly, "let's ask for a lift." Away we scampered across the fields, cutting off a huge corner so as to intercept the brougham at the bend. Now the coachman was well accustomed to the wiles and ways of "them dratted boys," but even he looked astonished as he reined in his horses in response to our fevered shouts. "And what have ye been a doin' of now?" exclaimed he. "We've been bathing, Joey," explained Carter, breathlessly, "and we've lost our clothes." "O, have ye? Then ye had better set to work and find 'em again. Gee! whoa!" "Stop a bit, Joey, there's a good chap. We want you to give us a lift." "Not me; I'm not goin' to be mixed up with your little play tricks. It's as much as my place is worth; and 'taint likely." "Will this make it worth your while?" commenced Bannister, and made as if to thrust his hand in his pocket. The astonished look of the youth as he realised the absence of his nether garments sent Carter and me into a fit of laughter; and even the stolid driver relaxed into a grin. "Look here, Joey," said I, with as much dignity as, under the circumstances, I could

master, "we can't get back like this, you know; and the doctor won't thank you for leaving us in this pickle." "That's true," said Joey, reflectively, "but mind ye, I make no promises. Get along in with ye." We got.

We had covered a good two miles of our journey, and were debating what to do when we reached the school, when suddenly a well-known voice summoned the brougham to halt. Peering out cautiously we found to our dismay that we had overtaken the senior classic, who, encumbered with his burden, had also conceived the idea of enjoying a lift. "Under the seat, quick," said Carter, and under we went. "I thought I was used to being sat on by old Slowcoach," said I, "but really this would be the first time——" "Shut up, you silly idiot," muttered Bannister; and the brougham came to a halt.

Old Joey proved much more amenable to the master's request for a lift than he had been to our entreaties; but our rough-tongued, tender-hearted ally had no idea of turning traitor. "It's a pity to miss a breath of

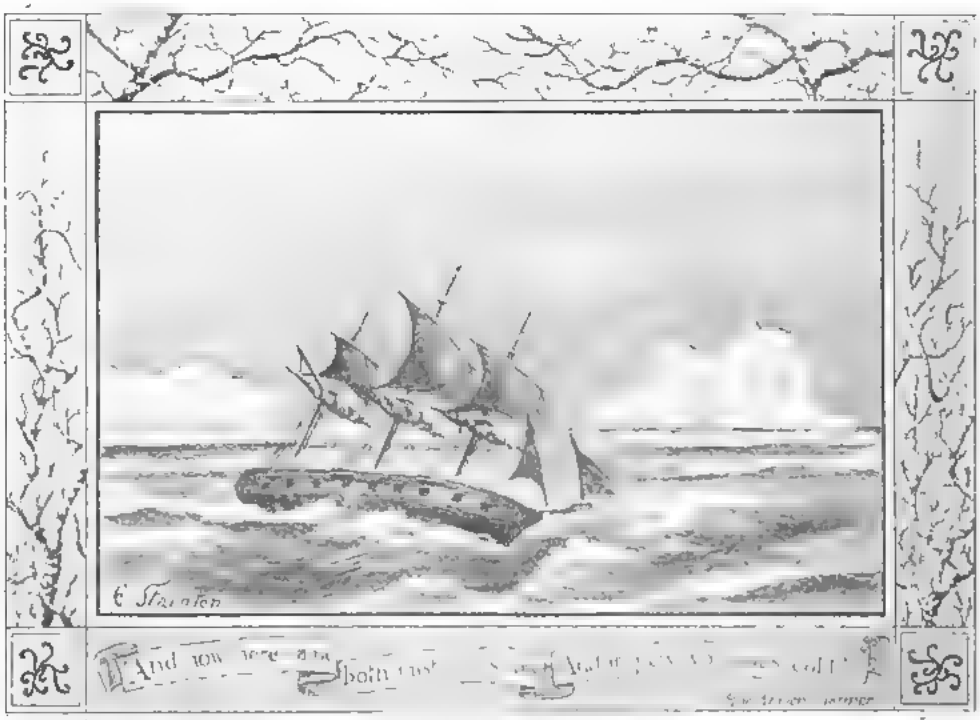
a day like this, sir," quoth he. "Suppose you take a seat along o' me!" "I think I will take your advice, coachman," said the senior classic, pompously, "but I may as well put this bundle inside." We held our breath in suspense as the master opened the door; but, suspecting nothing, he flung his bundle on the seat, shut the door with a bang, and mounted the box. The brougham drove on, and we breathed again. Saved!

It was a difficult matter in the confines of the brougham to find our right clothes, and to struggle into them without making a noise; but we managed to accomplish the feat. Would Joey again befriend us? He did. As the brougham drew near the school, its pace slackened sufficiently to enable us to alight with safety. I opened the door cautiously and peered out to see if all was safe. The senior classic was engrossed in expatiating to the bewildered coachman on the rustic knowledge of Maro. One by one we slid to the ground, the last to alight noiselessly closing the door behind him. Dearly should we have liked to follow and see the look on the master's face when he discovered his loss; but we felt that we had run enough risks for the day. We returned by a circuitous route to the school, and reached our quarters without further adventure.

And in the evening it was reported that the senior classic was making the round of the dormitories—"Though what on earth he wants," said Lewis, "*I* don't know." We thought we did, but adjudged it better to say nothing. No. 6 was the last room on his round. "Has any one here lost his clothes?" enquired he. A look of blank astonishment was his only answer. "Have you, Carter?" said he sharply. Carter regarded him with round, open eyes of innocent amazement. "No sir," said he, in an injured tone, "I haven't lost no clothes." The master was either too much relieved, or else too much of a classic, to be offended at the double negative. "Oh, all right," said he, "I have had a bundle stolen from me, and feared it might belong to some of you boys. That is all." And thereupon he quitted the room.

Carter and Bannister regarded each other with ill-disguised glee, and then turned with a grin to me. I shook my head in melancholy wise.

"Now I understand," said I, "why Shakespeare always couples excursions with alarms."



The Stamps of Lagos.

LAGOS is the youngest of our four Colonies on the West Coast of Africa. It was not annexed till 1861. The Colony takes its name from an island in the Bight of Benin. It was at one time a thriving centre of the slave trade. Kosoko, the native king, who had acquired a knowledge of the slave trade in Dahomey, devastated the mainland in his raids for victims. Eventually the British interfered, sent Mr. Kosoko about other business, reinstated a former king, Docemo, and pledged him to put down the slave trade. In 1861 King Docemo ceded the port and island and territories of Lagos to the British. For a few years the new territory was governed as a separate Colony, then, in 1866, it was placed under the Governor-in-Chief of Sierra Leone. In 1874 it was incorporated with the Gold Coast, but in 1886 it was once more converted into a separate Colony. In the rearrangement of the Niger territories Lagos was awarded the whole of the Yoruba country, which now gives the protectorate of Lagos a total area of 22,000 square miles, and a population of over 3,000,000. It can also boast of the largest town on the West African Coast, the capital town of Lagos having a population of 35,000. The leading product of the Colony is palm-oil.

The philatelic life of the Colony of Lagos commenced only in 1874 on its incorporation with the Gold Coast. Why it should under that incorporation have had a separate issue of postage stamps we are not told. Even the recently issued work of the Philatelic Society of London is silent on the point. Despite its comparatively short philatelic life, Lagos is regarded as a somewhat expensive little country, but the beginner or general collector need not make it so, if he will be content with the more common perforations, and a blank or two which can only be filled with expensive stamps. With these exceptions the Colony is not out of reach. It has had only one design from the start, and it has only one provisional, and that one is still low priced. Taking the issues in their order, I will set out the various perforations and watermarks with their respective catalogue values for unused and used; readers of THE CAPTAIN can then make their own choice as to what they will collect.

1874.—This, the first issue, consisted of six values, designed and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., on wove paper watermarked Crown and C.C. This same design is still in use. At the base of the design is a straight white tablet, upon which was printed the value in *sans serif* capitals. This printing of the value I premise was from a separate setting, and also a separate printing. At all events in the one shilling there are two varieties in value line. In one case the words "one shilling" measure 15½ mm. in length, and in the other 16¼ mm., and in the shorter length there is no cross-bar to the final letter G, and further, Gibbons catalogues the 3d. and 4d. as bi-coloured, i.e., the general design in one colour, and the value in a separate shade. This first issue is further distinguished by its perforation, being perforated 12½. All the stamps of this first issue are more or less scarce, and therefore highly priced.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.C. PERFORATED 12½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., lilac	10 0	10 0
2d., blue	15 0	7 6
3d., red-brown	25 0	15 0
3d., red-brown and chestnut	—	15 0
4d., carmine	25 0	15 0
6d., blue-green and yellow-green	30 0	10 0
1s., orange	—	18 0

1876.—This issue differs only from the foregoing, or first issue, in the matter of perforation, being perforated 14 instead of 12½. The general collector will of course be satisfied with the cheaper perforation, seeing that there is no other difference, design, watermark and colours, all being repeated. In this second issue there is only one variety of the length of the words of value in the 1s., viz. 16½ mm.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.C. PERFORATED 14

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., lilac	7 6	6 0
2d., blue	6 0	6 0
3d., red-brown	45 0	7 6
4d., carmine	—	5 0
6d., green	12 6	4 0
1s., orange	—	30 0

1882.—In this issue the watermark is changed from Crown and C.C. to Crown and C.A., and there is no sixpenny stamp; presumably the stock of 6d. C.C. was not exhausted. Design, perforation and colours continue as in the previous issue. The catalogued rarity in the previous issue is the 3d. In this issue it is the 4d. Gibbons catalogues the colour of the 1d. value as a "lilac-mauve." Mauve I understand to be differentiated from lilac by a clear and distinct tinge of red, which the lilac does not show, but I am at a loss to understand what is meant by "lilac-mauve."

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., lilac	3 6	4 0
2d., blue	—	8 0
3d., chestnut	10 0	3 6
4d., carmine	40 0	10 0
1s., orange	4 6	4 6

1885–7.—Colours all changed; the 3d. and 1s. values are omitted, presumably because a sufficient stock remained on hand, and a halfpenny and three new high values are added to the set. These high values had a short life of a few months only, i.e., from October 1886 to March 1887, when they were superseded by bi-coloured stamps with colours changed. Hence the very tall catalogue prices for these three high values. Despite their high price they are, however, very popular, and always give rise to considerable competition when offered for sale at stamp auctions.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14. COLOURS CHANGED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d., dull green	0 1	0 1
1d., rose-carmine	0 2	0 1
2d., grey	10 0	3 6
4d., bright lilac	25 0	2 6
6d., sage-green	3 0	—
2s. 6d., olive-black	105 0	—
5s., blue	150 0	—
10s., lilac-brown	250 0	—

1887–94.—This is the current series, known as the bi-coloured stamps, the main design being (except in the case of the 2½d., which is all blue) in one colour, and the value in a separate colour. Several new values are added, but the ½d. and 1d. are not included, as they are continued unchanged in their 1887 colours, which conform to Postal Union requirements.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14. BI-COLOURED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2d., lilac, value in blue	0 3	0 3
2½d., blue	0 4	0 2
3d., lilac, value in chestnut	0 5	0 5
4d., ,, ,, black	0 6	0 6
5d., ,, ,, green	0 7	—
6d., ,, ,, mauve	0 8	0 8
7½d., ,, ,, carmine	0 10	0 10
10d., ,, ,, yellow	1 1	1 1
1s., green ,, black	1 4	1 0
2s. 6d., ,, ,, carmine	3 3	—
5s., ,, ,, blue	6 6	—
10s., ,, ,, brown	12 6	—

1893.—In August of this year the supply of halfpenny stamps seems to have run short, for a provisional of that value had to be provided. For this purpose a number of the current 4d. lilac and black were surcharged with the words "ONE PENNY" in small Roman capitals, and the value, "Fourpence," was obliterated by two bars or rules, which in heavily printed specimens run together into one thick heavy bar. The supply seems to have been a pretty liberal one, for though issued in 1893 it is still catalogued at 9d., the price at which it was catalogued so far back as 1896.

SURCHARGED IN BLACK.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. in black on 4d., lilac and black	0 9	1 6

In conclusion, I would advise readers of THE CAPTAIN to secure the current issue of this Colony while it is to be had at a little over face. The set is a long one, and some at least of the values can be very little in demand. In such a set some one or more stamps of the lot

genera ly ripens into rarity when the issue is superseded, as this set will be by the King's head issue ere long.

Notable New Issues.

The really interesting new issues chrononicled this month are not many. Unpaid Letter stamps are somewhat conspicuous. It is an open question whether these are really worth collecting. Some collectors believe they will some day be relegated to a separate catalogue and reduced to the rank of Locals. Personally, I scarcely think them worth very much attention, and should not advise readers of THE CAPTAIN to spend much money on them. The news of the special design for the Orange River Colony 2½d. value is ominous and decidedly interesting. The Colonies are evidently bent on having distinct stamps of their own.

Austria has issued a set of Unpaid Letter stamps for use in post offices in the Turkish Empire. They are made by printing some of the values of the current set in green and then overprinting them in black with the Turkish currency. Perforated 12½.

UNPAID LETTER STAMPS.

10	para	on	5	heller	green.
20	,,	,,	10	,,	,,
1	piastre	,,	20	,,	,,
2	,,	,,	40	,,	,,
5	,,	,,	100	,,	,,

Bahamas.—It is stated that 2s. and 3s. stamps in the design of the Queen's Staircase, illustrated in our January No., and 1d., 2½d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 5s. and £1 values with the King's head will shortly be issued.

BOSNIA.

Bosnia.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send a new value to add to the current set, a 35 heller, as illustrated. It is a bi-coloured stamp, the figures of value in the corners being printed in black and the rest of the stamp in blue.

BULGARIA.

Bulgaria.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send me some values of a new series of Unpaid Letter stamps as illustrated. They are on wove paper, unwatermarked and perforated 11½. The values are 5st. rose red, 10st. green, and 30st. marone. Other colours will no doubt follow to complete the set.

Dahomey.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the following new colours of current stamps for this French possession.

1 cent., black on azure.
10 cents., carmine.
15 cents., grey lilac on greyish.
25 cents., black on rose.
25 cents., blue on bluish.
50 cents., brown on pale blue.

Dutch Indies.—Low values similar in design to those of Holland have been issued for this Colony. They are inscribed "Nederlandsch-Indie." The values and colours are as follow:—

½ cent., violet.	2½ cents., green.
1 cent., olive green.	3 cents., orange.
2 cents., brown.	5 cents., red.

Holland.—We illustrate a new value of ½ cent. added to the current set of Unpaid Letter stamps for this country. The use of such a low value for indicating unpaid postage wants explanation. I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. for the copy illustrated. It is perforated 12½, and for those who go in for minor varieties it may be noted as Gibbons Type I.

HOLLAND.

Leeward Islands.—It is rumoured that the islands of this group, which formerly issued stamps of their own, and which are now supplied with the Leeward Island stamps, will shortly issue separate pictorial sets. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the separate groups should have ceased to issue separate stamps, seeing that the sale of the separate sets to collectors accounted for an appreciable item in each of their accounts.

New Zealand.—I noted last month the new perforation of the new machine sent out from England. Since then I have received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. specimens of the ½d. and 1d. (Universal Postage stamp) with the compound perforation of 11 × 14½, which is the result of running the stamps through the new machine to do the vertical perforations and through the old machine to do the horizontal perforations.

Will some New Zealand reader of THE CAPTAIN kindly inquire for me whether the 1d. White Terrace design has been permanently discontinued in favour of the Universal Penny Postage stamp?

Orange River Colony.—It is stated that the design of a new 2½d stamp has been prepared and sent out to this Colony for approval.

It bears the King's head in a very small oval, value at top 2½d., and a picture below of a springbok and a wildebeest, with typical veldt scenery in the background. The whole is in blue, the Postal Union colour.

Roumania.—Two new values—30 bani, violet type of the current 10 bani, and 75 bani, brown and violet, type of the current 50 bani—have been issued.

Tunis.—We have from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. two more values to add to the current set—35c. pale brown and 2fr. lilac. Also a full set of Unpaid Letter stamps, similar in design to the current French Unpaid series, perforated 14 × 13½. The values and colours are as follow:—

UNPAID LETTER STAMPS.

1 cent., black.
2 cents., orange.
5 cents., blue.
10 cents., brown.
20 cents., blue green.
30 cents., carmine.
50 cents., lake.
1 franc, olive green.

Victoria.—This Colony has issued its long talked of £1 stamp with a portrait of the King. Such a portrait! Quite local. A school tyro at drawing would be ashamed to own the work. It was issued on the 18th November, 1901.

Reviews.

We have received Stanley Gibbons's catalogue, Part II., Foreign Countries, for 1902. Like Part I., British Colonies, reviewed in the December CAPTAIN, Part II. has undergone considerable revision. Many important countries have been re-written, such as the later part of Austria, Bosnia, French Colonies, Portugal, and even Portuguese India, which has always received special attention. The Transvaal and Orange River Colony being now British Colonies, are no longer included in this portion of the Gibbons' catalogue.

Altogether eighty-one pages have been added to this volume. Every year there are fresh issues, and every year as a consequence our stamp catalogues increase in bulk. Envelopes, wrappers and postcards have been relegated to a separate volume, and some day, we believe, official stamps and Unpaid Letter stamps will have to follow suit.

The publishers claim to have made "vast reductions," more especially in used. The price of used will always be a more or less unstable item, but unused are naturally subject to less fluctuation. The cutting price at which new issues were quoted in the 1900 catalogue has been slightly altered in the upward direction. Gibbons still holds out against fractions of a penny even for farthing stamps, and there are now several, but a concession is made to those collectors who buy the commoner stamps in quantities.

Messrs. Whitfield King & Co send us their *Annual Price List for* 1902 of Packets and Sets. For the beginner and general collector it is a very useful list. The countries follow each other in alphabetical order, and under each head the sets in stock are set out in series of issues in their chronological order.

Stamp Competition.

Under THE CAPTAIN Competitions in this number is included a Stamp Competition (see No. 5). In the advertisement pages will be found an illustration made up of several stamps which have been cut up into a patchwork. Our competitors will kindly rearrange the separate pieces into their original stamps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B.—Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich. You could have found the address in the advertisement pages.

Pidnem.—In the 1885 issue Cape of Good Hope, wmk. cabled anchor, the 6d. and 1s. both have the outer line. In Gibbons' catalogue there is a note to that effect. Bright's should have had a similar note. In Gibraltar the designs of 1887 as reissued in 1893 are to be distinguished by slight variation of shade only; the ½d. is greyer, the 1d. brighter and deeper, and the 2½d. is much brighter. The other values are bi-coloured in the reissue. Best plan is to secure 1887 issue of ½d., 1d., and 2½d. with dated cancellations.

J. J. H.—English stamps are used by British soldiers in South Africa. The cancellation showing their use in South Africa makes them interesting souvenirs of the war, nothing more.

Fiorrie Dutton.—Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Argentine Republic are all right. I should not include them in a black list with Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, &c.

G. F. L. (ABERYSTWITH).—Your question was answered last month. A thin leaf of good linen paper as sold by typewriting companies would do to interleave an album. But you will find albums recommended in my special article on Albums in THE CAPTAIN for last May best for your purpose. I use no other.

W. Frank.—You will find at Bright's, 164 Strand, a very good selection of albums. Stanley Gibbons's new Imperial Album in two vols.—vol. I. British Empire and vol. II. Foreign Countries—takes in all countries up to date, and leaves some space after countries still issuing stamps, but not for twenty or thirty years! Such a requirement can only be met by a movable leaf album. Why not try the albums recommended in THE CAPTAIN last May. I use no other.

J. H. O. (REPTON).—Stanley Gibbons's catalogue for advanced collecting and Whitfield King and Co.'s for beginners.

L. W. (LONDON).—The value on Brunswick stamps was never expressed in pfennigs. Your dark green is probably the ½ sgr. of 1863.

PAPA IS WORRIED BY WORKMEN.*

By His Eldest Daughter.

PAPA, I must tell you, dear Mr. Editor, is a very *suspicious* man. When he was engaged to Mamma, Mamma says, he was exceedingly jealous. Aunt Mary says that jealousy is a bad *trait* in a man's character. Mamma disagrees with Aunt Mary, and says that she did not at all object to Papa being jealous. Uncle George says that he supposes it added spice to their engagement. Papa merely changes the subject when we talk about it. If you want to know what *I* think about men and jealousy, dear Mr. Editor, I'm afraid I can't tell you, because, you see, I've had no experience of jealous men, except of course—— Oh, I *must* go on and tell you, firstly, about Papa and the sweep.

Now, you needn't think Papa has been trying to sweep the chimneys himself; as Uncle George remarked, he has no bent *that* way. Uncle George says that a householder (like Papa) only turns his attention to the chimneys when there is no garden to dig, no pictures to hang, no walls to paper, no ceilings to whitewash (Papa having tried his hand at all these hobbies), and no dog to poison when you mean only to medicine him. Papa has poisoned three dogs when he meant only to medicine them. Papa is also very fond of prescribing for his family, and administering cures of his own invention for coughs, colds, and things, but Mamma *invariably* sends for Dr. Scoggin when there is anything at all serious the matter with any of us. On the nursery wall there hangs a big card headed "Home Nursing," giving hints on the treatment of children's ailments. Uncle George read the "hints" through his eyeglass (smiling in his superior way), and observed when he had finished that the card was evidently drawn up by a doctor who had the interests of his own profession at heart, rather than those of his patients. When Uncle George goes up into the nursery and says things like that, Nurse (who is rather young) smiles and blushes, and looks at me as much as to say: "Oh, Miss, *isn't* he a funny gentleman?" although she doesn't quite understand what he means.

Well, it was while Papa was telling Bubbles "giant stories" that Mamma (whose mind is always full of some domestic matter) informed him that the chimneys were to be swept on the following morning. I must tell you about Papa's "giant stories"—which the children like very much, and I don't mind adding that we elder ones always listen to them even now, although we heard them over and over again when we were little—and about the way he reads *Robinson Crusoe* out loud, in another letter.

Papa looked up and frowned, at which Bubbles tugged at his waistcoat and said, "But, Papa, wasn't Jack *dreadfully* frightened when he heard the giant say, '*Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum*'?"

"Yes, yes," said Papa, still frowning; and then, addressing Mamma: "Is it absolutely *necessary* to have them cleaned just yet awhile, my dear?"

"The cleaning has been put off far too long as it is," said Mamma coldly.

"Go on, Papa," put in Bubbles; "never mind the chimneys."

"Er—and so when the giant said, '*I smell the blood of an Englishman*,'" continued Papa absently, "he—er—— I shall superintend the operation myself," he concluded, glancing towards Mamma, "as I don't want any more things to be *missing* after the sweep's visit."

"We never knew for certain that the *sweep* took them *last* time," replied Mamma. "How suspicious you are, Henry!"

"Go on, Papa," said Bubbles, giving the waistcoat another pull; "you got to 'I smell the blood of an Englishman.'"

"Er—I'll finish it to-morrow, darling," returned Papa; "run away to bed now." So Bubbles retired poutingly, and for the rest of the evening Papa brooded over the iniquities of chimney-sweeps. On the following morning he descended at 6.30 in dressing-gown and carpet slippers. The sweep should have arrived at that time, but he was very late, the consequence being that when *I* went into the drawing-room at eight o'clock the sweep was hard at work there, and Papa

*From "The Papa Papers," by R. S. Warren Bell. By kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

was striding up and down and keeping guard over him like a sentinel. The sweep was evidently in a talkative mood, for he kept addressing remarks to Papa. The conversation appeared to be rather one-sided, however.

"'Mornin', Miss," he said, as I entered. Of course I said "Good morning" back to him quite politely, dear Mr. Editor, and then he said to Papa—

"WOT I SAY IS, GOV'NOR."

"Wot I say is, guv'nor" (Papa coughed irritably), "wot I say is that when a man's getting on in years—getting into the sere an' yeller leaf, so to speak—it's a comfort to have grown-up daughters to look after him."

"True, true," returned Papa shortly.

"Ah, I yopes my gals 'ull grow up to be as fine an' nice-lookin' as your daughter, sir, beggin' 'er pardon for so saying."

Papa cleared his throat.

"You sees," the sweep went on, "this ain't as payin' a game as it yoosed to be—no, not by a long 'arf. It don't fetch nothin', don't the soot. Bob a sack: yoosed to be 'arf a dollar, it did."

Papa said, "Indeed."

"Yuss. I sells all mine to a farmer in Hessex; puts it on 'is land—never seen it goin' along in der train! Yuss, 'underd sacks to a field. He's a mean cove, is that farmer. *Mean!* Touch that chap for a hextry penny a sack, and you 'it him on der *raw*, you do indeed!"

"Dear me," said Papa, with an effort to be sociable.

"Yuss, there's mean folks all the world over, but that chap takes the 'Untley, he do. Starves 'is cows till their boneses sticks outer their skins."

As Papa made no rejoinder, the sweep blinked at me with pinky-black eyes, wiped his face with his coat-sleeves, and went on

scraping up the soot. After a time he turned to Papa, and said, "'Ow goes the *h*enemy, gov'nor?"

"Ethel, run and see, will you?" Papa said to me.

When I came back, the sweep was giving Papa a long and detailed account of his sister-in-law's consumption. Papa was coughing at short intervals, looking out of the window, and in other ways endeavouring to show the sweep that he was taking no interest in his narrative.

"She was in the ballit," the sweep was saying, "yuss, in the ballit; an' it was through dressin' an' undressin' by a open winder in the cold weather wot done it—as sure as little apples, that was wot done it."

"Oh!" said Papa.

"Yuss, they're wicked things, them ballits, for ruinin' the 'ealth. Tearin' abaht with nex' to nothin' on, practisin' in the day and performin' at night. Don't you ever let your daughters go on the stage, gov'nor; it's a deloosion an' a snare, as my poor brother ofting says, now 'is wife's down on 'er back for good. Ah! I pity 'im! Cabman, workin' der Strand, with two small children, and a stiff leg."

The sweep sighed and went off to another chimney, Papa stalking after him. While he was doing the other chimney he discussed —as Papa afterwards told us—politics, the drama, horse-racing (giving Papa several excellent "tips"), and religion. Papa saw the whole sweeping from beginning to end, and at the end of it declared that he had never met such a garrulous scoundrel as that sweep in his life. When, two days later, he discovered that a china shepherdess and two very pretty photograph frames were missing from the drawing-room mantelpiece, he declared that *next time* he would engage a policeman to watch the sweep; but when I told Papa that it was *I* who moved the shepherdess, and Mamma the frames, the night before the sweep's visit, Papa said that it was ridiculous of us to be always moving the things off the mantelpiece, and that women are never of the same mind about the position of ornaments for two minutes together.

And then there were the painters! Papa has been greatly annoyed by *them* quite lately. Of course all the painting should have been done while we were away at the seaside in the summer, but it wasn't, and so now the house is full of the British Workman.

We have been driven from one room to another, until we now find ourselves breakfasting in the drawing-room. It is not very nice for Mamma and me having Papa always with us. You see, the study and the dining-room are being done now, and so Papa has carted all his papers into the drawing-room and sits at a little table by the window. Here he writes letters and bemoans his unhappy lot. Meanwhile the stair-carpet is up, and some of the workmen are repapering the walls and doing other things which necessitate their standing on planks laid across step-ladders. When we go downstairs we have to creep under the planks in fear and trembling lest paint or whitewash should tumble on to us.

You know, we ought really to be away, staying with somebody, but Papa sternly refused to go *himself*, so of course we had to stop and keep him company. He said, in an injured tone, when Mamma suggested that we should go away for a short time, that *he* was *quite* willing to remain by himself in the house and cook his own meals and make his own bed. He added, sarcastically, that he should ask one of the painters to sit down to dinner with him when he felt lonely.

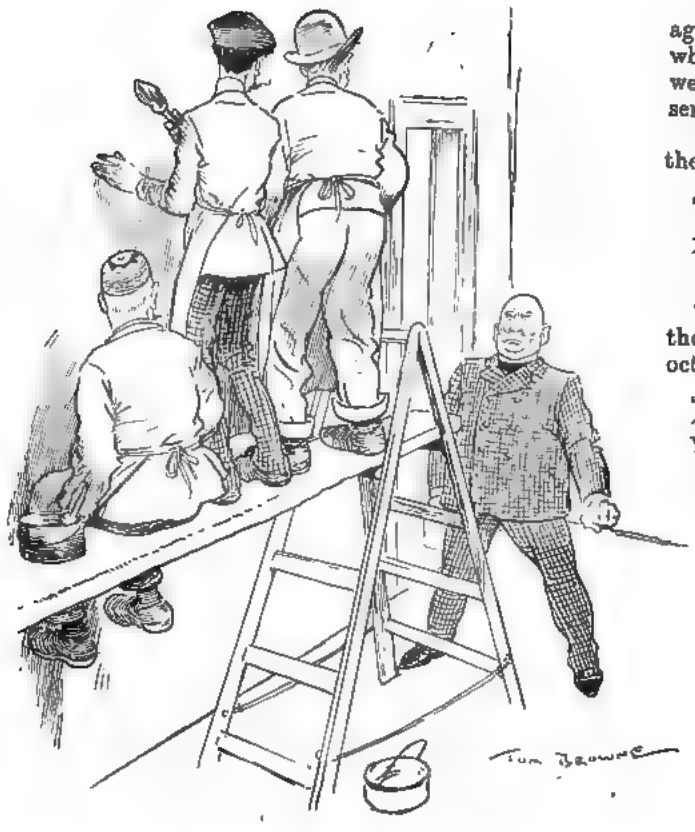
"Very well, Henry," said Mamma, "we will stay here. But you musn't mind being put about a little."

"Don't bother about me, my dear," said Papa, evidently pleased at having got his own way. "*I* can rough it. It's the discomfort that you and Ethel will suffer that is troubling me."

Mamma and I exchanged smiles, Papa having but a minute before refused to make us comfortable by going away. But Papa is under the impression that his life is one long act of sacrifice on his family's behalf. I believe he feels so sorry for himself sometimes that tears of self-pity come into his eyes.

I daresay, dear Mr. Editor, you know what painters are like. Uncle George says that they are the most leisurely class of *work*men he knows, and the happiest. Those who are now in possession of our house are nearly all young, and several are quite good-looking They all seem to sing, and then to whistle, and then to sing again. One of them occasionally shuffles his feet about on his own plank in time with one of the other's whistling. They seen to do it unconsciously, steadily painting away all the time, and not to be aware that they have an audience a few yards away. Papa is particularly annoyed with the way they lighten their labours.

He had settled down to write some import-



TREATED THE PAINTERS TO A FEROCIOUS SCOWL.

ant business letters yesterday afternoon, and just after he had started (the painters had arrived at the landing just outside the drawing-room, I should explain) one of them delighted me with the full chorus of a very popular song, the air of which I have often heard on the barrel-organs:—

"Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my 'eart to go—
Something tells me I am needed
At the front to fight the foe—
See, the soldier boys are marchin',
And I can no longer stay—
'Ark! I 'ear the bugle callin',
Good-bye, Dolly Gray!"

"It's perfectly outrageous!" exclaimed Papa, throwing down his pen and rising from his chair.

"The poor men are only amusing themselves," said Mamma, soothingly. Both Mamma and I were very much entertained by the sudden way the painters started a song and left off.

Papa sat down and took up his pen again. One of the other workmen whistled another popular song, and went on whistling in a subdued, absent way for half an hour, quite.

Then one of his mates rendered the whistling in words:—

"You are my 'oney, 'oneysuckle,
I am the bee.
I'd like to sip the 'oney sweet
From those red lips, you see——"

"Pom! Pom! Pom!" interpolated the comic man, ascending by half octaves.

"I love you dearly, dearly
And I want you to love me
You are my 'oney, 'oneysuckle,
I am the bee."

Every now and again Papa would observe, "I shall have to speak to them about it"; but he didn't. He wasn't exasperated enough, I suppose.

Presently we were treated to a song of a less modern order. This proceeded from a blue-eyed delicate-looking young man about twenty-one. Aunt Mary had remarked on the beauty of his hair more than once, to, I *believe*, Uncle George's secret annoyance, as Uncle George is *very* bald. The young man sang,—

"Come hinto ther garden, Maud——
For ther bleck bet nought 'as flown.
Come——"

"This is *monstrous!*" Papa almost shouted, tearing his letter into little bits, "I—I—it's beyond all bounds!"

"Come hinto ther garden, Maud——"

went on the blue-eyed young painter, in a high, drawn-out moan,

"I ameer at ther gite alone."

"Stow that, Charlie, boy," growled one of the others. "Cawn't yer pitch us summat a bit livelier?"

The comic man immediately struck up,—

"Yes, it's sprahtin', fairly sprahtin';
It'll be of a milit-ary so-ort."

Then dropped into a whistle, did a double-

shuffle on his plank, and changed the tune to—

"Since Jack Jones come into a little bit o' splosh,
'E dunno where 'e are!"

Papa all this time was gazing ferociously at Mamma, evidently thinking she was the guilty party, seeing that she had made apologies for the painters.

"I must speak to the foreman!" Papa thundered, turning angrily to his writing again. But just as he took up his pen the delicate, heavenly-looking painter broke into a wild wail—

"I ameer at thergite alo-ho-hone,
I ameer at thergite alone!"

"Gets it awf 'is chest, don't 'e?" observed a man with a croaky, deep voice, who seemed to be the low comedian of the party.

Then there was silence, and we could hear the industrious swish-swish of the paint-brushes.

Papa uttered what seemed to be a cross between a snarl and a groan, seized a fresh sheet of note-paper, jabbed his pen angrily into the ink, and proceeded with his writing.

But he soon flung his pen down and began to stride up and down the room, because the painters, tired of singing, now began to talk, the subject of their conversation appearing to be "'Erry's ole woman," who was in the hospital. After this one of them whistled and then danced a little, and then they began to discuss, in a very animated way, the chances of certain football teams on the following day.

Mamma and I quite enjoyed it all. It was such a novel experience for us, you see, sitting there quite quietly and hearing all these sounds proceed from the landing. And whatever they did, whether it was singing, dancing, whistling, or talking, the swish-swash-swap of the paint-brushes continued without any pause.

Presently, whilst Papa was savagely gazing out of the window, one of the men said,—

"Say, Jim, did you 'ear that tale abart——"

"'Ere, steady on," growled the low comedian, in what was intended to be a whisper, but which we could hear quite plainly; "the ole feller's in there, yer know."

Papa right-about-turned in true military fashion, strode across the room, wrenched the door open, treated the painters to a ferocious scowl, and then, closing the door again, returned to his little table, and went on with his writing.

There was dead silence, only broken by the swish-swashing, for some moments, and then we distinctly heard a voice mutter—

"Bill, I believe 'e *'eard* you!"

And Bill replied, in a smothered croak, "Yo're right; *I believe 'e did!*"

SLANG OF H.M.S. WORCESTER.

(*By "Two Old Worcesters."*)

scragg	*steal.*
dangler	*suet pudding.*
slush	*hash.*
duff	*plum pudding.*
bungy	*indiarubber.*
slack	*cheek.*
slew	*walk.*
Case, Oh	*friendship.*
yarn (to)	*impose on.*
scauff	*food.*
stow jaw	*cease talking.*
ponto pri	*steak pie.*
cowshed	*petty-officers' cabin.*
cowboy	*cabin attendant.*
jibe	*joke.*
wreck	*weak fellow.*
nib	*a smart fellow.*
galley fug	*scalleryman.*
scouting	*prying.*
ratty	*angry.*

Some Customs.—Every cadet, until he has been a year on board, can be fagged by those who have been on board more than one year.

No cadet under a year on board may wear a "stick-up," nor may he turn his trousers up, nor walk arm-in-arm with other cadets of less than one year's standing.

Every new cadet has to sing before the ship's company.

No one but petty-officers may have trouser pockets.

TOM GRIFFIN'S FIRST TIGER.

By Alfred Thompson.

Illustrated by John Macfarlane.

SINCE his return from India Tom and I have come into frequent contact, and so firm is my conviction of the unusual interest of many things which I have learnt from him, that I cannot rest until I have given publicity to certain parts of his narrative. For the present I shall confine myself to his remarkable encounter with a tiger. Though not the only encounter of the kind he has had, in certain particulars it stands out as the most thrilling; and then, as Tom remarked, "It was my *first* tiger." I shall give the story, as nearly as I can remember it, in his own words.

"Of course," began Tom, "I didn't go to India to hunt big game, but my new surroundings were hardly calculated to crush out that sporting instinct which had been steadily and strongly developed in the old home and the old school. I confess I had a hankering after quarry a little more formidable than centipedes and scorpions, and I asked my friend Guthrie what prospect lay ahead of getting a glimpse of elephants, tigers, panthers, and the like."

"'Funny folk, you fresh griffins from home,' said Guthrie (my name was certainly a bit unfortunate in the circumstances); 'I believe you picture us out here as sitting down in a kind of Zoological Gardens, with elephants trumpeting all round us, with hyenas grinning behind every bush, and every species of the cat tribe prowling round for prey; I wonder how many of you at home have seen a weasel, a hedgehog, or a fox?'

"'I for one have seen all three,' said I.

"'No doubt, but then you are a bit exceptional, old chap. No, I don't mean to lay it on with a trowel, but I know you have all the sportsman's characteristics—observation, coolness, precision, courage, agility. Well, look here, Tom, come with me to the Asamboo Hills next week—I have to go about some tea business—and I can promise you a view of some fine bison, and a shot or two if you like.'

"'Good,' replied I, 'I'm game.'

"Bison! Yes, we certainly saw several very fine herds, but unexpected and royal sport of another kind quite eclipsed this part of our adventures. We set out at sunset early in the following week, and having travelled thirty miles by bullock-bandy, found ourselves at daybreak on the margin of a broad, shallow river—the Masuputti. We crossed with some difficulty, including a good deal of splashing, and, having pitched our camp on the other side, breakfasted luxuriously in one of the most beautifully festooned forests I have ever seen. After breakfast Guthrie lit a cigar, but knowing my non-smoking propensities, did not press one on me, and then suggested a ten minutes' stroll before starting for the final part of the bandy journey—as far as the Khaligay-sam River, some three or four miles on, after which we were to have a 2,000 feet pony climb to our destination.

"'I should rather like to carry my rifle, if we are going into such a primitive labyrinth as that,' said I, pointing to the forest.

"'Not the least danger,' replied Guthrie. 'See, the sun is now full up, and nothing is likely to disturb us. I have gone alone within earshot of our little encampment many a time before. Come, I will show you a grand waterfall where flood, boulder, and tree-trunk are mingled in the wildest confusion, and where the white spray is singing and dancing like steam.'

"'All right, old man, you always knew your way about, but . . . if you don't mind, I should like—just for the fun of the thing—to carry my rifle. I shall feel quite an old shikari.'

"Guthrie laughed assent. I took up the rifle; we strolled away; and I felt happier. After proceeding about a couple of hundred yards in the same direction as the river, Guthrie stopped short, pointed to a tree-trunk just in front of us, on which I noticed several long scorings of the bark, and then remarked casually, 'Funny, yes, funny; quite fresh, old man—don't you see the sap oozing out?'

"'What of that,' said I, 'gum?'

"'Gummy!' retorted Guthrie.

"I began to be mystified (at that time I did not know that these were feline scratches) and was about to speak, when a low roar, a sort of *woo . . oof*, greeted our ears. Each looked at the other. Neither spoke a word. Then Guthrie, with a somewhat grave smile, quietly placed his half-finished cigar on the grass, tilting it, I noticed, so that the

unburnt end was clear of the ground (I recall this as an evidence of his consummate nonchalance). He then, in the calmest and most imperious manner, took my rifle from my hands, walked forward a few paces in the direction of the sound—I following—and, stooping down, poked the muzzle into a thicket. The next moment I saw a huge tiger bound into the air. It cleared the thicket from the other side, rose high above Guthrie, and all in a flash I was aware of two luminous monster eyes, a brilliant striped head, fierce open jaws, and then—no more. My next recollection was of an awakening from an exciting but not unpleasant dream. I was in a football 'scrum' at the old school. The game was going a bit hard against our side, and I was at the bottom of the scrum with the ball under my arm, but couldn't see daylight. Then, feeling a fearful kick on the shoulder, I opened my eyes. I was lying in the long grass; the sun was blazing overhead. As I moved to rise, a couple of paws were dumped down on my face, and a young tiger cub about twice the size of an ordinary cat leapt on my chest and as quickly leapt off again; whereupon I saw that another cub was gambolling close to me. I moved uneasily while both began a series of leaps over my body and over one another. Then they would lick my face and hands, pull at my clothes and hair with their teeth, but all in

IT ROSE HIGH ABOVE GUTHRIE.

the most playful mood and without giving me more than an occasional twinge. For some seconds I did not at all realise the horror of my situation, but when the position of affairs dawned on me, I began to be anxious. At that moment I had no thought of home, no fear of death, but I realised a predicament, and with a view to a way out of it I stealthily raised myself to take stock of my surroundings, the long grass having prevented this while I had lain still. By degrees, notwithstanding a painful numbness of the left shoulder, I got into a half-sitting posture. Every moment I feared to meet the terrible gaze of the tigress. Instead, however, I saw beside me a litter of bleached bones, a dead pig whose hind quarters had been eaten away, and at my foot part of a human skull. I felt sick; a nameless horror began to creep over me; I tried to leap to my feet with the intention of running, but, in the act of doing so, I heard a *woo . . oof*, and, looking sharply round, I saw the fierce old tigress charging down on me from behind. It may seem cowardly, but in those circumstances, with no other weapons beyond a pocket knife and a toothpick, I did not deem it advisable to act on the defensive. The only weapon of any use was presence of mind, though I confess that in the situation I had not much faith in it. Seeing the tigress coming on I threw myself quickly to the ground, burying my face in the grass that I might not see the fall of that fatal blow which at the moment I firmly believed would be the recompense of my recent rash movement. The old beast came and sniffed around me, gave me a sort of friendly pat on the back, and then—delirious joy!—I heard the switch of her tail steadily receding in the long grass. My joy, however, was short lived. This maternal visit seemed to be the signal to the cubs to take me in hand themselves. They renewed their play in a very rough fashion. I had already turned round again on my back. Several nasty slaps on the face and some mauling of the body tried my temper and my nerves sorely. Still, as I recall the scene, I had compensations even in this treatment, for, being constantly on the *qui vive* for the next tug or blow, I had no time to worry. Once or twice I feared my patience would fail me. I even got out my pocket knife and opened the big blade, and contemplated the possibility of plunging the knife into one beast while I gripped the other by the throat and strangled it. But that, I reflected, would be an almost impossible task, and even if successful in the initiation, could not be carried through on account of the proximity of the tigress, whose motherly vigilance was, I felt sure, never for one moment relaxed. Once more, but very cautiously, I ventured to raise myself. This time I was successful in locating the tigress on a ledge of rock about fifty yards away. I then saw that I was near the extremity of a strip of open ground about a hundred yards long, and fifty or sixty wide, with the forest all round. The tigress lay quite still on the shady side of the projection. The roar of the Masuputti River, so distinct when we were near it, could now be heard but faintly. I must have been carried quite a distance, perhaps half-a-mile, perhaps much further. The ground on which I lay sloped slightly towards the jungle, situated not more than twenty yards from me, and I saw that every yard I could move downwards would be a yard further away from my fierce enemy. While these thoughts were in my mind the cubs forsook me for the pig-flesh, which, I was glad to see, they contented themselves with licking, as though their teeth were unequal to tearing. With the greatest caution I began, on hands and knees, with my face in the direction of the tigress, to back by inches down the slope. The cubs seemed to take no notice; the mother also seemed quite unconcerned. Escape now appeared certain. Stealthily, almost imperceptibly, and without quickening my pace, I got within a couple of yards of the jungle, when *woo . oof!* the tigress with lightning speed was down on me. Sick and faint I lay still, and in a moment was in the monster's mouth being carried back to my prison. A prison! Yes, under heaven's blue sky. Unhurt, but terrified and in a stupor, I was dropped down on the abominable carcase of the half-devoured pig. My whole muscular system was paralysed. I could not have stirred if I would. I had not dared if I could. By this time, too, my throat was parched, my tongue and my palate felt like leather. My eyes burned in their sockets. My whole being seemed to be sinking into an abyss. It was an awful moment. My tormentor, satisfied with having brought me back, retired to a distance once more. For a time the cubs became increasingly aggressive; they tore my trousers in shreds, and began to try their teeth on my legs. I had no power to resist, and for a time was but dimly conscious of what was happening. Then this action seemed to operate like

a massage, gradually restoring my vitality. Desperate, maddened, with awful forebodings of being slowly eaten alive, I determined once more to try to effect my escape. I adopted the same tactics as before, only selecting what appeared a more favourable direction. For a while the cubs worried me during my retreat, but afterwards drew off. I was now within half-a-dozen strides of the trailing bough of a large tree. Perceiving this I sprang to my feet. In a second or two

except when acting on the defensive—but alas! she had timed her chances only too nicely.

"All this torture seemed an eternity; yet I saw by the sun's position that it was still far from mid-day. My condition was not improved by my last desperate and exhausting effort. I was dying with thirst: scarcely a shred of clothing remained to me, the muscles of my legs and body were badly mauled, but as yet, heaven be thanked, no blood had

THEY NOW BEGAN TO DO THEIR WORST ON ME.

I was on the end of the bough, and was clambering up to a safe height, when a wild roar! and my pitiless enemy had sprung forth. Down, down she swooped towards me, and though I was now ten feet from the earth she dislodged me at one bound and restored me to my awful quarters. Another five seconds, and I should have been safe on a higher branch, beyond the reach of my foe's mighty powers of leaping, for she would hardly have ventured a climb—a most unusual proceeding

been drawn. Nevertheless I now made up my mind that escape was hopeless, unless for some reason the tyrant into whose clutches I had fallen should have her attention diverted. But, judging from what I had gone through, that was unlikely. Fortunately I was again left to the mercies of the cubs, whose ability to worry me was painfully enough evident, but whose power to destroy me I certainly doubted. They now began to do their worst on me, and I was forced from

time to time to hit out at them with my arms. Knowing, however, that their cries might bring worse evils upon me, I confined these defensive measures within the narrowest limits. But on one occasion I was goaded to fury and had to drive away one of the cubs, who, taking advantage of a soft swollen bruise on my thigh, had torn a wound in it and drawn blood copiously. I seized my puggaree, which I had hitherto succeeded in keeping round my forehead, and tied the wound tightly, spending many anxious seconds afterwards in defending the part from attack. At length, being quite exhausted, I lay back and made up my mind that I must die. For aught I knew I might be miles away from Guthrie; possibly he himself had been killed; our two 'boys' and the bullock-drivers would not on their own initiative be likely to attempt rescue. My heart sank: I perceived clearly that death was now only a question of hours. In this extreme moment I uttered a prayer to heaven and commended my soul to God. Then for the first time my thoughts flew to my home, to the anguish my fate would cause to many dearly cherished hearts. And then to die by slow torture! To be eaten alive. I recalled visits I had paid to the Zoo in London. I remembered how the tigers put their teeth into the flesh, and, instead of biting it, drew it up in shreds. No, I would not die like that. I would sever an artery and bleed to death. Ah, but then I could not with certainty locate an artery. The flow of blood would whet the appetite of the tigress, and if my operation were a clumsy performance! . . . Oh, the horror of it! At that moment my eye rested on a long strip of my drill trousers. I took it, tied it tightly round my neck, and slipped my penknife through to make a tourniquet. Now, thought I, if the worst happens, a quick resolute twist of this will suffocate me and spare me the worse tortures of a lingering death. But in taking out my penknife I had drawn from my pocket a silver matchbox given me as a parting keepsake by a wise English friend who had urged me never to be without wax vestas in my foreign travels. I immediately removed the cloth from my neck, opened the matchbox, and took out a match. Five more remained. Without another moment's hesitation I rolled the cloth into a rough ball, struck the match, and lighting the ball of cloth, dropped it in the grass. Cautiously and quickly, on hands and knees—having rolled up another ball—I lit the grass in a fresh place. Then another and another, till I had but two matches left. In a minute or two the dry grass was hissing and crackling, a breeze was carrying the fire in wild fury everywhere. The cubs had made off, but the tigress, undaunted by the flames, rushed upon my position. I flew under cover of a great cloud of smoke and dashed into the forest, but, the

ONCE AGAIN SHE TOOK ME TO HER OLD LAIR.

wind veering, my path of flight was disclosed and the tiger was after me; though by this time I had reached a steep embankment down which I headed, and finding to my joy a deep stream of water at the bottom, plunged heedlessly in. I had no sooner done so than I heard a growl behind me, and the next moment the tigress was beside me in the water. She lifted me in her mouth as easily as if I had been on dry land, and, carrying me to the bank, shook me as a housewife does a duster—the most miserable sensation I ever experienced. Then once again she took me to her old lair, by this time free of fire. For the moment I sank down in utter despair and wretchedness; but the cool water had slaked my parched throat and had generally revived me, while the grip of the beast had become by this time sufficiently familiar as to save me from paralytic stupor. The mother ran about frantically in search of her cubs, periodically returning to me and uttering a growl of rage. A sense of impotence against this fiendish brute made me desperate; a sense of renewed vigour made me defiant. I had still two matches left—if I could but reach the unburnt grass! But I was now under close surveillance, my enemy devouring me with her eyes at a distance of about ten paces. I rose to my feet, but as I did so the tigress gave an upward spring as if to pounce upon and finally crush me. While she was yet in mid-air a report of firearms was heard, the massive brute turned a complete somersault, and then fell in a heap across me, her huge body pinning me to the ground, where I lay senseless.

"Briefly, what had happened was this. Guided by the fire I had kindled, Guthrie and his servant had reached me—as the event proved—only just in time. He had been left unhurt after our encounter, the tigress having carried me off instanter, leaping, Guthrie said, a thick bamboo scrub of some eight feet with me in her mouth. What appeared to me an endless day of torture proved to have been a period of some fifty-five minutes—that being the exact time which had elapsed between my capture and rescue. My second period of unconsciousness ended at Asamboo, where I awoke to find myself in comfortable quarters, and to learn that after reaching Khaligaysam in the bullock-cart I had been carried by bearers to the hills. After a week's nursing I was quite fit again.

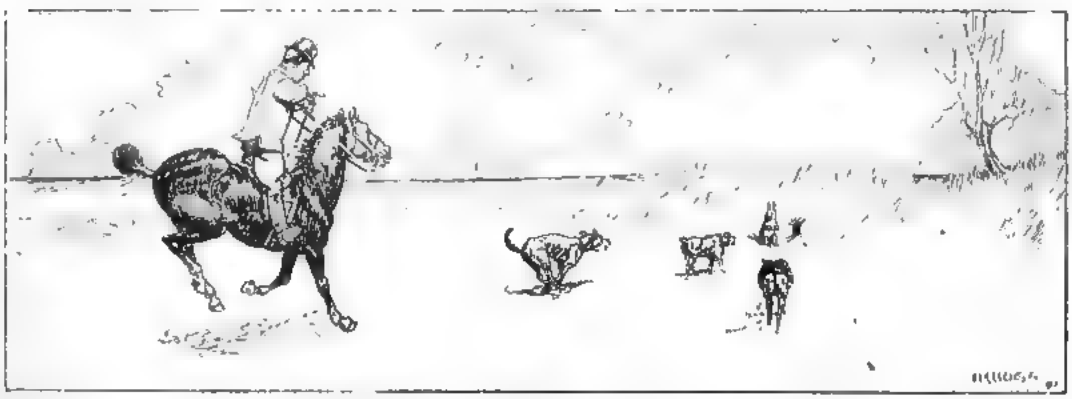
"'The bison are thick under the ridge,' said Guthrie.

"'Thank you, old man, but don't you think——'

"'Yes, I do,' replied Guthrie. 'I understand, exactly. You have had your first tiger, and feel content to rest on your laurels. I quite agree. My business here is done, and we ought to be getting down. We will return to the bison on another occasion.'

"'Thank you, old man, and may I also thank——'

"'Here, Panda, Griffin Sahib is thirsty. Bring him a glass of cocoanut water.'"



A DAY WITH THE PIMPLETON SCRATCH HARRIERS—OR, NOT FINISHED YET.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.
Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

CHAPTER I.

J. O. HAS AN IDEA.

THE family of Jones was a large, handsome and clever family. The head of it, the Rev. Peter Jones, was vicar of a rural parish containing a thousand souls, which thousand souls—or as many of them as were of an age to—had for seven-and-twenty years taken a deep and abiding interest in the fortunes of their pastor and his brood.

The living was a good one, but when a man has ten children even a good living does not go very far. It is extraordinary how school bills, and butchers' bills and tailors' bills, and the bills for the young ladies' frocks, hats and boots, will devour the fattest of livings. Hence it was that the Rev. Peter Alfred Jones—a sound Churchman, a scholar and a gentleman—counted himself a poor man in spite of the fact that he received ample payment for his parochial services.

It is not good to be a youngest son. Although often the darling of a mother's or a father's heart, the youngest son has scant reason to congratulate himself on his late arrival in this world. John Onslow Jones, youngest son of the Rev. Peter, had particular cause to bear out the truth of our statement. From the earliest period he had had to submit to the bullying of his five elder brethren, to don their cast-off apparel, to run errands for them, to sleep in whatever bed happened to be left over after they had suited themselves in that respect, and to feel, with peculiar bitterness, that he had been brought into this world to be sat upon. Having survived the perils of infancy, and the several diseases which seem, with a certain undue malignity, to mark out small girls and boys as their especial prey, J. O. took to himself height and girth at a far greater pace than had been the case as regards his brethren; and it was not long before he began, in a stubborn way, to resent the tyranny of those young gentlemen.

True, he had to wear their clothes, but that was the maternal decree—not theirs. Otherwise, however, he succeeded in holding his own in a way that won him their respect, though hardly their affection. At the age of ten, J. O. could thrash his immediate senior—who was twelve—and give a very good account of himself when he engaged in a bout of fisticuffs with the brother of fourteen. It was not to be expected that he could battle successfully with the sixteen one, so him he obeyed. And he also rendered service unhesitatingly to his two eldest brothers, of whom, however, he saw very little, as they were seldom at home.

In due course, J. O. went to Greyhouse, where, having proved to his fellows that he was not a person to be tampered with, he passed a solitary existence, for his nature was not gregarious, and he made few friends. Meanwhile, the other sons of the house of Jones were winning scholarships, taking degrees, walking hospitals, and proving to examiners all and sundry that they were hosts to be reckoned with. Briefly, the Joneses possessed brains and used them; and they had, moreover, healthy bodies and pleasant ways, which latter recommended them wherever they went.

One by one the Rev. Peter planted them out in the world, and set them in a fair way to earn honest livings. His girls, too, he educated well, and thus he did his duty by his family and had no cause to complain of his offspring save in one instance—and that was J. O. For J. O., though he slogged away incessantly, achieved very small results.

Nor was he a social success, for though he had inherited his share of the family looks, he had not the winning manners that helped his brethren over many a stile in the course of their early careers.

Though not precisely a dunce, J. O. was, intellectually, a failure. He would have loved to have been a doctor, but he couldn't pass the examinations. He went on trying to get through the first stages of a medical man's qualifying process until he was twenty-one, when he gave it up as a bad job, and went out to Ceylon, where he hoped to make his way as a tea-planter.

After a year of ups and downs he wrote an account of his doings, and the hopelessness of his prospects, to his father, who promptly sent him a draft and told him to spend it on his passage home. So home came J. O., and for several months trudged about in an old Norfolk suit, shooting rabbits and catching fish, until the Rev. Peter called him into his study one day and asked him whether he still entertained the idea of earning a living. J. O. meekly replied that he was quite willing to try his hand at anything his father cared to suggest.

Mr. Jones cast his eye meditatively over his youngest son. He was a good enough father in his way, and had meant well by J. O., but, attribute it to ill-fortune or lack of brains, as you will, J. O. had failed to back him up. As the Rev. Peter surveyed his boy he saw in that boy the makings of a first-class policeman, or gamekeeper; and he sighed. His eldest son, a doctor, was in possession of an excellent practice, married, prosperous, a distinct credit to him. His second son, drawing good pay in the Indian Civil, was also a feather in the paternal cap. The third son was a curate; the fourth was at Bart.'s; the fifth at Oxford. The sixth, the biggest of the batch as far as body went, sat before him, two large hands set on two large knees, great muddy boots on great feet, a living letter to the *Times* on "What Shall We Do With Our Sons?"

If he could get this big Benjamin of a fellow settled, thought the Vicar, his mind would be at rest. His daughters he had no qualms about. One was married, another's steps were being gently guided altar-wards by a wooing swain; the other two, quite girls, were passing their time as such girls do, and their father had no wish to part with them. They were good-looking girls, and no doubt in time Heaven would send them husbands. Until then, there was a comfortable home for them.

But it is the lot of girls to stay at home. This hulking giant of six feet, however, should by now have found other paths to tread than those in and around Middlebury, the Rev. Peter's parish.

"Your career hitherto," said the Vicar, slowly, "has hardly been a success."

J. O.'s silence was an acknowledgment of the fact.

"You did nothing at Greyhouse."

Oh! worthy sir, 'twere well for you no other Greyhouse boy heard you speak in that wise. J. O. Jones did nothing at Greyhouse? Oh, sir, the school bards speak of it yet! What of the Great Door—what of that awful night when your son—J. O.—did, by himself, unaided—save from a terrible death a close-packed staircaseful of boys—when, by his great strength, he wrested from its leviathan lock and hinges an oaken door, thus freeing the way for that fast-suffocating throng? *Did nothing at Greyhouse!* Oh, sir! what of that gold watch, subscribed for by all Greyhouse—from Head to smallest fag—whereby that magnificent achievement of your boy's was commemorated?

J. O. had that watch in his pocket now—it was his one possession, bar his gun, that was of any value; his one trinket, the one testimony he could display in proof that he had not lived in vain.

But the good Vicar was thinking of matters entirely distinct from physical might.

"You struggled by some mysterious means into the Upper Fifth, and there, at the bottom of it, you stuck till you left."

"I'm afraid there's no denying what you say," sighed J. O.

"One of your brothers was senior classic of Greyhouse."

"Yes—Tom," said J. O. "Clever chap."

"A fine scholar," said the Vicar (Tom was the curate). "Yes, a fine scholar. He took a double-first at Oxford."

J. O. looked at his boots. Tom, he recollected, could just about hit a sitting hen at twelve yards' range.

"However," said the Vicar, "that's neither here nor there. The question is: what are you to do? You've tried medicine, and failed; you've tried tea-planting, and—well, you drew a blank. What would you like to do now?"

"I've been thinking," said J. O. slowly, "that I might fill up my time doing a bit of schoolmastering."

"Teaching! But you have no degree—no qualifications."

"I can play games rather well," said J. O. quite humbly.

There was a certain pathos in this remark, but the Vicar did not notice it. After all, J. O.'s intellect—such as it was—was none of J. O.'s making. This did not occur to the Rev. Peter, who was inclined to be impatient with the lad because he was not as clever as his brethren.

"True, you can play games," said the Vicar, "and if you were a Blue you could doubtless obtain a very good post. As it is, you are not a University man, and have passed no examinations. If you did get a post such as you suggest, it would be a very poor one."

"Better than nothing," said J. O.

The Vicar mused awhile. "Well, well, it may fill up your time. As you say, such a post would be better than nothing. Look through the *Guardian*. You'll see the scholastic agents' advertisements there. I'll write to some of my friends and ask them if they know of anything."

"Thanks, pater," said J. O., and removed his large carcase to the outer regions, where he breathed more freely.

Thus and thus it came about that, one cold January day, J. O. Jones found himself journeying up to London to see what he could do by way of furthering his new ambition.

CHAPTER II.

AND SECURES A POST.

ARRIVED at Paddington, Jones refreshed himself with some beef sandwiches and a glass of beer and climbed on to a 'bus which was to pass through the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End; for his present destination was a street branching off from one of these thoroughfares, his especial objective being the office of a scholastic agent, named Paine, whom Jones hoped to interview with regard to employment. A scholastic agent, we may explain for the benefit of those who do not know, is a man who provides headmasters with assistant masters and parents with private tutors, arranges the sale of schools, and the forming of partnerships, and, on occasions, advises parents where to send their boys.

When Jones entered the office he found half-a-dozen gentlemen waiting Mr. Paine's pleasure.

"Mr. Paine can't see you for a long time," said a clerk.

Observing that a very small chair was vacant, Jones promptly sat down in it, quite hiding it with his bulky person.

Presently a glass door was opened, and a short, stout, cross-looking man of about forty came half into the room, glared wolfishly at the assembled schoolmasters, and as quickly withdrew.

A few moments later an electric bell rang, and the clerk ushered one of the waiting men into Mr. Paine's presence.

Jones sat stolidly while all the men who had come before him were accorded interviews. At last he found himself alone in the outer room; his turn had come.

"Mr. Paine can see you now," said the clerk.

Jones got on to his legs and walked into Mr. Paine's sanctum.

"Morning," said the agent without looking up.

"Morning," said Jones.

Leaving J. O. standing where he stopped, Mr. Paine wrote out a telegram, hurried into the outer office and held a short consultation with the clerk, hurried back and wrote out another telegram, and at length was good enough to come to a standstill opposite Jones with "Well, what is it?"

"Come about a post," said Jones, who had now been in the office an hour and a half.

"Oh, a mastership, I presume?"

"Yes," said Jones.

"You are on our books? No? You might fill up this form, then, and I must trouble you for half-a-crown—initial expenses."

Jones laid down half-a-crown. Mr. Paine gave him a form, which J. O. filled up. Among other things he stated that his name was John Onslow Jones, that he was twenty-two years of age, six feet high, and had been educated at Greyhouse School.

When Jones had finished, Mr. Paine ran his eye over the form and then proceeded to take down some further particulars.

"Ride—fish—shoot?" he said to Jones, stringing the words together in a rapid manner that made one mouthful of them.

"Yes," said Jones, wondering what this had to do with teaching Latin grammar.

"Dance—sing—play?" enquired Mr. Paine in the same quick tone.

"No, I can't offer to teach that sort of thing," said Jones, much mystified. "It is just an ordinary post I want. The usual subjects, you know."

"It is just as well to put down everything you can do," said Mr. Paine, "because I might hear of a private tutorship which would suit you, and social accomplishments appeal to people who want private tutors. German?"

"No," said Jones, "I don't know German."

"Very useful thing. Helps a man if he is able to teach a little German," explained Mr. Paine; "often turns the scale in his favour. I will put down German: you can keep a lesson ahead of 'em. Shorthand?"

Jones shook his head.

"I had better put down shorthand," said Mr. Paine. "You can get up Pitman's 'Teacher' in a fortnight, and school shorthand is very elementary going. Book-keeping?"

tubes and retorts, or odours that caused the weak-throated fellows to cough and seek fresh air at the window.

"I won't put down chemistry, then," said Mr. Paine, "not being a thing to play with. Mechanics?"

Again Jones shook his head. The agent snorted.

"Well, I'll see what I can do for you. What address?"

A LIVING LETTER TO THE "TIMES" ON "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SONS?"

"No," said Jones.

"Pooh! I'll put down book-keping. You can learn it in an hour—learnt it myself in half. Chemistry?"

Jones shook his head despondently. At Greyhouse he had presumably studied this subject, but he had never taken any interest in it save when the science master, in making experiments, had produced lurid effects with the aid of test-

"Middlebury Vicarage, Bucks."

The agent stood up. Jones stood up, too, and they looked at each other.

"You're a big fellow."

Mr. Paine had an eye for a man. It was part of his business to study faces, figures, and attitudes; for he could learn a good deal from the shape of a client's chin, from his walk, and from the way he sat his chair.

"I am rather," said Jones, modestly.

"Strong with it?"

"Fairly."

"What do you weigh?"

"Fourteen stone."

Again the agent snorted. He was beginning to like J. O. The average man without degree or experience he would have dealt with very summarily, but this large, simple-spoken fellow rather appealed to him, and the wolf side of him was softening for the moment.

"In sum," he said, picking up the form Jones had filled in, "you are capable of taking a junior mastership. You play games, teach the usual elementary subjects, with shorthand, German and book-keeping——"

"I would rather not say I can teach those," said Jones.

"All right," said Mr. Paine, unwillingly striking them out, "it's best to be honest, I suppose, though a good many men profess to teach these things—and do teach them—who know about as much about them as Adam did. Oh, I forgot—*drilling?*"

"I might be able to do that," said Jones, who had a lively remembrance of forming fours and performing other clumsy tactics in the upper field at Greyhouse, though he had never, it may be added, troubled about joining the cadet corps.

Mr. Paine had inserted "drilling" before J. O. had done speaking.

"Right! I daresay I shall be able to find you something. You must not expect to get much salary, you know. I should advise you to read up for a London degree—matriculation is something. We will send you on notices of vacancies. Good morning!"

And without paying any further attention to his visitor, Mr. Paine sat down at his desk and proceeded to write a letter.

Jones stirred uneasily, and at length managed to say, "I forgot to tell you that I have travelled a little and have done some tea-planting."

"Tea-planting not being a subject taught in schools," said Mr. Paine acidly, "I don't think I need make a note of the fact," and went on with his letter.

Again Jones stirred uneasily as he said: "I suppose you cannot tell me of anybody I can go and see?"

"No," replied Mr. Paine without raising his head.

"Thank you," Jones said, and made his way slowly to the door, "Good day."

Mr. Paine's reply was a snort.

Jones passed out into the street feeling that he was the sort of man that no one particularly wanted, and wondering whether it would not be just as well to go and enlist. He had only travelled, however, some dozen yards, when the clerk came flying after him.

"Mr. Paine would like to speak to you again," he said to Jones, and Jones went back, wondering whether Mr. Paine was going to ask him to be so good as to shut the door after him, or, possibly, to leave it open.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said the agent, as J. O. reappeared, "it has just occurred to me that you might like to have a post which I have been instructed to fill on my own responsibility. Sit down a moment, will you? I will tell you about it."

Mr. Paine had received notification of the fact that there was a vacancy for a master at Adderman's School, Ardenwood. Mr. Paine had quite expected this letter, as masters went to Adderman's and left Adderman's with lamentable frequency. The exact reason for this Mr. Paine knew perfectly well, Adderman's being a very peculiar institution.

It was a private school containing about ninety boys, many of whom had been expelled from other places, the result being that Adderman's contained as undisciplined a crew as you could well find in these islands. Any self-respecting parent knowing the truth about Adderman's would never have thought of sending a son there. People wondered how the headmaster kept up his numbers, but keep them up he did, the principal reason being, perhaps, that the people who sent him pupils could not afford to be too particular in their choice of a seminary for erring Willie or refractory Samuel. So Adderman's went merrily on from year to year, quite the blackest sheep on Mr. Paine's list. In a few words Mr. Paine told Jones all about Adderman's.

"It's one of the worst schools in England," he said. "The headmaster, though good at business, is in other respects a weak, irresolute fellow, with very little control over the boys. He wants a *man* there now, and I believe he is at last going to make an effort to purify the place, as he is willing to pay a good salary to a thoroughly good disciplinarian. Now, Mr. Jones, I can give you this vacancy. Perhaps I am not conferring a special favour on you by offering it to you. You say you have done a bit of tea-planting—that meant looking after niggers, didn't it?—then you are accustomed to keeping order and to being obeyed."

"Yes," said Jones, "I may say I am."

"Then you shall have the job," said Mr. Paine, in a tone of great relief, "the salary is a hundred pounds per annum, with board, lodging and laun-

dress, and let me tell you that that is double the money you would get at any other school, with your qualifications. Anyhow, you can but try it. Have I your permission to write to Mr. Adderman and say that I have selected a man?"

"Certainly," said Jones, remembering that recent interview with his father. "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness."

"Then that's settled," said the agent. "I must ask you to put your signature to this paper. I charge five per cent."

The form Jones signed authorised Mr. Adderman to pay the agent five pounds, this sum to be subtracted from the money due to the new master for his first term's services.

"An iniquitous commission," said the Rev. Peter, when, on getting back to Middlebury that night, J. O. told his father of his appointment.

CHAPTER III.

ADDERMAN'S

IT appeared that the school had already returned, and so Jones had only a day or two in which to get his belongings together and make all arrangements for a fresh start in life.

The Vicar's family, as is often the case in large families, was split up into pairs of chums, J. O.'s particular friend being the youngest girl but one, by name Estelle. She was nineteen, and a capital little sort, being the only feminine member of the family who cared to accompany J. O. on his shooting and fishing expeditions; and she did this not so much from a love of sport as out of affection for J. O.

Estelle, therefore, with womanly thoughtfulness and deft touch, helped J. O. with his packing. Hence it was that in the course of the day she informed her mother, with almost tearful anxiety, that "Johnnie had not got half enough clothes. And you know what Johnnie is, mother," she added, "he never asks for anything and never seems to want anything."

"I hardly think it advisable to mention the matter to your father just now," returned Mrs. Jones, "as he is much worried by his new year's bills; and I am afraid Harold is proving a little expensive at Oxford. William, too, has to be kept in London."

Estelle said no more. She went quietly out of the room and returned to her classifying of J. O.'s articles of apparel. Estelle was sometimes jokingly referred to as "the heiress," an aunt with whom she had been somewhat of a favourite having died some six months previously and left her a hundred pounds. Estelle had hoarded this sum with scrupulous care, but a new bicycle had made rather a hole in it. Her father had gravely warned her "not to spend it, as one day she might be in need of such a nest-egg—who could tell?"

Estelle was an affectionate little soul. In her heart of hearts she had hoped, long before this scholastic business came about, that Johnnie would get something good to do, so that she might keep house for him until such time as it should please God to send Johnnie a wife. The possibility that it might also please God to send Estelle herself a husband did not occur to Estelle to any great extent. She was a fresh, healthy girl, sweet-looking rather than good-looking, and her mind did not run much, as the minds of so many young ladies do, on the absorbing topic of marriage.

"Johnnie," she said, as she bent her head a little lower over J. O.'s portmanteau, "you really ought to have some more vests—and things."

"Oh, I think I have got enough," said J. O. carelessly. He was scraping the mud off a football boot.

"And, Johnnie, you want a quite nice suit for Sundays. The blue one you wear now has got quite shiny."

"Oh, it'll do," said J. O., "I am not particular, you know, and I don't suppose old Adderman will care much what I wear."

"Go into my room," said Estelle—she was packing up in J. O.'s bedroom—"and put on your dress suit. I am sure it is too tight for you—you are so dreadfully big, you know."

"I hardly think they dress for dinner at Adderman's," said J. O., grimly.

"But a man must always have a dress suit with him: he may be asked out. Now do as I tell you," she added imperiously, and she seized the garments and pressed them upon him with such vehemence that Jones could not but obey.

"I am afraid you are right, Essie," he said, returning a little later; "I absolutely daren't bend, and I hardly dare breathe."

Estelle made him stand by the window, and when she had looked him well over she felt seriously inclined to cry.

"Couldn't it be let out?" said J. O.

"Johnnie," said Estelle very quietly, as she began to brush some specks off his sleeve, "you know as well as I do that you want some new things. Papa is very worried with bills, and so you can't ask *him* for anything."

"I shouldn't in any case," muttered J. O.

"Don't be silly," said Estelle, "you must have money, you know."

"When I am paid at the end of my first term

I shall be a comparatively rich man," said J. O., squaring his shoulders, "I shall have thirty-three pounds, six and eight-pence." He forgot Mr. Paine's commission for the moment.

"Yes," said Estelle, quickly seizing this opportunity, "you will be quite well off, but until then, you see, you will want money; and so, Johnnie dear, as I have eighty-five pounds in the bank, and a dress allowance from papa, I want to lend you something. You can pay me back at Easter," she went on rapidly, as she saw he was about to object, "you will be able to pay me back quite easily. Shall I lend you ten pounds, Johnnie?"

Johnnie put out his hands and placed them round his sister's waist, and then, without any great effort, he lifted her up until her head was level with his, when he gave her a brotherly kiss on the cheek. Then, still holding her with perfect ease, he said "Not a farthing," and put her lightly down.

It is not the most easily accomplished thing to lift a healthy country girl with a good figure at arms' length. The muscles of the back are brought into considerable play, and J. O.'s brotherly hug proved fatal to the dress coat, which went by the board, as it were, an ominous splitting of seams being heard in various places. As Estelle burst into tears at the same moment, the combination of events beat down J. O.'s resistance, and a woman's wish prevailed.

J. O. saw that it would be rank unkindness to refuse his sister's offer, and so he accepted a loan of ten pounds from her. As he still had a little money left from the draft his father had sent him when he was in Ceylon, he was able, after he was settled in his post, to buy a new dress suit and some more vests and things.

The Rev. Peter, it may be added, never knew of this transaction, and we will say that had he heard of it he would have insisted on refunding the money to Estelle. As it was, being absorbed in the task of meeting all his bills, he gave J. O. and his new appointment very little thought.

"Good-bye, John," he said, when the morning of departure came, "I hope you will succeed in your new work."

They shook hands, and J. O. climbed into the gig. Estelle was going to drive him to the station and bring the gig back.

Unenviable is the fate of that man or woman who has not a friend in the world. When one goes on a journey it is the truest comfort to know that there is somebody who feels one's going. The Jones family parted with J. O. as it parted with all its other members, wishing him well, and feeling as certain as people can feel in this uncertain world that it would see him again in three months' time. With Estelle it was different, and J. O.'s big heart was very thankful for the love of this little sister when, as the train was beginning to move out of the station, she kissed him on both cheeks.

"Good-bye, Essie, old girl," he said.

"Good-bye, Johnnie," was the tearful reply. "You promise to write and tell me all about how you get on—promise, now!"

"I promise faithfully," said J. O.

The small country station was soon left behind. J. O. caught a glimpse of Estelle driving the gig back to Middlebury Vicarage, and he saw the flutter of her handkerchief. Then the train disappeared between high banks, and the little handkerchief's fluttering were finally hidden from view.

Brothers and sisters, I hope that among many of you there is love like that which made Essie hide her face in the little handkerchief when she could no longer see J. O.'s train. The old pony knew the way home, so she had no need to guide him. Brothers and sisters, some of you quarrel and some of you are inclined to be selfish. Let me warn you, then, that a day may come when something will happen to make you bitterly repent these things. Forgive and forbear; remember that you are only young together for a few years, so, while you have time, be really brotherly and really sisterly, giving way to one another and loving one another as your hearts tell you that you should.

J. O. gulped something down and mechanically felt in his jacket pocket, wherefrom he drew a well-coloured bull-dog pipe. At the first important station he bought a newspaper; and thus, smoking and reading, he beguiled the time until, about two o'clock, he reached the town of Ardenwood, a mile and a half out of which was situated the blackest sheep on Mr. Paine's list.

"Adderman's," said the porter, grinning at the cabman as he handed J. O.'s portmanteau up. The school's bad reputation was known even to this corduroyed railway servant.

J. O. watched with some curiosity to see what sort of a place this Adderman's might be, and agreeable was his surprise when he caught his first glimpse of it. The building itself was by no means ill-looking, being a large white mansion of the Queen Anne type, standing two or three hundred yards back from the road. It had all the appearance of having been the residence of a country gentleman of considerable means in days gone by.

The drive from the road ran through two fields, a gate, which was kept open, and a fence, form-

ing the dividing line between the fields. At the top of the drive was another gate, also open, and twenty yards of gravel brought one to a stately front-door.

When the cab came quite close Jones saw many things which evidenced the fact that no country gentleman lived here now, the mansion's surroundings bearing every indication that the place had suffered a good deal of wear of the roughest kind.

In the upper field an extremely muddy football of the "rugger" type was wearily rising and falling, some dozen fellows being occupied in desultory attempts to drop goals. Others, to judge by the sounds which came through open windows, were having a right merry time in the class-rooms. The uproar, indeed, was astonishing. As the cab stopped, the window on the right of the door was thronged with faces. In answer to Jones's ring, a dilapidated-looking man in shabby evening dress appeared.

He exchanged a wink with the cabman.

"Mr. Jones?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Jones.

"Gimme a 'and with this 'ere portmanter, will yer?" said the cabman; who was wheezily tugging at that somewhat weighty article, to the dilapidated individual. Meanwhile the faces at the window looked on with interest. The portmanteau was at length conveyed into the hall, where half-a-dozen boys were lounging about in an aimless way. They gathered together in a group and watched the new master with contemptuous curiosity. Evidently the arrival of a new master at Adderman's was only too common an event.

"Please come this way," said the school porter, butler, factotum, or whatever anybody pleased to call him. There was no qualifying "Sir." He, like the boys, had lost all sense of respect for the new masters who came to Adderman's. He had seen so many come and go, in the latter event often after a fierce altercation with the headmaster.

Jones followed him, leaving the boys in the hall gathered round his luggage, the name on the label appearing to have a special attraction for them.

The butler, whose name was Johnson, opened a door and silently ushered Jones into the headmaster's study.

Mr. Adderman sat at his desk. He wore his gown, and his cap lay on the desk 'mid a litter of documents which looked like tradesmen's accounts. He stood up on J. O.'s entrance.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"

They shook hands, and Jones inspected his first scholastic employer with considerable interest. He saw before him a man of medium height, whose hair was turning grey and whose face bore marks of incessant worry. His eyes were small and of a weak blue colour, his lips thin, and his beard straggling. A student of character, accustomed to reading faces, would have said that this man was hard-working, and not at all bad-hearted, but quite without that resolution which distinguishes one who has a will and means to make it felt.

"I am glad you have come," said Mr. Adderman, "as term started on Monday. Had there been time I should have liked to have had an interview or some correspondence with you, but time pressed and I had to tell Paine to send me a man at once. He has given you full information regarding the post, I presume?"

"He told me a good deal about it," replied Jones.

"What I want, Mr. Jones," said the headmaster, "is a disciplinarian."

"I understood as much from Mr. Paine," said J. O.

Adderman looked sharply at his new master.

"Did he give you many particulars about the school?"

"He said," was J. O.'s tactful answer, "that the man for this post must be able to keep order."

"He was right, quite right," said Mr. Adderman, fingering his pen nervously. "I have had a succession of bad masters, Mr. Jones. The agents have sent me down some terrible fellows, whom I have had to dismiss within a month of their coming here, or in the middle of the term. I have had masters, Mr. Jones, who were not fit to black the boys' boots, much less to teach or preserve discipline. The school has suffered in consequence."

Suddenly the headmaster started from his seat and opened the door.

"Get out of this passage, will you!" he shouted. "How many times have I told you not to play here?" Then he shut the door and returned to his seat. Directly he did so the noise recommenced. The headmaster ran to the door again.

"Did you hear what I said, you boys there?" he shouted again. "What do you mean by not obeying me? Go out of this passage at once!"

There was silence for the nonce in the passage, and the headmaster reseated himself at his desk.

"I don't know anything about you, Mr. Jones, save the little Paine told me in his letter. What experience have you had?"

"None," said Jones.

Mr. Adderman looked surprised.

"Paine said he had engaged a competent man. But, surely, one without experience ——"

"I hope," said Jones, "that I shall not prove unsuitable. With your assistance I have no doubt I shall be able to do my work satisfactorily."

"With my assistance!" exclaimed Adderman, "my dear sir, I have too much to do as it is."

"I mean," said Jones, bluntly, "that I shall get along all right here if you back me up, Mr. Adderman."

"Oh, of course, of course. I shall support your authority in every way possible. But, really—no experience! Er—what have you been doing with yourself since you left—er——"

"Greyhouse?" said Jones, "I read medicine for a time and then went to India."

Already the pattering of feet had recommenced outside, in spite of the headmaster's injunctions.

"As——?" enquired Mr. Adderman.

"Oh, I did a bit of tea-planting."

The headmaster began to see light. This was an unpleasant joke of Paine's. The agent, as a last resource, had sent him a man who had recently been in charge of negroes!

Mr. Adderman looked vexed.

"That is hardly a qualification for a scholastic post, Mr. Jones," he said, curtly, "I presume you walked or rode about all day with a whip—and used it?"

"Occasionally—on my horse," said J. O.

Mr. Adderman still looked troubled.

"Well, Mr. Jones, you are engaged by me—that's the long and short of the matter. I hope we shall pull well together. You must have something to eat, and then I will introduce you to your ——"

Again he leapt out of his chair and snatched the door open.

"Melrose, do fifty lines. Did you not hear me tell you to go away just now? Get out of this passage at once—all of you! If I find any boy playing in this passage again I shall punish him severely."

Again he shut the door. He seemed to take it quite as a matter of course, shouting down the passage in this undignified manner; and the boys seemed to take his rebukes as a matter of course, too. There was silence outside for a few moments. Then there were subdued footsteps, then somebody gave a wild whoop, and then there was a wild scuttle and scramble. Mr. Adderman rose from his chair, only to sink back into it with a sigh of exhaustion, as he said to Jones: "When you are on duty I particularly wish you to see that the boys do not play in this passage."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE COMMON ROOM.

MEANWHILE the new master was being discussed with much freedom in playground and class-room. Speculation was rife as to the amount of sport he would yield, and one Sixth Form boy had already offered to lay half-a-crown that the fresh arrival would not survive half-term.

"I take you," said Oliphánt, captain of football, who came into the Seniors' room as the wager was being proclaimed, "is it a bet, Bull?"

"It is a bet," said Bull, as both booked it, "and I'll further lay you three half-crowns to one that, even if he stays all this term, he won't come back next."

"You'll have to give me longer odds than that, my Bully-boy," laughed Oliphant, "fives, at the very least."

Bully-boy being unwilling to commit himself so far, no business was done in connection with the second offer.

"Have you seen the animal?" enquired Bull, wondering why Oliphant had snapped him so readily.

"I have," said Oliphant. "I was at the station getting a *Pink 'Un* when he arrived. I spotted him by his luggage label. It's a well-grown beast, Bully—wonder if he plays rugger!"

"Hope not," said Bull, "spoils all the fun of out-matches if a master's with you. Chops is hawful hentertainin' when you rag him, but even he's in the way. Don't encourage any of 'em to play this term, Dicky. We're strong enough to do without masters."

Bull was speaking with a truth that was not usual with him. Adderman's had a tip-top fifteen, chiefly, perhaps, because Dick Oliphant was such a keen captain; and, again, because not a few of the seniors at Adderman's were—for school-boys—ripe in years. Being an unruly set, their parents knew not what to do with them, and consequently, while making up their minds, let the lads stay on at Adderman's.

Oliphant, a tall, handsome fellow, did pretty well as he pleased. He perused more novels than school books, and was regarded with considerable respect by masters and boys alike because he had already played several times for the county, and could have represented it frequently had he been less loyal to the school. Bull was a fairly useful forward, and would have been a really reliable player had he kept himself in better condition by eschewing spirits and tobacco.

While seniors and juniors, in their own way, indulged in cheerful anticipations of the fun they would have with poor Mr. Jones, the masters in

the Common Room were evidently not indifferent to J. O.'s possibilities.

Sitting at the small table with which the room was provided, correcting exercises, was a man whose age might have been anything between thirty-five and forty. Although of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, his collar and the cut of his dark-hued costume proclaimed him to be a clergyman. His face was flabby and white, his nose long, his hair black, curly, oiled, and

"DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID? GO OUT OF THIS PASSAGE AT ONCE!"

abundant. This, the Rev. Adam Samuels, was the senior assistant-master of Adderman's School.

"The new man has come, hasn't he?" he enquired of the room, as he delicately selected a gold-tipped cigarette from his case.

"I heard a cab drive up," languidly replied an elegant young gentleman whose trousers were turned well up, showing a prodigious quantity of striped sock. Mr. Huntingdon, the speaker, recently of Cambridge, was second master. He was the one member of the staff in possession of a University degree.

"I 'ope 'e's a nice sociable feller," observed a third man, of apparently some twenty-eight years of age.

The speaker, Mr. Harry Atkins, taught music, and took the second form in general subjects when he was not otherwise engaged.

Mr. Atkins's neglect of his aspirates was possibly attributable to the fact that he was a pure Cockney. In his early youth he had been an organ-blower in a South London church. As he developed musical talent, the organist had coached him with that unstinted enthusiasm which is characteristic of most musicians, the result being that at eighteen Mr. Atkins could conduct a service. Since he came of age, Mr. Atkins had been wandering from school to school, teaching music and "elementary subjects."

His father, we may add, was a waiter in the House of Commons' dining-rooms, a fact which unfortunately became known to the school at large when the music-master had been at Adderman's a bare month. Hence his nickname—"Chops"—was at once decided on, and it was seldom that Mr. Atkins, whilst performing his duties, was allowed to forget the manner in which his fond parent earned his bread-and-butter.

Mr. Huntingdon glanced disdainfully at Mr. Atkins.

"It'll be a change," added the latter, staring defiantly at the Cantab, "I 'ate your stand-off,

'aughty sort," he concluded, as he proceeded to roll a cigarette with not over-clean fingers.

Seated near the window, deep in a book, was a subdued-looking youth named Green. Mr. Green held the unenviable post of junior master at Adderman's. Hardly more than a boy himself—he was about twenty—he, like many another junior master, by virtue of his tender years and meek disposition, was regarded, by the other masters, as a sort of dumping-ground for unpleasant tasks. Even the good-natured, easy-going Atkins "put upon" him, getting him to take his preparations and correct his exercises when he (Atkins) was desirous of going into Ardenwood to play Mr. Huntingdon a hundred up. For the superior Cambridge man and the Cockney second-form master were not bad friends, in spite of the fact that they sneered so openly at one another.

Mr. Samuels had been at Adderman's three years. Huntingdon and Atkins had received their appointments in the previous October, so that they were just one-term-wise in the turmoil of the place. Mr. Green had come to Adderman's half-way through the last term, *vice* a junior—a spirited public school boy—who had wound up a stormy six weeks by trying conclusions with a member of the Sixth Form in a stand-up fight. Having mauled his man pretty severely and punched the heads of half-a-dozen other big fellows who had treated him, at various times, to gross insults, he had then and there collected his belongings and taken himself off without troubling to draw the amount of salary due to him.

Whereupon agent Paine had despatched Mr. Green to fill the suddenly-created vacancy.

When J. O. Jones had refreshed his inner man, Mr. Adderman conducted him to the Common Room. His future colleagues must have been in a peculiarly slack mood that day, for, though it was past three o'clock, they were still lounging over pipes and books when the headmaster entered.

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Jones," said the Head, (alas! how often had he performed such introductory ceremonials!)

Then Mr. Adderman named each one, and Jones shook hands all round, finishing with the pale-faced junior by the window. Having done his duty, the Head retired, and the voluble Atkins proceeded to make Jones feel at home by talking to him as if he had known him all his life. In the course of their somewhat one-sided conversation, he gave Jones a vast amount of information regarding himself, his "people" (refraining, of course, from any mention of gastronomics at the House of Commons), and the complaints his sisters suffered from. The other three, being only too familiar with the Miss Atkins' sufferings, had by this time gone their several ways.

Mr. Atkins asked J. O. a great number of personal questions, to which Jones replied mainly in stiff monosyllables. Finally, the second-form master brought up at Adderman's, which he tersely and fervently described as "an 'ole."

"There's a sayin'," he concluded, "that Adderman studies, firstly, 'is dogs, then 'is servants, and then 'is masters. What I say is, he doesn't study 'is masters at all. Well, there's five of us, and 'e gives us this den to sit in. Very often the meat isn't fit to eat, and well—*walls 'ave ears*," he added, mysteriously dropping his voice, "or I could tell you a good many more things that you'll find out for yourself quite quick enough."

"Does not Mrs. Adderman endeavour to make you comfortable?" asked J. O.

"There isn't a Mrs. Adderman—he's a widower," explained Atkins, "there's a matron—Miss Peters—a stiff old stalk about fifty, and she, bless you, don't care a 'ang about us."

"Has Mr. Adderman any family?" queried J. O.

"He's got a long-legged boy—in the Fourth—and ——"

Atkins stopped speaking and chuckled.

"I say," he presently continued, "you wouldn't call Adderman exactly *'andsome*, would you?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted J. O.

"Nor would I. Yet he's got a fair peach of a daughter."

"Indeed!" said Jones, indifferently.

"Ah! you don't seem to care, but wait till you see 'er. She's just 'ome from a swell school in Paris. I will say that for Adderman—he's kept his girl out of the way and given 'er a good education. Well, she's back now. By George! she's a bit of *all* right, I can tell you, and Adderman's as proud as Punch of 'er."

Mr. Atkins again indulged in a series of chuckles.

"Oh, it'll make you *larf* to see Samuels and old 'Untingdon. They're fair struck on 'er. She comes into meals and sits at the top table with Adderman and Samuels and Miss Peters. The rest of us sit at ends of the boys' tables. It's rather rough on you as your back's toward the top table, but I face it and so does 'Untingdon."

Mr. Atkins again chuckled.

"It's a play to watch Samuels leaning over to speak to Miss Adderman, and 'Untingdon glaring up from 'is end of the Hall with his hair brushed

and a new tie on almost every day—it's better than a play. She's not my sort—comes it too much of the cold and supercilious for my liking. Give me your fluffy little girl, with plenty of larks in her."

"What about duty?" demanded J. O., who was not feeling very interested.

Mr. Atkins pointed to a foolscap sheet that was fastened to the wall with stamp-paper.

"There you are. Samuels doesn't take duty. It's split up among 'Untingdon, Green, you and me. It's the same as last term—only you take what's put down to Eliot—the man whose place you're filling. It's your duty to-day. We thought you'd be here last night, but as you didn't turn up, Green's been doin' the needful. Nice, 'armless sort of chap," concluded Mr. Atkins, somewhat contemptuously, "but no schoolmaster. Can't keep order for toffee."

Mr. Atkins might also have added that he was no great guns as a disciplinarian himself, but for the fact that, in his sublime self-conceit, he imagined himself to be a martinet, at the very least.

"Then if it's my duty," said Jones, rising, "I'd better make a start."

"Don't 'urry yourself," said Atkins, soothingly, "it's a mistake to 'urry yourself 'ere. Young Green'll see 'em in. You'd better begin by taking prep. to-night."

"Still, I don't want another man to be doing my work——"

Mr. Atkins laid a restraining hand on J. O.'s arm.

"Don't you bother yourself. You can pay him back by doing a bit of 'is duty another day. My tip is—lay low till after tea. Unpack your things and then come for a stroll into Ardenwood. You'll find prep. quite duty enough for your first day 'ere. They'll take it out of you in prep., mark my word!"

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LONG ROOM.

TEA for the boys was served in the Hall at six, but the masters were provided with that cheering beverage at five o'clock, in their own room.

When the dilapidated Johnson limped in—for he suffered from tender feet—only Mr. Green was there, he having skipped up from the field for a few minutes.

"As usual," muttered the butler, dumping the tray down on the table, "only one 'ere to 'ave it, and I've fagged along enough for five. Why carn't they say they're going out!" he concluded, in an irritable snarl.

"They may be in soon," suggested Green, mildly.

The butler wiped his hands on the tails of his seedy dress-coat.

"That's the third tea I've served this afternoon!" he cried, "the first to that old cat Peters, the second to the gov'nor and Miss A. in the drorin'-room, and the third 'ere. Why carn't they all 'ave it at wunst, with the boys! My life's a burden to me at this 'ere rate!"

Atkins and Jones walked in an hour later, Johnson grudgingly supplying them with a fresh pot of tea. Neither Huntingdon nor Samuels had returned so far, but it was quite possible that one or both were taking afternoon refreshment in the "drorin'-room," where they were frequent visitors.

The boys went in to tea—the patient Green floating in with the tide—while Jones and Atkins were still at work on the cake.

At six-thirty Mr. Samuels bustled into the common-room.

"Now, Mr. Jones, as it's time for preparation I will ask you to come into the Long Room with me. The master on duty," he added, as they walked up the corridor, "is assisted by two monitors. They sit at each end of the room, and are supposed to preserve order and to appeal to you in the event of any insubordination. Bull and Bradley are on duty this week. I will make you known to them."

As the two masters approached the Long Room it seemed as if a sort of Donnybrook Fair were in course of procedure. Yells, whistles, and catcalls, the clatter of feet, the banging of desk-lids, lazy bass expostulations from the monitors, and shrill replies from junior fry accused of misdemeanours—all combined to make a din the equal of which J. O. Jones scarcely remembered to have heard at Greyhouse—that home of much noise—except, perhaps, on the occasion of the Great Rebellion.

When the two masters entered the room there was very little cessation of the row, and Mr. Samuels had to hammer on the middle desk repeatedly with a ruler and call sharply for "Silence!" before anybody deigned to notice his presence. They simmered down gradually, many mischievously speculative glances being directed towards the new master.

"Preparation lasts till eight, and then those boys who want it may have bread-and-cheese in the Hall," said Mr. Samuels, hurriedly beckoning to the monitors on duty.

The second master briefly introduced Jones to

HE LIFTED HIM BODILY FROM HIS SEAT AND CARRIED HIM DOWN THE LONG ROOM.

the two seniors, who seemed rather surprised when Jones shook hands with them.

This over, Mr. Samuels left the room with alacrity, for he had neglected a big pile of French exercises in the afternoon in order to dance attendance on Miss Adderman. Besides, Miss Adderman had consented to play his violin accompaniments after supper.

When the door had closed behind the second master, J. O. took a couple of turns up and down the Long Room. It seemed to him evident that the fellows were a pretty rowdy lot, but he foresaw no great difficulties in keeping them under. He took this sanguine view of matters because he did not know Adderman's, nor was he aware of the thorns that crop up in an assistant-master's path when he has to fall back for support on a weak headmaster.

As Jones promenaded the room the boys under his charge scanned him closely. It was fortunate for him that he possessed no facial peculiarity; or some very pointed caricatures would soon have been circulated by the draughtsmen of the Academy. The school treated Jones to a long and stealthy scrutiny, and, finding nothing to make derisive capital out of in his appearance, promptly set in motion the various experimental tests which they regularly applied to new masters in order to discover what manner of men they might be.

Jones had seated himself at his desk, and was idly turning over the roll-book, when a Lexicon met the floor with a thud. An answering thud came from the other end of the room, followed by a third in Jones's immediate vicinity. A mild titter ran up and down the desks. Jones did not remove his eyes from the roll-book.

It being apparent that the new master required further rousing, a number of thuds now took place in quick succession. Jones was perfectly alive to the malignant purpose in this series of dictionary-droppings, but he went calmly on with his inspection of the roll.

As the new master did not jump at the bait, Adderman's thought of another good old wheeze. Some one at a distance, by means of a piece of elastic and his teeth, fired a pellet of paper in such a fashion that it fell close to the middle desk. Another pellet hit the front of the desk, and another smote the wall with a sharp sound some six feet above J. O.'s head.

Jones, however, appeared to be absorbed in the list of names. A pellet even fell on the desk in front of him, but he appeared not to notice it.

The new master's seeming indifference to their inhospitable behaviour caused the tormentors-in-chief to sharpen up their wits. This man *must* be roused.

While, ever and anon, a dictionary thundered on to the floor and pellets flew dangerously near the centre desk, the conspirators were getting up a fresh disturbance. Before each boy was a desk lid which opened and shut. Of a sudden it seemed that half the boys in the room were seized with a desire to ferret for new books, such a clap-

ping of lids taking place that the noise began to be deafening. Jones glanced at the two monitors, but both seemed to be occupied with their work; it seemed to him, however, that they were displaying a little more assiduity in that respect than was altogether consistent with their monitorial duties. When Bull looked up, J. O. detected a covert grin on his face. J. O. made a mental note of this fact. At intervals, it is true, both Bull and Bradley administered mild reprimands to the boys in their neighbourhood, but for all the order they kept they might just as well have stayed in their own class-room.

Jones took another walk up and down the room, and the lid-bangings ceased with suspicious alacrity. As Jones halted by his desk and treated the room to a general survey, his eye fell on a weedy-looking, long-legged boy, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, who was sitting some three rows from the front. From the first the attitude of this boy had been particularly insolent; throughout the evening he had not made even a pretence of working, being occupied chiefly in annoying the boys around him or watching the new master.

As Jones halted, this youth took a paper from his pocket, spread it on the desk in front of him, and then, after grinning at the fellows near him, began to read.

Jones sauntered up and observed that the paper was a peculiarly vulgar specimen of the cheap and nasty "comic" class. As Jones came to a pause, the boy crumpled the paper up and thrust it into his pocket.

"Let me see that paper," said Jones.

The boy stared at him defiantly. The other fellows delightedly nudged each other. Jones had by chance lighted on the one boy in the school who proved most troublesome to the masters.

"Give me that paper," said Jones, sharply.

"Why should I?" was the answer, "it's not yours." Jones leaned forward, drew the paper out of the pocket in which it had been stowed, tore it into fragments, and deposited the pieces in the fire.

Then he returned to the boy.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Adderman."

"You are the headmaster's son?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jones, quietly, "go to your father and say I have sent you to report yourself for disobedience and impertinence."

The boy smirked, but did not move.

"Go," said Jones, sternly, pointing to the door.

The boy remained in his seat.

Then J. O. acted. Stooping quickly, he seized the boy's two wrists with one hand and one of his ankles with the other. Having rendered the fellow helpless, in spite of his struggles, he lifted him bodily from his seat and carried him down the Long Room.

"Open the door," he said.

A small boy jumped to obey him.

J. O. then bore the wriggling form down the passage to the swing door, sent that portal flying open with a lusty kick, and conveyed Adderman to the headmaster's study.

The door was ajar. As J. O. entered with his burden, a girl, who was writing at the desk, started up in astonishment. J. O. released his hold of the boy, who, directly he found himself at liberty, turned on the master and, choking with rage, kicked him savagely on the shins.

"Take that, you brute, you cad!"

Jones stood motionless, but with a swift movement the girl darted between master and boy.

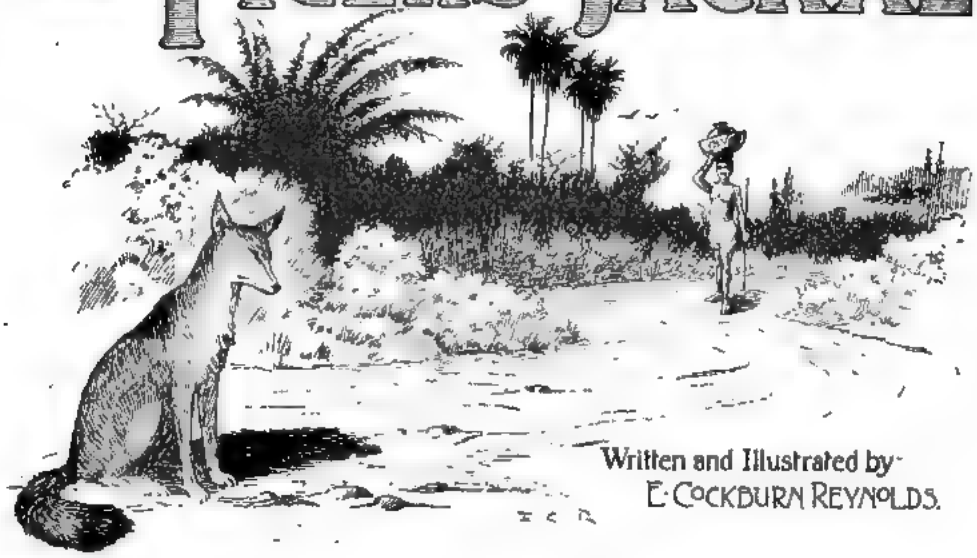
"Tom, *you coward!*—don't *kick*, whatever you do!"

"I will—he's a cad—he's a bully—I'll get him sacked—I ——"

A sound of footsteps caused all three to turn towards the door. The headmaster had come in while his son was speaking.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGER'S JACKAL.



Written and Illustrated by
E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

SOME day when accident has forced from our eyes the scales of arrogance, which learning has taught us to wear with so much complacency, we shall be humiliated to find that some of the meanest of nature's creatures possess faculties that any human being would give a fortune to enjoy—faculties which we once possessed in long forgotten ages and which we have allowed to die of neglect and disuse when we commenced to live in communities and the struggle for existence became less and less, until highly civilised men know them no longer by name even, and would doubt their existence in the lower animals. Yet one sees migratory birds assemble on a certain date from all parts of the country to undertake an aërial journey with a definite destination. One admits it is strange, and, as one cannot understand it, half contemptuously calls it instinct—a word we have coined to hide our ignorance—and dismisses the subject, little dreaming that the world is awaiting a re-awakening of a like faculty in ourselves. The first step has already been taken; it has been proved that electric currents need no wires; therefore let us hope the day is not far distant when kindred minds may commune across the breadth of the world unaided by apparatus. In that day the face will no longer serve as a mask for the insincere, and deceit and crime will die a natural death. That man is capable of such a power I have satisfied myself, for Jungly was possessed of it, as I shall show you in the following tale.

One day I watched the gathering of a vast number of crows, uncountable thousands, that came together from all points of the compass as if by some preconcerted arrangement, for there was not half-an-hour between the arrival of the first flock and the last, and yet many crows must have come hundreds of miles to the meeting, for such a great number would need a very large area of land to subsist upon. When they had all arrived they set upon certain members of the congregation and killed them, after which they again flew off in the directions from which they had come.

I had watched the proceedings with great interest, but it seemed incomprehensible to me, so I said to Jungly:

"What crime could those birds have committed for them to be put to death before such a great assemblage of their fellows?"

"The greatest of crimes in the eyes of nature, for they have developed an incurable disease. See, sahib," and Jungly turned over with his foot one of the birds, which showed a great tumourous growth beneath the wing, "it is their only way of preventing the evil from spreading amongst them."

"I am glad human beings don't resort to such severe measures," I said.

"Say sorry rather," answered Jungly, "for had disease been stamped out so thoroughly in the early days of mankind, there would have been no need of hospitals to-day."

"I doubt that," I rejoined.

"But the proof is before our eyes," said he. "The sahib has been many years in the jungle—did he ever see a sick animal?"

I could not say I had.

"But how could all those birds have known of the sick ones, and how could they arrange to arrive here at the same hour? Did they send messengers round?"

"There was no need, sir, for among the jungle folk there exists a power of communicating with their own species over great distances, and the assemblage was thus arranged."

"I wish human beings had the power," I remarked.

"A few have still," answered Jungly. "I was two miles from here this afternoon when I felt you had need of me. Therefore I came."

The simple, matter-of-fact way in which he made this statement staggered me. To think that this child of the jungles possessed such a wonderful faculty and that he was capable of reading my thoughts miles away produced an indescribable sensation within me. I felt I was on the eve of a great discovery which would benefit mankind greatly.

"Have you always been able to read my thoughts thus?"

"When I am near you, sahib, I know all you think about, but not when at a distance, except when your thoughts are directed towards me."

"Could you teach me how to read your thoughts?" I asked, and eagerly awaited his answer.

"Such things cannot be taught," replied Jungly. "I think it is the constant dread in which wild things live that has made them so sensitive to invisible influences, and I, living among them from a child, have acquired their perceptions."

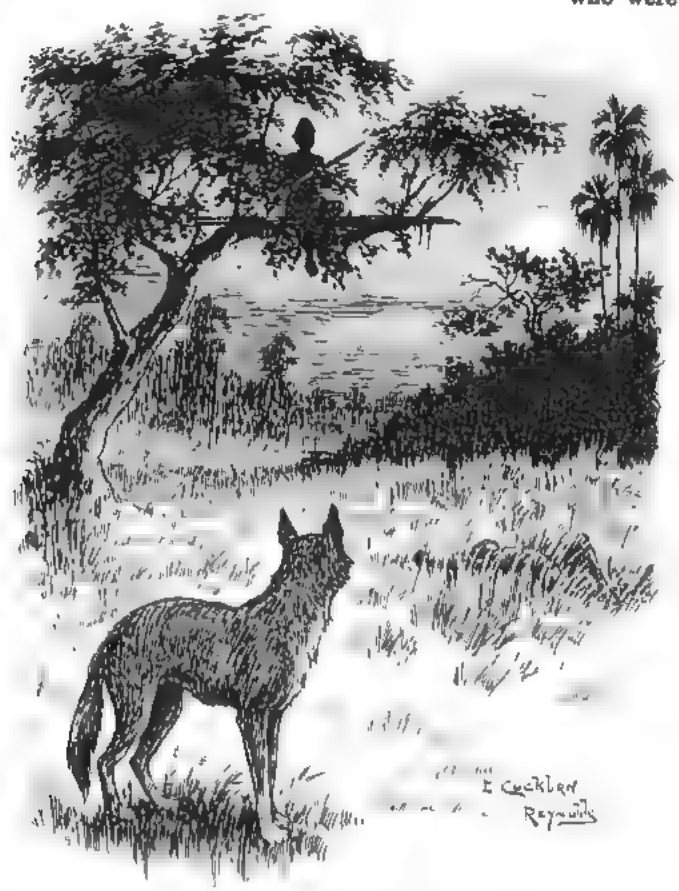
Often, just when I had been wanting him, Jungly had appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and I had put it down to a lucky coincidence. But it had happened so frequently that now, after his statement, I wondered I had not suspected before that it was due to some strange power he possessed. Nevertheless, I determined to put him to a severe test, and an opportunity occurred soon after. A friend of mine whom I met when out hunting asked me to lend Jungly to him for a week or two. This I did, as we expected to meet again in a fortnight, and I thought I could easily spare the man, while my friend was very much in need of a good tracker. A few days after this I was encamped near the village of Gureebpore. One morning there came into my camp the head man of the village with a request that I would come and kill a man-eater which preyed upon his villagers. I asked him a few questions, and he thereupon unfolded a tale which seemed almost incredible, but for the fact that similar cases had been heard of—though, happily, they were very rare.

IT SEEMED INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO ME.

This particular tiger had depopulated an entire village of one hundred inhabitants a few miles away; then it had come on to the village of Gureebpore, and within the last two years it had killed upwards of 120 of the inhabitants. The curious thing was that no one had ever seen the tiger, since it only attacked single individuals and never

approached a couple or more people. Many had tried to shoot it, but it had invariably killed the shikarees. One was an Englishman, who, dying, had written his name in the cave of the tiger. Of course I had heard in a remote way of man-eaters that had run up a frightful record, one of them having accounted for over three hundred victims before it was killed. But it is one thing to hear these tales seated comfortably in an armchair at your club, and another to be on the spot where the systematic murders have gone on unchecked for two or three years.

The head man took me round his village. Once Gureebpore had been large and flourishing, with cultivated lands which spread far to the north and south, but now the huts were all in ruins and the jungle had devoured the fair fields one after another till nothing but a few vegetable patches remained to the twenty odd villagers who still hung together, awaiting, with dumb despair, the fate they knew was in store for each of them.



HE SAW ME SEATED ON THE MACHAN, AND SLUNK OFF.

I tried to rally the head man on the apathy of his people.

"We have tried everything, Protector of the Poor. The whole village used to turn out with clubs and torches (and in those days there were a great number of us), but the tiger retreated into his cave, and as there is a labyrinth of passages connected with it we could never smoke him out. We set fire to the jungle several times, but that never drove him away. So my people believe it is the spirit of one we have injured in some long forgotten time who now takes his revenge in the shape of a tiger, and if it is the will of Permashur that we should be so punished, what avail to try and escape? Every week he takes one of us unless a stranger, passing this way, is struck down instead. In another five months the end will come, and the last of us will die—why struggle against fate? Yet people tell me that Englishmen are not affected by spirits of any kind and that many have slain tigers who were thus possessed. But this place is many hundred miles out of the way of the sahibs, and we have never seen any except yourself and the sahib who was killed, who, dying, wrote his name on the walls of the cave, where it is now to be seen if the Presence desire it."

I was very curious to know what unfortunate Englishman had been killed in this out of the way place, so I promised to go to the cave next day with the head man. As we were speaking we came out on the other side of the village and sauntered up the road leading from it to the river, which was some five hundred yards distant. In the middle of the road sat a small miserable-looking jackal. At sight of it the dignified head man flew into a violent rage.

"Die! Thou dog of ill omen!" he yelled, as he sent a stone whizzing through the air; but the piece of rock he flung only tore up the ground alongside the animal, and the jackal escaped.

"Ever since that ill-omened beast took to haunting our village has our fatal bad luck been," said he. "Never does

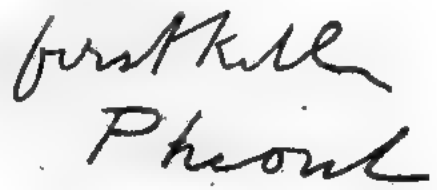
a bamboo cutter go into the jungle with that sneaking dog at his heels but he returns no more. This we have seen often. Next to the tiger I would desire the death of that jackal."

That evening about sundown another of the villagers had been killed between the village and the river, which was a favourite place of execution of the tiger's. Word was brought to me of the occurrence next morning, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, which would, doubtless, return on the following night for the body. So I put off visiting the cave that day, as I did not want to disturb the animal. In a tree close to the spot where the remains of the man were found was an old machan, or platform constructed amongst the branches from whence some shikaree had tried to shoot the tiger in days gone by. I had the machan strengthened with some fresh poles and ropes, and, taking a couple of rifles with me, made ready to spend the night in the tree, if necessary. The moon shone brightly. About eleven o'clock I heard a strange, weird cry, quite unlike any of the jungle cries I was accustomed to. It was repeated once or twice, but I could not conjecture from what animal it proceeded. I waited long hours, but no tiger put in an appearance. A little jackal came and would have fed off the corpse, only his sharp nose detected the taint of a human being near by, and looking up he saw me seated on the machan and slunk off.

I was now sorry I had parted with Jungly, who could have been of great service hunting the invisible tiger. Remembering what he had told me, I thought I would put him to the test. I chose a sentence, "Come to me, Jungly, I am in great need of you," and for a whole five minutes I concentrated my brain in an effort to project this idea into space. I found it very exhausting, and as I was pretty tired doing nothing I felt disposed to descend the tree and go back to camp; yet for some reason I altered my mind and remained where I was. It was lucky I did so, or I should have gone to swell the list of the shikarees the tiger had killed, as I found out afterwards.

It was almost daylight when the head man and villagers came to see what my luck had been, but as they had no great expectations they were not disappointed. Again the head man went into a passion at finding a jackal seated at the root of the tree on which I was. He declared it was the same animal, and hurled a spear at it. I got off the tree, and, after breakfast, accompanied the natives to the cave where I was to see the Englishman's name. The place was situated in a ravine where the rock was literally honeycombed with holes and caves. Into the mouth of one of the largest the natives now stepped in a perfectly callous way. None would have thought they were entering the abode of the dread man-eater. The cave was about sixteen feet by twelve. At the farther extremity it narrowed into a dark passage into which a man might have crawled on hands and knees, and which the natives told me communicated with a number of passages with other openings into the ravine. The stench was fearful, and there were other indications in the shape of bones that the tiger still frequented the cave.

On the yellow sandstone rock facing the entrance were scrawled some words in a dark brown stain, evidently written with a finger in a liquid the nature of which was, alas! only too evident. The writing had been done with great difficulty. I could not decipher it, so I copied it as correctly as I could. I give a facsimile of it here:—

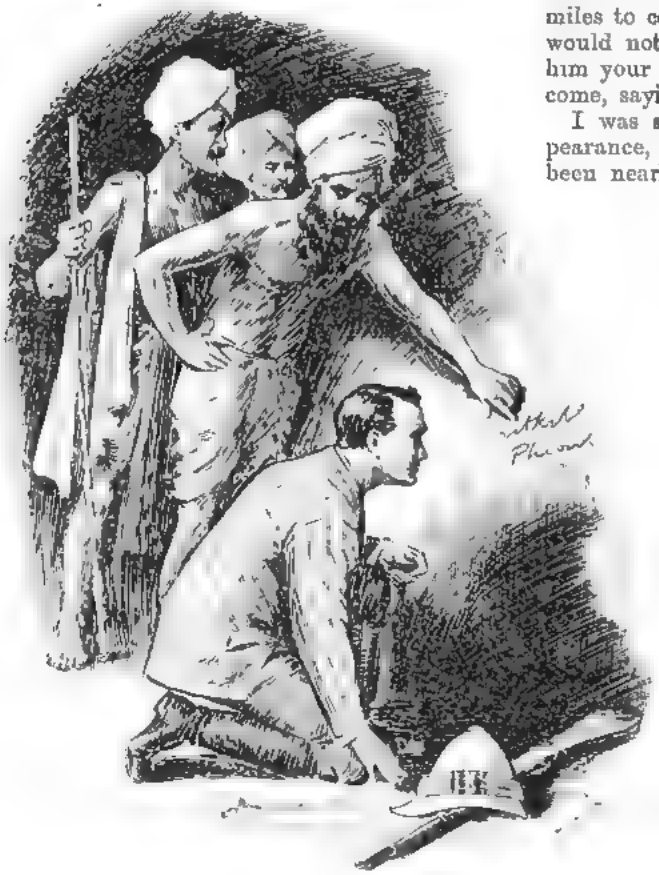


I came to the decision, eventually, that it was no name at all, but a communication. The first two words appeared to be "first kill," but beyond that I could not go, "Pheoul" having no meaning that I knew of.

About three days after this visit to the cave I was sauntering along the road from the river to the village, about seven o'clock in the evening, when I heard a cry of terror a little way ahead. A bend in the road hid the person from me. I rushed forward, rifle in hand, and saw a man lying on the road. The bushes alongside him were shaking to and fro, as if some large animal had plunged into them, though I saw nothing further except a little jackal slinking away into the shadows. The man seemed stunned, but soon came round. I got him to narrate what had happened.

"I was going down to the river, sahib, for I had forgotten to draw water before dark,

as we all do because of the tiger. As I went down the road I saw, seated in the middle of it, a jackal, which I thought was an unlucky sign, but there was nothing else to see, and I needed water badly. As I drew near, the



SOME WORDS IN A DARK BROWN STAIN.

jackal gave a cry, and I saw the bushes ahead shake gently, as if some animal was behind them. Knowing it is useless to try and avoid one's Kismet I moved forward, and, as I came abreast of the bushes, the jackal, coming close to me on the opposite side, cried again, and at that a large tiger leaped out of the jungle and struck me down, and would, without doubt, have been eating me at this moment, if the sahib had not come running; but directly it heard your footsteps it fled."

Jungly had not arrived yet, though he could not have been more than fifty miles distant. True, he did not know in what direction I had gone, yet it would have been simple work for him to follow my tracks. So, as I sat outside my tent that evening, I arrived at the conclusion that the message had failed. I was startled next moment by Jungly's voice behind my chair.

"I has not failed, sahib," said he, "only, as we had moved fifty miles in the opposite direction from yourself, I had a hundred miles to cover. And the sahib, your friend, would not believe at first, but when I told him your life was in danger, then he let me come, saying I was a strange animal."

I was astonished at Jungly's sudden appearance, also to learn that he must have been nearly a hundred miles away when I sent my message, and as he apparently did not travel over the same road as I did he must have been guided to me entirely by one of those imperceptible currents of force that he alone, of all men, was able to feel. Still more was I astonished to hear my life had been in danger.

"What danger do you speak of?" I asked.

"I do not know, sahib, yet when you called me I had a feeling that your life was threatened at the moment."

"What hour was that?"

"Three nights ago, about four o'clock in the morning. I slept and I heard your voice call me. I awoke, and there was no sound, only a noiseless message which came many times, 'Come to me, Jungly, I am in great need of you.'"

These were the very words of the message I had sent, and I doubted Jungly's powers no longer, and so I told him.

"But there was no danger to my life," I added. "I was safely perched on a machan in a tree at the time."

"That you were not conscious of the danger, sahib, makes no difference. I feel sure it was there, but cannot say what it was."

I now told Jungly all I had heard about the depredations of the tiger and of the man I had saved from its clutches, who seemed to be the only one that had seen the tiger and escaped the fate of its long list of victims. He seemed much interested to hear about the jackal, but would not give any opinion on the matter.

One morning the head man came to me, saying a traveller had been killed by the

tiger near the ford, but, others coming up, it had retired, having scarcely eaten anything of the body. I again had a machan erected, and Jungly and I sat up hoping to get a shot at the tiger, which Jungly said would certainly return to its kill. Again I heard the weird cry that had puzzled me that first night, but Jungly was not surprised at it.

"It is the cry of a Pheoul, the jackal that hunts with the tiger. This I have been suspecting from all you told me, and it is the reason why the tiger is never seen, for he has a good scout and watch dog. In such cases you must first kill the Pheoul before you can kill the tiger."

the jungles, for few Englishmen know about the Pheoul, and it is a rare thing for a jackal to attach himself to a tiger in this way; and then it is often because the tiger is getting old, and his sense of hearing and smell is not so acute, that he makes partnership with a jackal. Of course the jackal would never feed so well hunting on his own account as when the tiger lets him feed off the prey he has killed. So the jackal places his keen senses at the service of the tiger, and makes him so good a hunting dog that it is hard to kill such a tiger."

"But the cry is quite unlike the cry of any jackal I have heard," I said.

LASHING HIS FLANKS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF THE JACKAL.

"*First kill the Pheoul.*" I seemed to have heard that advice before. Suddenly it flashed into my brain—that was what the poor Englishman was trying to write when he was dying. Now it was clear this was the message he left for the next shikaree who followed on the same quest. I explained this to Jungly.

"Of course that was what the sahib meant, and he must have learned a great deal about

"That is the little animal's cunning, for only when it serves the tiger does it cry 'Pheoul.' So that, although it runs far ahead of the tiger, and the jungle may be full of jackals, the tiger can always tell the cry of its scout a long way off."

We heard the weird cry twice more that night, but saw neither jackal nor tiger.

"The keen nose of the jackal has scented danger from afar and he has warned his lord.

There will be no tiger to-night," said Jungly.

After we had waited another couple of hours, I said, "Let us return to camp, for it is weary work sitting here for nothing."

"That would not be wise," said Jungly, "for I feel the tiger is close by and has been for more than two hours."

"Then that was the danger that menaced me on the night I sent the message," I said, as the thought suddenly occurred to me.

"It was most likely, sahib," replied Jungly, "and this is how it has killed so many shikarees and escaped itself."

When the villagers came early the next morning we got down from the tree, and Jungly examined the ground round for some distance, till he came to a spot that seemed to interest him.

"It is lucky we did not get off our tree till daylight came, sahib," said he, "for the jackal had arranged a little trap for us, as I can see by his footprints and those of the tiger. You didn't think they were so close to us all night long!"

That day Jungly promised we should outwit the jackal—if I did not mind lying in wait for the tiger on the ground itself. I promised, being very sure that Jungly would not let me endanger my life unnecessarily.

He spent a good deal of the day searching for a strong smelling root, very much like khus khus grass, which, having found, he boiled over a fire, and extracted from it a soupy-looking liquid. In the evening we bathed ourselves and then rubbed our bodies all over with this decoction, which Jungly said would prevent even the keen nose of the jackal from detecting our presence. Wearing nothing but a loin cloth each, we took up our situations for the night in some long grass, taking care to have a couple of dense thorny bushes at our backs.

After waiting what seemed to be an interminable length of time we heard the cry of the Pheoul in the distance. It was past midnight, but the moonlight made all things clear. At last the jackal crept silently into the open ground before us, looking round suspiciously and sniffing the air in every direction. Unlike any other animal, he raised his head and seemed to peer into the branches of all the trees near the spot. It was quite some time before he was sure there was no danger to be apprehended by his master, then he gave a low cry and immediately a huge lanky tiger left the shadow of the jungle and crept towards the dead body. I raised my rifle and the glint of light on the barrel must have caught the eye of the wary jackal, for immediately he gave a cry of alarm and the tiger sprang back into the bushes. Vexed at having lost my opportunity, I took vengeance on the unlucky jackal, and before he could reach cover I sent a bullet through his shoulder-blades, and he rolled over with a death cry. At the sound of its voice the tiger, with a terrific roar, charged out into the open and stood lashing his flanks over the dead body of the jackal, turning his head from side to side, as if looking for his enemy. Yet, although the smoke still hung about our heads and was stealing out of my rifle barrel, he did not seem to observe it. He was so close that I could see his eyes, and I was astonished at their dull white colour. All this, however, passed in a moment, for in the next I had bowled him over with a bullet through the brain. He must have once been a fine animal, but, although of great size, his skin was not worth the taking, as it was mangy and almost denuded of hair. Jungly opened its eyes, and we saw to our astonishment that the creature must have been quite blind, apparently through a rifle shot that had ploughed its way across its face years ago.

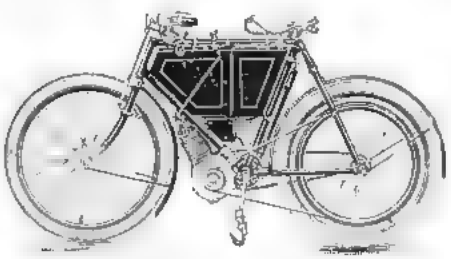
Had it not been for the jackal it is impossible it could have existed at all. They must have been inseparable companions for years, and it was only the dying cry of the jackal that made the cautious tiger so recklessly face the death it had eluded so many years.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

THE UP-TO-DATE MACHINE.

THE cyclist of a few years' experience does not need to be told that it is very difficult, and, indeed, in most cases quite impossible, to judge of the merits of an unknown machine by merely looking at it. But the novice very often entertains an idea that such judgment can be passed, and when going to choose a mount he will ask some

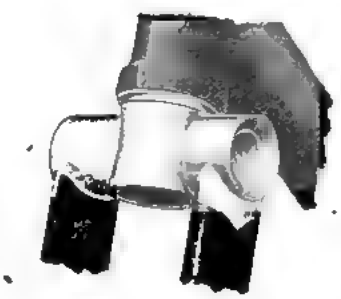


BRADBURY MOTOR CYCLE.

cycling friend to go with him, on the ground that "So-and-so knows all about it, you know." I have myself been asked to do this service scores of times; but the fact is that I could in nearly every case give as good advice while sitting here at my desk as I could after accompanying my friend to the dealer's.

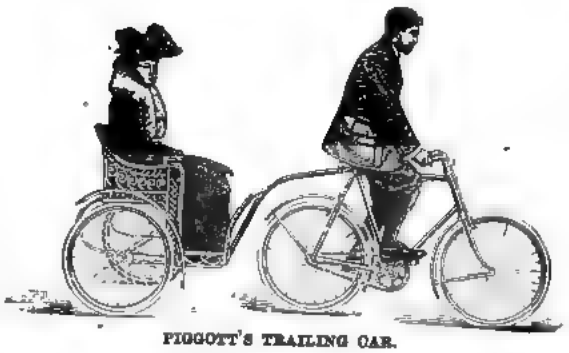
There is one thing in outside appearance, however, which will enable the veriest novice to pass judgment at a glance. I refer to the name on the transfer. If that should be the name of any firm whose wares I have recommended in the past there is no need for hesitation. You need have no fear of going wrong, for a great reputation is more easily lost than won, and the firm possessing it will place too high a value upon it to run the risk of turning out mounts that are in any way unsound. When it comes to unknown makes, external appearance is very little to go by; for, as I have explained before, most of the parts that vitally matter are out of sight. At the same time, while high external finish is no guarantee of good materials in the working parts, yet, on the other hand, a slovenly exterior is often good ground for the suspicion that the parts out of sight are not of the very first quality.

There are certain faults, it is true, which the old hand will be able to "spot," but which would probably escape the novice. I will instance one. It sometimes happens that a frame is not so constructed that all its parts are so true a fit that they will just go together like the separate parts of a puzzle. In such a case it is the practice in careless workshops to force the tube into its lug with a slight bend. This leaves an almost imperceptible angle, so very obtuse is it, as between the tube and the lug. An experienced eye will detect



"RALEIGH" FORK-HEAD.

it, and will mark it as a flaw. But although I have on one occasion seen a defect of this kind rather pronounced in a machine bearing a good name, as a general rule no such fault need even be looked for in the better class of material.



PIGGOTT'S TRAILING CAR.

It may be as well, as the riding season proper is still young, to mention a few makes of machines that may be bought with confidence by such as are still in the position of not having secured a mount for the summer's work. It is impossible, of course, to go over the whole list. Those who have a chat with me in this corner every month know that the lists I have previously given have sometimes been long, and that I have never pretended that they were complete. There are in these days so many really good makes of bicycle that the task of forming a complete list is one that

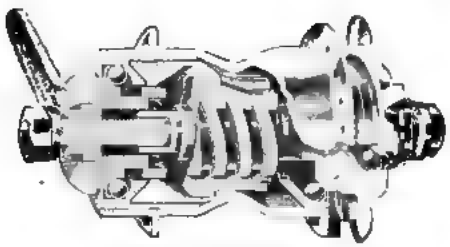
I would not undertake. If I first make mention of the Humber, it is not only because it is one of the very best on the market, but also because cycling generally is indebted to the firm that makes it, inasmuch as that firm was in the early days the pioneer of thoroughness in details of construction.

The Humber designs still include the duplex front fork, and the duplex chain stay, while the cross frame Humber is still one of the best in appearance to be had. It is strong in form, and of the two main tubes, which cross just as they ought to be made to cross, that going from the head to the crank bracket is made duplex, so that it passes on either side of the one going from the seat lug to the crown, no brazing being required at the crossing point. The Quadrant firm still have great faith in their cross roller gear, though I am bound to say that my own faith in it is not sufficient to make me forsake the old method of chain driving.

One achievement the Quadrant people can pride themselves upon this season is the introduction of an improvement in motor cycles. These are at present rather costly luxuries, the standard price for a motor bicycle being about £50. Any reader with as much as that to spend in this way may rely upon getting good workmanship and finish in anything bearing the Quadrant stamp. The special improvement to which I refer consists in the fitting of a combination lever, so designed as to do with one motion several things connected with the act of driving. This greatly simplifies motor bicycling, as it saves the rider the trouble of adjusting various taps and levers in relation to one another, according to varying speeds and circumstances.

The firm of Bradbury and Co., of Oldham, are also giving considerable attention to a form of motor bicycle which they have invented. It may be relied upon as a thoroughly trustworthy machine, and one that is calculated to enhance the well-deserved reputation the firm has long enjoyed. A path racing machine of novel design is another of the firm's specialities this year. The novelty consists in the form of the head, which, together with the front forks and steering wheel, is carried further forward than is usual, and allows of the bent position of the racing rider being assumed without any undue curving of the handlebars. Indeed, it would be possible to have these quite straight, and yet let the racing man crouch over as far as he liked.

The Lea-Francis machines, of Coventry, and the "R. and P." bicycles made by Messrs. Robinson and Price, of Liverpool, maintain their high standard of quality. Both of them have always enjoyed a reputation for external



CINCH COASTER HUB.

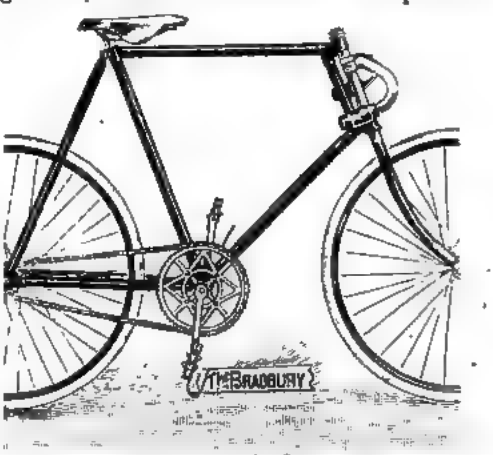
finish of a special kind, which, in these particular cases, is not a cloak whereunder to conceal unsuspected imperfections. The "R. and P." cross frame is one of the most sensible on the market, and errs, if at all, in the direction of being too strong.

There are many others that could be named—the Raglan, the Triumph, the Rudge-Whitworth, all of Coventry. The Rudge-Whitworth Company make a leading line of boys' and girls' bicycles at £7 each, which, bearing as they do the hall-mark of an old-established and reputable concern, must be regarded as a very attractive figure. The Eadie Manufacturing Company, of Redditch, have a novelty in what they denominate their "Invincible cross frame." There is in this case no top tube. Instead of it there start from the steering tube two additional tubes, one going from the fork crown to the seat lug, the other from the head direct to the bottom bracket. Then the tube which usually runs from the crown to the bottom bracket is brought a trifle nearer the horizontal, so that it crosses the one last-named, and makes junction with the main down tube a little above the bracket. A short stay from this point to the point whence the back forks branch off completes the triangulation of a very strong, if scarcely a very pretty, frame.

Another machine I should like to name as being one of the very best is the Raleigh. The cross-frame variety of this mount is a very fine one as regards common sense design. You have only to look at the fork head of the Raleigh to see how splendidly it has been designed, and its hub is one of the neatest things on the market. For good workmanship and fine finish this machine is right in the first flight. Turning to the subject of trailing cars, which you will of late have noticed to be more and more in evidence, a useful novelty is offered by the firm of Piggott, who

are always ready with the up-to-date requirements of the cyclist. Riders do not often want a trailer; but in circumstances where such an accessory is a desideratum Piggott's trailer is well worth examination. It is light, simple, and has all the appearance of being fast; and when one has said that, there seems little else that need be said in recommending it.

If any of my readers has a fancy for a two-speed gear, I would draw attention to the merits of what is now known as the "Hub" two-speed gear and free-wheel at will. It is a genuine two-speed gear, the higher of the two gearings being just short of one-third more than the lower. The change is effected by means of a simple trigger arrangement fixed to the top bar. When the trigger is up you get the low gear, and when it is down the high one, while the intermediate position



THE BRADBURY: SHOWING RACING HEAD.

leaves the wheel perfectly free. The change from one state to the other is made instantaneously with a push or pull of the finger, but of course it is necessary to remember to accommodate the action of the feet to the change the moment you cause it to occur. For example, it would be dangerous to free-wheel a long steep decline, and, as soon as a high speed had been attained, switch the low gear into operation, unless you were thinking about what you were doing, and were prepared to chip in with some very fast pedalling.

As for tyres, here, as in every other department, it is well to have the best of everything if you can afford it. But there are several cheap tyres on the market now that may be trusted not to be of rubbish. One of the cheapest is the Radax, a pair of which I not long ago had fitted to an old machine. They

have since behaved admirably, and I am able unstintingly to give them a good name. The Swain tyre—an invention of a somewhat similar class, and made at Horwich—now appears in three forms. The first grade tyre is as before. It can either be had rubber covered in the usual fashion, or with only the tread rubber shod. For all weather riding I do not think this a good plan, although it is right enough for fine days and smooth roads, or on the track. The new form of the Swain is a little less in weight, a little less in quality, and cheaper in price.

Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham, are still to the fore with all sorts of useful accessories. One of this season's specialities is a rim bell which, besides being a shilling cheaper than their rim bell of last year, namely, 4s. 6d., possesses several advantages of its own. It has a loud continuous ring when in operation, and is started and stopped by the pull or release of a cord which can be attached to any part of the handlebar desired. There is no lever to get out of order, and, indeed, the little bell has all the appearance of a neat and wearing article.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. C. (Wandsworth Common, S.W.)—Am sorry that it is not possible to give replies through the post. You are wise in renewing your mount before it becomes too antiquated. The free wheel by all means. For the sum you name there are now a number of reputable firms that will supply you. Of your nominees I should recommend either No. 3 or No. 4. Two brakes are in my opinion essential on any free wheel machine, and you should have an extra brake fitted if you select No. 3. **G. F. S.** (Lexton).—You may with confidence try the contrivance in question. The Captain does not take advertisements indiscriminately, and although no official guarantee is given, you may take it from me that only firms of repute are approached by our advertising department. To measure the pitch of a chain, notice the rhythm of form in its construction; the distance from the point where any special form is observed, as, say, the rivet, to the next place where the same form is observed, is the pitch of the chain. In this country there are practically only three pitches—1-inch, ½-inch, and, more rarely, ¾-inch. **E. R.** (Islington)—Your selection is a good one. As to the other question, ask the firm of Gamage. **G. W. B.** (W.C.)—See the reply given above to J M C. It is inadvisable to buy anything new in the bicycle line for so little a sum as £6. Your best plan is to look out for something good second-hand. In this way you might succeed in suiting yourself nicely for the money. The size of frame you require depends less upon your height than upon what is called fork measurement. Stand erect without any shoes on, and take a measurement inside the leg from the fork to the ground. If you will tell me what that is I can prescribe for you at once. **R.F.** (Hull).—The name of it is the Cinch Coaster Hub. **"Scorcher"** (Hertford).—I hope you are not what your name implies Benetfink will suit you in shoes. H.P.

THE CAMERA CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. Ashby.—There are several books on lantern-slide making, and we gave a few hints in The Captain for November, 1901. The following are good books: "How to Make Lantern Slides," by S. L. Coulthurst, a little illustrated manual published at a shilling; also a sixpenny book, "Lantern Slides: their Production and Use," by J. Pike; No. 9 of the "Photo. Miniature Series" also deals with this subject. We are not aware that any of these books deal with colouring slides, but a series of articles on this subject commenced in the *Amateur Photographer* not long ago

C. H. Craig.—Pleased to see your photographs. Nos. 5, 8, and 9 are very good little pictures; No. 7 is spoilt by distortion due to pointing the camera upwards (in architectural subjects the plate should always be vertical). No. 10 appears to be under-exposed or under-developed, and might be improved by intensification; in No. 11 you allowed the yacht to get too near before taking the photograph; No. 4 seems to be under-exposed; Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6 appear to be under-printed; and No. 12 is a very poor stained print.

H. J. Powditch.—We know of no simple method of ascertaining the lengths of exposure given by the shutter of a hand camera. The usual method, however, is to have a wheel—a bicycle wheel, for instance—rotating at a known speed in a good light. Fixed to a point in its circumference is a small bright object such as the bulb of a thermometer, or a bright silver button. A plate is exposed on the revolving wheel by means of the shutter, and the length of the arc travelled by the button gives the speed of the shutter

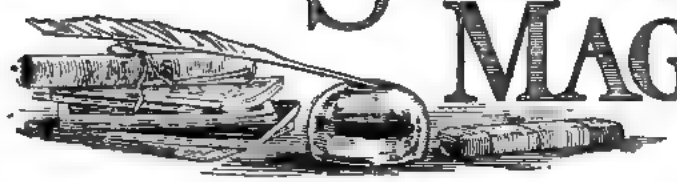
Colin A. Arrol (Riding-Mill-on-Tyne.)—Water containing manganese is certainly not desirable for making up a toning bath. Under the circumstances you had better use distilled or boiled rain-water. You do not say what kind of toning-bath you are using.

Harold Marchant (Walthamstow).—We should say that of the cameras you mention the "Sanderson" is decidedly the most serviceable, and would advise you to decide on that. It is, moreover, the only English-made camera on the list.

The Photographic Editor.

Next Month's Article will be "On Dark Rooms."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL Magazine (October and January).—Two excellent features are the "Notes About Old Boys," and the extracts from the minutes of the Debating Society. "Remember the Days of Old" is an interesting article by an old boy on the school as it was from 1868 to 1873.

The Academy Magazine (Greenock Academy).—Not at all bad for a start, even if it does not quite satisfy "its editor of the sixties." No doubt succeeding numbers will show an improvement, and it should not again be allowed to drop.

Allan Glen's Monthly (December).—This is a bright little magazine, and contains some readable verses, but the advertisements on the cover and elsewhere might be dispensed with.

Alperton Hall Magazine (Alperton Hall, near Harrow).—A creditable production; an index of contents is wanting, and there should be particulars as to price, and how often it is published.

The Arvonian (Carnarvon County School).—We still look in vain for the editorial announcements; in other respects everything is satisfactory, and the balance-sheet shows a good profit.

The Barrian (Barry County School).—We hope the editor will receive the support he asks for to enable him to fill his pages. The cover is not very artistic; it would be much better if it were quite plain, as fanciful edgings are apt to give a cheap appearance.

Bede Magazine (Bede College, Northumberland).—Our hearty congratulations on this first appearance in print, and the number of excellent contributions the magazine contains. It is refreshing to find such an abundant supply of that literary material for which so many editors of school papers sigh in vain.

Blackpool High School Magazine (November).—It is a capital idea to have an article on Hobbies. This number contains one on "Repoussé, or Beaten Metal Work": in addition there is a stamp page, and the illustrations are numerous and good.

The Boltonian (Bolton Grammar School Magazine), besides the usual school notes, contains an interesting account of a climb in the Alps. The publication might be advantageously enlarged on the present lines.

The Borlasian (July).—The school news is comprehensive and well arranged; an absence of articles and letters from old boys, however, rather spoils the magazine's completeness.

The Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine (August, September, October, November, December) is a monthly paper published in Pietermaritzburg. It is strange to us to find the editor wishing his readers "A *Cool* Christmas" (!), but the difficulties of editorial work must be considerably enhanced with the thermometer registering 100 degrees in the shade.

The Bramptonian (Brampton Park, Huntingdon).—An interesting production, good within and without.

Brighton College Magazine (July, December).—A very fair example of what a school magazine should be. The article entitled "Scouring the Country," gives an insight into some of the hardships cheerfully borne by our troops in South Africa.

The Camaraderie (November and January).—Under this title has been started a promising paper giving a monthly record of the doings of the Bournville Works Youths' Club. We hope this novel little venture will prosper; it certainly deserves to do so.

Canadian Boy (Patriotic Number) —Contains much entertaining reading.

The Clactonian (Clacton College).—We like this, but would suggest that a prettier colour might be chosen for the cover, which is rather too dull at present.

Clavinian (Weymouth College).—Excellent, as usual. It is a good plan to give, under the names of boys who have left, a short enumeration of what they have done for the school in games and sports. The idea might be followed in other quarters with advantage.

The Cliftonian (November).—A first-rate magazine. "Tubbing on the Cam" brings back one's own experiences, when one splashed up the waters of that turbid river for the first time, and when one's rowing was decidedly "variegated."

Colchester High School Magazine (December).—The school events are carefully recorded, but, apparently, the paper is only issued half-yearly, so that some of the notes are rather ancient history. Why not bring it out once a term? It is quite worth it.

The Cottonian (Bishop Cotton School, Simla, India) —Very good for a start, but an index of contents should be given on the front page next time. It is curious to read of a football match commencing at five p.m.; the post of goal-keeper is probably a more enviable one than in our climate.

Christowe Record (Cheltenham College).—This is quite the best "house" magazine we have come across. The old boys have romped up with their articles right merrily. F. Jacob (an English Rugby international) writes on "A Tuscan Horse-Race." This is the first time a detailed account of such a race has been published in this country. Commandant Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, contributes a paper on "Life Crises." The Commandant, by the way, is an old Cheltenham boy,

who actually threw up a good post in the Indian Civil Service to join the Salvation Army. He is, we may add, a son-in-law of General Booth. Very interesting is the photo of the Christowe Football XX. in 1868; several of the players have incipient *whiskers!* Altogether this "house" magazine reflects great credit on its editor.

The Day School Gazette (South-Western Polytechnic), an interesting publication, prints the following witty definitions under the heading of "Parsing Up-to-Date":

Pickpocket.—Abstract noun; police case.

Girton.—Adjective; qualifies "girl"; has m degree.

Potato.—Common noun; derived from an American root.

Durban High School Magazine (September).—Still going strong. The school rifle corps appears to have made a capital show on the occasion of the Royal visit.

The Elizabethan (Elizabeth College, Guernsey).—Tidy and painstaking. Everything seems to be chronicled that can be of interest to old boys and new.

The Epsomian (November).—The editor displays good taste. Sir Herbert Maxwell's address on Speech Day contains much sound advice. He strongly urges the encouragement of Natural History, and the love of open-air pursuits; for, as he truly says, nothing but good can come out of it.

Esmeduna (Liverpool College Magazine).—There is just enough of this to make one ask for more. We observe that the Debating Society has decided "That a hostile landing in England is probable." Will our War Office and Admiralty please note?

The Framlinghamian (December) is remarkable for an excellent editorial. The magazine is, moreover, exceedingly well arranged.

Fulneck School Magazine.—It is the editor's proud boast that three times a year his blue-coloured magazine speeds on its way to the Philippines, New Zealand, Jamaica, and various parts of Europe. It is pleasant to observe old boys keeping so much in touch with their school.

Glasgow Academy Chronicle (October).—Conducted in a very business-like and practical way. We are glad to read that a Cadet Corps is to be started. Soon every school of any note will have its corps; a grand thing for our rising generation.

Hulmeian (Hulme Grammar School, Manchester).—We are not quite clear how often this is published, but take it to be once a term. It is quite satisfactory as far as it goes; there are, however, no articles of any kind, and the editor does not acknowledge the receipt of "contemporaries"

Ipswich School Magazine (September, November, December).—This is another well-edited magazine, with full reports of school matters.

The Irish Blue (King's Hospital, Dublin).—It may interest some of our readers to know that this school, like Christ's Hospital, has a distinctive uniform. In this case there are two uniforms, one to be worn on Sundays, outside the grounds and on special occasions, the other for daily use. The best uniform, we are told, consists of a blue tunic of military cut, with brass buttons, on which is stamped the crown with date 1670; trousers of the same material, and dark leather waistbelt. The sleeves and neck-band of the tunic are faced with yellow. The undress uniform is a Norfolk jacket of blue serge, with waistcoat and trousers of the same material.

The Kendalian (October).—Good all through from start to finish, though we do not entirely agree with "F. D. S." in his comical deprecation of cold baths. "F. D. S." would have us believe that most people quietly turn on the hot tap—whatever they may say to the contrary—whenever the temperature is below 60 degrees. Well, perhaps some do; but, for those who can stand it, the cold plunge and the after-glow are among the things which make life worth living.

The Lorettonian (December 14th and February 1st).—Very readable.

The Loughtonian (January).—We can find no hint as to its price, or how often it is published; in other respects there is nothing to grumble at.

S.A.P.

(Reviews of M—Z next month.)

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to LUKE J. CLANCY ("ELJAYSEE") 50, Ronalds Road, Highbury, N., for his essay on "Poetry and Prose."

The Difference between Poetry and Prose.

WITHOUT a doubt poetry must be placed upon a higher scale than prose, for some of the choicest parts of our literature are found in its poetry. One of the finest offices of poetry is its power to refine and raise one's whole being. It is owing to this fact that poetry, most assuredly, triumphs over prose, although to some extent good prose fiction possesses the same influence; but the poet, by appealing more directly to the imagination, gives, as it were, wings to the soul, and thus enables one to soar into higher regions of thought than is possible even when reading the most eloquent prose.

LAUNCH OF THE *Meteoro*, THE FIRST STEEL STEAMER BUILT IN CHILI (UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BRITISH ENGINEERS). THE PHOTO SHOWS THE SHIP AT THE MOMENT OF TAKING THE WATER.
Photo by S. Langlois.

In some cases, good prose writers have put such a depth of feeling into their words that they sound as sweetest music to the ear, and carry away one's thoughts to the sublime. Grim old Carlyle's prose sometimes reaches the height of poetry. Hear his words describing the parting of lovers after an idyllic interview: "The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell on his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking, and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse."

Drawn by D. Buxton.

There is a great difference, however, between prose, even at its best, and poetry. Macaulay, one of the world's greatest prose writers, thought that in the "Lays of Ancient Rome" he had written very pretty poetry. Very fine are these lays; superbly balanced diction, strong and ringing words, but—*prose*. Ruskin and Lecky, great prose masters though they be, are failures as poets. On the other hand, was not Southey a common-place poet; did not Tennyson and Byron sometimes write rubbish; and are not some of Wordsworth's "poems" extremely prosy?

DEAR OLD LADY: "Could you see me across the road, Mr. Policeman?"
PICCADILLY BOBBY: "Why bless you, mum, I could spot you a mile off!"

By Dudley G. Buxton.

As a medium of expressing the human passions and emotions, poetry is supreme. A writer strives to picture an idea in strong, forcible prose. The poet, with one vivid, flashing thought, embodies the same idea in living words, and brings it home to the imagination, as no prose writer, however noble, could. Prose clings to earth; poetry flashes heavenward. When prose is pitched in a key to stir men's hearts, and create a wild feeling of delight within them, it is prose no longer, but poetry.

Poetry may be said to be the highest pitch of human language. It is akin to music, and with music it touches the sublime—nay, the divine! Yet there are dull, prosaic minds which fail to see beauty in any verse. It is to them Wordsworth refers when he says:—

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before.
A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Prose holds the world's ear; so much the worse for the world. If a nation wants to keep its life blood from ebbing away, let it see to it that poetry be not forgotten. Noble verse brings all that is good in man to the surface. Poems are "the landmarks of a people's thought, and the beacon lights of popular sentiment."

"ELIAYSER."

Fully Explained.

A COCKNEY was once in Yorkshire, staying at a farmhouse.

One day he was standing with the farmer and his son, and a girl went by. The farmer said to his son, "Wheerz oazer?"

The stranger, much puzzled at this question, asked the farmer's wife later on what her husband meant. "Whoi," said the lady, "he meant whoar washa." The stranger still seeks enlightenment.

I may mention that "wheerz oazer" means "who owns her?" and "whoar washa" "who was she?"

SIDNEY WHEATER.

Japanese Streets.

IN Japan, houses are not numbered according to their sequence, but according to the order of their erection. That is to say, No. 78 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 102 on the opposite side. No. 2 is possibly a mile down the street.

The city of Tokio is made up of 1,320 streets, in which are 318,320 houses. These houses are

ABRAMS. "Cohen ish going to retire from peesshness for five yearth."
ISAACS: "I've heerd him say dot pefore."
ABRAMS: "Yeth, but dis time de judge of de court said id."

Drawn by C. L. Reinmann.

again divided up into fifteen wards. If, however, a street passes through more than one ward, the houses are then numbered according to the wards in which they are; that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six No. 1's.

Therefore, when setting out to find a certain house, it is something like hunting for a needle in a haystack, considering the number of houses of the same number and also their distance apart. But if you were to write the name and address on a piece of paper and give it to a jinriksha driver, he would at once take you down alleys and back streets until you reached the right house, for they know the position and number of almost every one of the 318,320 houses in Tokio, and also the names of every one of the 1,500,000 inhabitants.

These men are coolies who have never had any mental training at all. Ask them the easiest question and you will get no answer. They have purely and simply made their profession the one study of their lives. W. J. C.

Talk About Dogged!

AT 11.30 on Tuesday, August 13th, 1901, my brother was fishing on the Conon River with a large party. He cast his fly just under some rapids; it was not a good cast, so he was going to throw the fly again, but he found his line was caught in what seemed to be a rock. The keeper over the other side of the road shouted to him not to pull too hard at his line, as he must have hooked a fish, there being no rock just there.

At 2.30 my brother was so tired of tugging at the line that the head-keeper, a very experienced fisherman, took the rod for him.

When evening came the fish was just as game as in the morning, so the party made up their minds to stay the night on the river bank. Lamps were sent down to them, and a huge fire was built.

Morning came and still the salmon was not tired out; several of the party were unrecognisable by then from midge bites, their faces being frightfully swollen.

Soap, towels, porridge, eggs, etc., were sent down to them in the morning at about seven.

By this time a crowd had assembled on the opposite bank, shouting encouragement and advice. At 6.30 in the evening everybody was beginning to be rather sick of the whole affair, and so a boat was sent in with the head-keeper in it, and a long gaff tied on the end of a stick; but no sooner did the salmon feel the gaff than it gave a jump and snapped the line.

From the weight on the line the head-keeper said the salmon must have weighed from 40 to 50 lbs.

All this time the fish was in 15 ft. of water, and first drifted about 12 yds. down stream, then up again, the whole of the thirty-one hours.

DOROTHY ENGLISH.

Some Sussex Centenarians.

SUSSEX people may be "barndoor savages," as they were once called by a certain London alderman, but they undoubtedly require a lot of beating in the matter of longevity, and many instances might be given of centenarians in this healthy southern county. In Salehurst Churchyard, for instance, there is a tombstone to the memory of one Peter Sparkes, who died Oct. 28, 1564, aged 126 years. The Wadhurst register also records the death of this patriarch in the following words: "This day died old Peter Sparkes, of Salehurst, being 126 years old *by his own computation.*" There is a probably more authentic centenarian buried not fifty yards from Peter Sparkes. This is Elisabeth Willsher, who

ONE TO HODGE.

TALKATIVE STRANGER: "You see how it is, farmer. You sow the seeds and I reap the benefit."

HARASSED HODGE: Very likely. Oi be a-sowin' hemp."

Drawn by H. Keysorth.

died on the 29th of January, 1820. Any visitor to Battle can see, close to the east wall of the parish church, a tomb to the memory of Isaac Ingall, who died April 2nd, 1798. This remarkable old man was for *over* 90 *years* in the service of the Websters, who owned Battle Abbey. He was a very irritable old man, and on one occasion,

being offended by his master, started to walk the ten miles to Hastings in search of a fresh situation. He thought better of it, however, and returned. Coming to quite recent days, quite a modern patriarch died on May 17th, 1900, namely, one John S. Head, whose tomb is to be seen close to the entrance of Etchingham Churchyard.

L. J. Hodson.

On Climbing Down.

SOME months ago I mentioned in a short essay the great necessity of possessing at least one special friend, and on that subject I do not think there is any more to say.

Let us take it then that you have your great chum; and in your estimation he is naturally the best fellow in the world, bar none.

For a time all goes well; then, suddenly, you differ. It may be about some trifling thing (I was told of two men who nearly parted on the subject of tobacco), or perchance it is some weightier matter. Anyhow, there's the rupture. Your first feeling is one of anger; this is quite natural, and for a while you pose (to yourself only) as an outraged martyr. This does not last long, and is soon eclipsed by a sense of loneliness. You may have been victorious, but there is nobody to witness the victory, and you realise how the Roman Emperors of old would have felt had their triumphal entry been bereft of prisoners and a shouting, clamouring populace. Then you start thinking it over (this probably for the first time), and it soon dawns upon you that there was as much against your opinion as for it; and very likely your friend was right altogether.

This may be a bit humiliating, but you are on the right tack.

Now comes the struggle, and your pride fights with your knowledge of what is right. You are proving the metal of your better nature. Will it come out, not only unscathed, but also hardened, from this terrible ordeal? It will—aye, it *must*. There are no two ways about it. Whether your friend was right or wrong, the course of action is clear. You seek him out and meet him half-way coming on the same errand.

And then ——? A few words and a hearty handshake. You know the old proverb, and now its truth is realised.

Between you and me, I don't quite believe in your friend who never quarrels. When all is said and done, you want a man who is not afraid of mentioning your faults and little failings. At first, of course, you are a bit wild with him, but if you are worth anything you will soon recognise his generosity, and finding your lofty perch slightly lonely and very ridiculous, will gracefully, or otherwise, climb down—and thus the breach will be healed.

A. H. Eustace Jones.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

R. C. Tharp.—I do not like parodies of "The Lost Chord," or songs of that nature. **Carolus.**—There are glimpses of humour in your essay on "Materials." The sitting-down-on-the-drawing-pin episode is not at all funny. Try again. (You ask me to send back your effusion, but you don't enclose a stamped envelope. On receipt of the latter, I will return the manuscript). **L. J. Hodson.**—Your article on Bodiam Castle is accepted. Like a good many others, you must wait your turn as regards publication. **Dick Loutet.**—I'll remember what you say about cypher competitions. **W. H. Thomson.**—(1) Your advice is sound, but I don't think fellows regard competitions as tasks, nor do I think any of our competitors enter half-heartedly. You should just have seen the beautiful things sent in for the "Handiwork" Competition! The miniature suite of furniture made out of chestnuts and bits of straw was the most ingenious thing of its sort I have ever seen. (2) Sorry no space for your "medley." **J. W. Anderson.**—It is very difficult to write a good historical story. Yours is deficient in plot. Still, you have made a very fair attempt. **C. P. D. White.**—The "boss of this mag." is sorry he cannot give you the prize. **Geo. A. Duff.**—I have no room for your article, but I have sent it to Mr. Fry to read, and he'll probably give you a few lines next month. **M. T. Dodds.**—Sorry cannot use your friend's Nagpur article. It is the sort of thing that interests one's people in a letter, but hardly appeals to the general public. He should send something more out-of-the-way. **N. Welll.**—Make every letter distinctly, and never cramp yourself. If you write as well as you can, people ought not to "call you over the coals." Your writing will "form" into something better as your age increases. **F. S. B.**—I should say you would do well to grow a little older before you again tackle a story of that length. **H. Proudfoot.**—The anecdote is remarkable, but rather unsavoury. **Noyl.**—Clubbed. See reply to "F. S. B." **Wuggins Major.**—If the Fighting Editor behaved like that to a visitor I would punch his —— I mean, severely reprimand him. **"Xaja."**—Get a little more "body" into your next essay. You describe how you saw a kingfisher, and that's about the sum and substance of your contribution. You must give more information than that if you wish to earn the honour of print. I like to hear from you young people who take an interest in birds and insects. **J. W. Lewis.**—Can't you tell us how to make something of more practical utility than a paper box? The description should be quite short, and accompanied by a few diagrams, drawn in ink, on pieces of Bristol or other board **Mary Gilbertson.**—Hope to use your New Year Essay in our next January number. **Nobody Much.**—I do not think it is quite fair to attribute the bad manners you speak of to the "Average Boy." The A.B., I am sure, does not regard politeness as "bosh." His bad manners are often the result of forgetfulness. And then, of course, there's his bringing-up to be considered. The average boy who reads The Captain never (I trust) allows a lady to stand in a tram, train, or 'bus, and I hope he doesn't omit

to take his cap off when occasion requires such a salutation. The substance of your essay is good, but the tone is too sharp; your little lecture should have been expressed in a more kindly and temperate manner. **G. C. Scrivenour.**—I shall endeavour to use some of the Rugby snapshots during the coming summer **Gold-Nib.**—Your sketches are strong, but not altogether suitable for publication. **J. W. Johnson.**—None of the sketches you sent is quite suitable. **Morris Perrott** (S. Australia).—Athletic sketches a great improvement You will put too many small lines in your work, which prohibits reproduction. **Bert G.**—Your first attempt at animals is successful, as far as copying goes. You want heaps of practice; write again. **Kenneth M. Davies.**—Your two pen sketches are fairly clever; that entitled "Oh, I love society," being the best, but we cannot reproduce them as the subject is not suitable. **C. Parsons.**—The Old Fag has not played footer, or in a cup-tie, for many years. No room for sketches. **N. R. Carryer.**—Your quaint sketches certainly show merit, but as you are only thirteen, I hope it will not discourage you if I say that you require a great deal of practice; I think your pater will agree with this criticism.

(A number of criticisms held over.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 12th.

The Results will be published in June.

Special Notice.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

Age Rule: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Hidden Books"** (Third Series).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by Captain authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—**"Telegram."**—Three Sandow Developers will be awarded for the three best telegrams announcing the result of a test match between England and Australia. The words of the telegram must begin with the letters in "Captain Comps.," that is to say, the first word in the telegram must begin with "C," the second with "A," and the last with "S"; thus you have twelve words in your telegram, which need not be addressed to any one or signed. You are requested to use post-cards.

Class I. . .. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"If I were King."**—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, saying how you would behave if you were King of this country. Tell us how you would spend your time and your money, and what you would do to improve the condition of your subjects. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—**"The Twelve Most Popular Outdoor Pastimes."**—Send a list, on a post-card, putting them in their order to the best of your ability. Prizes will be Three Half-Guinea Table Tennis Sets.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—**"Stamp Competition."**—For particulars see "The Stamp Collector." The prizes will be Two Stamp Albums, specially selected by Mr. Nankivell.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Parody."**—Send in a parody of a well-known song or poem. No hymn or sacred poem is to be parodied. The prize will be 7s. 6d.

One Age limit: Twenty-five.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

This April sees the beginning of a new volume and new serials; it witnesses the beginning and the end of your Easter holidays and the commencement of the summer term—the most delightful term, to my thinking, of the year. By the time our next number is out the spring flowers will be with us in all their fresh beauty, the sunshine of May succeeding the showers of April, brightening our land and bidding us be glad that we are alive. I am not in agreement with those young writers who opine in various essays that Winter is a better season than Summer. Winter has its delights, but give me the glorious summertide, when the trees are decked in leaves, when our gardens are fragrant with many flowers, when we don lighter raiment and have done with the coughing and sneezing and all the woes that bitter weather brings in its train. How much pleasanter is it to loll at ease and watch a county match—say, Sussex v. Yorkshire (save when Yorkshire stone-wall so tediously, as they did last year), on the jolly little Hove ground—than to huddle together on a wet football field gloomily contemplating the victory of some eleven "muddied oafs" from the Midlands over—shall we say?—Southampton! And then the river, the sea-shore, the green country, the shady lanes—my Winter champions! I must decidedly register my vote in favour of Summer.

It seems rather curious to be writing like this when the March winds are roaring round the office windows, when the office-boy is repeatedly being ordered to "keep that door shut," when the Art-Editor is hobbling about with chilblains on his toes, and when the Idea Merchant crawls in looking as if he hadn't seen a fire for a week! But there is much good joy, my friends, in anticipation. When it is high Summer—when the Summer is really here—when fat gentlemen (no, I'm not one!) walk up and down the Strand mopping their faces with red bandannas (as they do in the dear old-fashioned novels), and every window in the office (as well as the door) is *open*—why, then we shall be sighing for a cool breeze and thinking of that nice cold snow which we considered such a nuisance in February. So I am enjoying *my* dog-days NOW. When they arrive, and we bake and boil and simmer in the heat of August, I shall turn up this paragraph and read the first part of it while I sip iced lemon-squashes.

Three years ago to-day (the 22nd of March), a new magazine appeared in piles upon every bookstall. I myself went and peered gravely over my spectacles at the people looking at it. That magazine was No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN. I think you will agree with me—at least, you tell me so in your letters—that we have never looked back since that day. Our cry has been "*Excelsior!*" Well, our No. 1 came out on the 22nd of March, 1899. On the 23rd of March public attention was switched on to another notable event—viz., the Oxford and Cambridge boat race By way of advertising our young selves, and giving the crowd something to go on with, as it were, before the "Here they come" episode, we hired a ten-ton launch and surrounded her with huge red lettering, on white bunting, which gave the observing world to understand that we were representing a Magazine for Boys and Old Boys, called "THE CAPTAIN." We carried about fourteen passengers, seven of them fair to look upon, the other seven not at all fair to look upon and of no particular interest to each other. In addition to the men attached to

the launch in a professional capacity, the crew included the O.F. as skipper, and the Art-Editor as mate. The office-boy was instructed to regard himself as a stowaway—and he did, too, when he saw the lunch!

I found the "Mayqueen" lying off Hammersmith Bridge, and went aboard about 11 o'clock, to find my passengers making merry in the saloon over an early tiffin. Going to my post I telegraphed to the engineer, "Full speed ahead."

"Full speed ahead it is, sir," sent back the engineer, and as he spoke the bonnie launch shot down the river Thames towards Putney amid the mad cheers of the crowd, and chased by one of the Conservancy launches coming hard up on our starboard quarter. With our red and white favours fluttering gaily in the breeze, our river greyhound raced down to the starting-place. We put the good "Mayqueen" through her paces pretty severely, but her engines and boiler stood the test well. On our return journey we shot Hammersmith Bridge at something over twenty knots an hour, and by most careful seamanship escaped running into several other launches and a number of excursion steamers. As we slowed down and proceeded at a more leisurely pace towards Barnes, I called the mate up and said, "Now, Mr. Mate, what we have got to do is to get first down the river with the result."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate.

"You have got the dark and light blue ensigns ready to run up?" I enquired of him.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he again, touching his cap as he walked aft.

After this we went for another cruise up and down, wriggling our way with remarkable skill in and out the maze of barges which will insist upon intruding their presence in the middle of the river on such occasions. We anchored about five cables' length below the winning post, and a slender, snaky-looking little craft stole by us and stopped some twenty yards ahead. Along its side, in large letters, was writ "THE SPORTSMAN."

"Keep an eye skinned, Mr. Mate," I observed, "I suspect yon craft of harbouring the same designs as ourselves."

"She looks a bit saucy, sir," said the mate.

"Watch her, then," said I.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he.

So there we waited, the CAPTAIN eyeing the SPORTSMAN, and the SPORTSMAN eyeing the CAPTAIN. We had been lying there for some thirty minutes when a distant roar told us that the crews were approaching. It was all hands on deck then with a vengeance—even the engineer coming up to see the fun; the only person who didn't come up was the stowaway, who did some exceedingly rapid work among the eatables during the next five minutes. Along came the crews, and it was soon evident that it was Oxford's day, for the dark blues swung by several lengths ahead of "the men from the Cam," as the SPORTSMAN calls them. I observed unwonted activity on the SPORTSMAN'S boat long before the 'Varsity eights were near us. No sooner had they gone past than the propeller of the snaky little craft on our port bow began to churn the muddy waters, and then she hove round into the river. Our engineer nipped below in a hurry. "Full speed ahead; give us every ounce of steam you've got," I signalled to the engine-room, and my instructions were so well obeyed that we fairly whizzed through the water after the SPORTSMAN. Down the river we followed her full tilt, and it was only because she got off a few seconds in front of us that she was the first to tell the expectant crowds that Oxford had won the boat race for 1899. However, we were a good second.

About two o'clock we returned the good ship "Mayqueen" to the owner, paid off the crew, hoisted the stowaway ashore with a crane, and wished our fair friends "Farewell."

"It's been a great day, Mr. Mate," said I, "but next year you will kindly see that we are *first* down with the result."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, confidently.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Would-be-Author.—People do not enter the journalistic world when they leave school, unless they become junior reporters on newspapers. Posts of this kind are obtained through interest with the proprietors and editors. Your aspirations, I judge, are of a more literary kind. Well, literary talent asserts itself in spite of one's usual occupations and surroundings. Send your efforts to editors, and you will succeed if you have real talent. If your present occupation brings you in a living, you must not throw it up till you are certain you can live by literary work. You cannot live by odd-job literary work until you have worked up a connection with papers and magazines. A literary "free-lance," even with a good connection, does not always have an easy time of it. There are so many in the field, and so many good writers sharing the spoil. Go on quietly with your present work, and make literature your recreation. The only way to make money by writing is to attract the attention of editors by sending them consistently good work. Find out what you can write best about, and make

that your special subject. Always be artistic—that is to say, do whatever you set yourself to do as well as you possibly can.

A Constant Reader (Gisburne, New Zealand), takes exception to Mr. Havelock Jerram's statements in the story "Wanted, a Preserved Head," which appeared in THE CAPTAIN for September, 1901. The writer, it seems, speaks of the Waikanae district as being almost as wild a few years ago, in 189—, as it was in Captain Cook's day. My correspondent says that he has visited the district, and can assure me that a railway runs through it, the Maoris selling baskets of strawberries at the stations to the passengers. This does not sound very wild. "New Zealand," our friend adds, "is as highly civilized as any country in the world. Schools are spread all over the islands, and the children are taught free. Railways run to every important town, while the towns themselves are provided with cable, horse and steam tramways. Bicycles are as common as flies, and nearly everyone owns a horse."

A.L.—I have always understood that "David Copperfield" contains many autobiographical facts about Charles Dickens. He was, for instance, a very poor boy and had to suffer many ups and downs; later on he became a reporter in the House of Commons, and then a novelist. These facts coincide with Copperfield's career. Of course a very great deal of the book is sheer imagination, but it may be said that Dickens took his own early career as a foundation upon which to build his story. The character of "Micawber," I am told, in many respects resembles Dickens' father, who was a clerk in the Paymaster's Department of the Admiralty.

M. E. Bennett.—(1) You can only get school magazines from schoolboy friends. Such papers are only printed for private circulation, and not sold to the public. (2) I really cannot say whether mermaids ever existed. I hardly think so. If they did I do not think they were the pretty creatures that are depicted by artists. Dame Nature is very wise, and always has a use for everything and everyone. Why should she make a creature which is half fish and half woman? Of what use would such a creature be?

Hindoo (BOMBAY), as a testimony to the "widespreadedness" of THE CAPTAIN, tells me that, after his name appeared in THE CAPTAIN CLUB list, he received letters from CAPTAIN readers living in Cambridge, Yorkshire, Somerset, Brighton, Fifeshire, Paris, British Guiana, Canada, Jamaica, and New Zealand! Owing to want of time, he was unable to promise to correspond with this host, and I am not surprised to hear it. It does show how the old CAP. gets about, doesn't it?

P. M. Rowbotham (CLUBBED) sends me a right breezy letter from Port Elizabeth, telling me about all the sports he and his fellow Port Elizabethans go in for. They seem to be a hard, athletic lot out there. I have handed his query *re* Mile to Mr. Fry, who'll probably give him an answer next month. Personally, I don't see why he shouldn't go in for it, so long as he doesn't overdo it.

Longest Word.—"A. D. R." and another reader have sent me a terrible word from Aristophanes, containing, roughly, 150 letters. This beats our recently-published longest word "hoiter." It begins: Λεψαδοτεμαχοσελαχ—the rest of it you can look up in your Liddell and Scott! It is the name of a dish, composed of a good many dainties, which was in great favour at Athens.

Worried.—Don't bother about your height. Get all the fresh air you can, and live an absolutely healthy life. Thus, if Dame Nature means you to grow, you will be helping her to shape you into a good article. You fellows who are not very tall often have the pull over tall fellows in the matter of strength and endurance. You have plenty of time yet in which to grow taller.

Velo.—I think your "Lament" is unnecessarily dreary. Although you are in an office you can get a good deal of exercise after hours. One cannot go on being a schoolboy for ever, but one can keep up one's games. I am glad to say that the last two lines of your poem are in a more manly strain. I trust you never *will* drift with the tide, but will ever be "up and doing."

L.S.F. obliges me with the *correct* spelling of that small Welsh place with the very long name, as follows: Llanfairpwllgwyngilgogorechwyrndrobwllsaintysilioggogargoch. I am glad there is no station with a name as long as this on the Twopenny Tube. It would tire out the most eloquent conductor.

J. Rae.—Your chest measurement is all right. Write more carefully, and give yourself more space everywhere. Your letter would have been much better written if you had used all four sides instead of two, without, of course, increasing the number of words.

Chilblains.—"Muladares" begs to inform Parora and Orsha that she has tried almost everything under the sun for chilblains, and finds that whiskey is the best thing for them—applied externally, of course. It ought to be well rubbed in, says our correspondent.

A. Pauline.—(1) Your writing might be better, certainly. (2) Glad to hear St. Paul's School has now 150 cadets. (3) My birthday comes on the date of the King's Coronation. Awkward that two such notable events should clash, isn't it?

Young Engineer.—Write to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., 34, Mar-street, Alloa, N.B., for their price-list. They are skilled engineers, and manufacturers of the models of the kind you describe, viz., model battleships, submarine boats, etc.

Autographs.—I do not value autographs. I trust you do not contemplate selling those you have. It is not very upright to get a famous general's autograph and then sell it. He sends it to you because he thinks you want it for your collection.

Facey.—How to become a sailor? Follow our series, "A Boy's Life at Sea." No. II. article will appear soon. We have answered your question before. Look through your back numbers. See a doctor about the noises in your head. Clubbed.

C. T. Hunt.—Send another stamped envelope for another batch of CAPTAIN stamps, if you've got through the first lot. Although we have sent out over seventy thousand of them, there are plenty left.

Dan (BOSTON, U.S.A.).—Go on pegging away with those sketches. You're bound to win acceptance in time if they're good enough. As for the stage, I don't give advice on that, except "keep off it."

J. T. Hales (BARNSLEY).—Write to the City Sale and Exchange, 90, Fleet-street, London, E.C., for their illustrated catalogue, in which you will find everything you require for your cricket outfit.

Fred Hales.—Send stamped envelope with autograph book. We dropped the Calendar because we found it extremely difficult to find new "Events," and didn't wish to repeat ourselves.

H.M.W.—That sunken place in my cheek denotes intense thought. Your cheek will have a similar appearance if you live long enough, think hard enough, and don't get fat in the face.

M.S.C.—Write and tell me what you want to do abroad. Your letter is very vague. Send a stamped envelope for my reply, as there is little space in this magazine for such answers.

Age Limit, 15.—There is a Stamp Com-

petition in this number. There are very few possibilities in the stamp-competition way, you must remember.

G.O.—If you send a stamped envelope, I can give you the addresses of a few scholastic agents through whom you can hear of vacancies in schools.

Maggie Barlow.—Your writing is clear and will improve in time. I don't see why it should be considered a disgrace to the family. Shall be very pleased to receive the flowers. As for "sick persons"—well, all the London Hospitals are most grateful if you send them flowers.

J. Okoski.—No, you need not tell us every time you change your abode. THE CAPTAIN stamps are to stick on your letters, or on anything else you like, even on the soles of your boots if you are in the habit of sitting with your feet out of the window when you are in a ground-floor room.

One of a Litter.—I was very much amused by your description of how you all waylay Smith's boy when he brings THE CAPTAIN. For goodness' sake, if you ever write again, please write a little larger. Now for your questions: (1) Try "Bamboo Work," price 7d., post-free from Hobbies Publishing Department, 12, Paternoster-square, London, E.C. (2) No, thanks, no room for the "Corner" you mention. (3) I think Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Boss.—Try it on other papers of a similar kind. **Gladys.**—I'll bear that in mind next time, my dear. **C. H. Craig.**—Certainly, if you send a stamped envelope for its return. **Doubtful.**—Under the circumstances, you may continue to be a member. **The Discoverer** (CLUBBED).—What a sharp fellow you are! We don't value coins. **Jack Fisher** (ONTARIO).—Glad to hear from you. Sorry, but it's against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. **F.H.N.**—The "discovered" gent's best respects. **A Selfish Boy.**—Hope to print your letter next month. **D'Artagnan.**—Have digested your suggestions. **T. C. Thorpe.**—Your writing is very neat. **Florrie Dutton.**—Only one of you can be a member. **Wilfred Arnold.**—If you are thinking of competing for a Higher Government appointment, you cannot do better than take a course of preparation with Messrs. Gibson and Loly, Quernmore, Bromley, Kent. **A. F. Cowan.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) If you will send the "Merchistonian," I will certainly review it. (3) Send stamped envelope for reply *re* crests. **W.H.K** (CLUBBED).—Badge optional. **L.M.E.**—The transparent films are the best. **Frank Hibberd** (S. INDIA).—Your competitions arrived too late. You should enter for the special competitions set from time to time for foreign and colonial readers. Mr. Nankivell will reply to your stamp queries. **Walter Jackson.**—(1) CAPTAIN volumes (I.-VI.) are all obtainable, price 6s., or 6s. 6d. post-free, from the Publisher. (2) The "Folding Pocket Kodak" will suit your requirements admirably; it is an excellent camera for cycle-touring. **Love-Fifteen** (WEST HAMPSTEAD).—You can get a good, strong table-tennis set from Mally and Co., 15, Goswell-road, E.C. **Cæsar.**—The photograph in the Christmas *Strand* is not of THE CAPTAIN office, but of Messrs. George Newnes' main building in Southampton Street. **A. E. Bell.**—Apply to the Auctioneers' Institute, Chancery Lane, W.C. **G. L. Austin.**—*Re* left-hand writing competition (December). Your name was included in Class III. by an error; it should have been placed in Class II. **Mater.**—Your son will receive first-class tuition for C.S. exams. at Clark's College, Fleet Street, E.C. **Etching Glass.**—J. W. Brisbane writes: "If hydrofluoric acid is applied to glass, by means of a clean quill, for a short time (five minutes or so), the etching will not be visible when dry, but will appear when breathed upon. The glass should afterwards be well washed and dried. **"Pueramans."**—(1) "Conjuring for Amateurs," by Professor Ellis Stanyon. Price 1s. 2d. post-free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. (2) As friends, yes; not in the silly way you mean. **J.M.C. and A.J.R.**—Change of address noted. **J.H.T.P.**—You can obtain a mountaineering rucksack and a folding pocket-lantern from Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, London, E.C. Mention this magazine if you go there or write to them. **One-To-Three.**—The Navy List is published monthly, at 1s. 6d., and can be obtained at any bookseller's. **A.K.H. de W.**—It is not necessary to belong to THE CAPTAIN Club in order to go in for the comps. **J. V. Garland** (JAMAICA). Clubbed.—I am no hand at puzzles, so I do not think I will tackle the one you send me. **R.L.F.** (PUTNEY).—I fear your letter must have been mislaid. Will you write again? **G. Daybell.**—Will tell you about medical students' fees next month.

Official Representatives appointed:—G. V. Warry-Sibley (Southend and neighbourhood); R. C. O. Bingham (Weymouth); J. Rae (Aberdeen); A. H. Pattèn (Redhill); Daniel Kehoe (Dublin); R. K. Hitchcock (York).

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "One Who Wants a School Story," "Young Fag," "A. Taylor," S. M. Ridgway, "Ramsay Laird," G. Ledward, "A Reader" (suggestion noted *re* Emigration), Frank M. Cundy, Alfred Smith (Clapham), H. Proudfoot, and many others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Bona fide purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (First Series).

Winner of £1 Ernest S. Rosenthal, Afton, 78, Thornlow Road, West Norwood, S.E.

Winner of 10s. Elsie Rayner, 37, Twisden Road, Dartmouth Park, Highgate, N.

Winner of 5s. Jack H. Gamble, Holmleigh, Brook Street Hill, Brentwood, Essex.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: W. A. Greve, 61, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich, S.E.; Ernest Smith, South Lodge, Enfield Chase, Middlesex; Victor Herrick, 16, Waterloo Road, Leyton, E.; B. L. Jones, 6, Brunswick Street, Carlisle; George Wilkinson, 9, Caithness Drive, Liscard, Cheshire; James Reiman, 14, Grosvenor View, Blackman Lane, Leeds; M. V. Hardy, 8, Mosella Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; Stanley Courtney, 7, Calais Street, Camberwell, S.E.; G. B. B. Johnson, 223, Brickstone Hill, London, S.W.; Eric A. Newton, 11, Trulawny Road, Cotham, Bristol; G. C. Pocock, Stoneleigh, Streatham Place, Streatham Hill, S.W.; R. W. Evans, Lansdowne House, Welshpool, North Wales; F. T. Clarke, Midland Railway Station, Huckmall, Torkard, Notts.; W. E. Organ, 13, Alma Road, Canonbury, N.; Mat. Prosser, 236, Park Road, Cwmpark, Treorchyrhoadda, South Wales; E. B. Williams, 25, Dalmora Road, West Dulwich, S.E.; Eric C. Pearce, The College, Maidenhead, Berks.; H. Watts, 25, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol; Reginald Foulke, 223, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; and Oswald C. Bush, 1, Clarence Villa, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E. (These are requested to send post-cards naming the book—by a CAPTAIN author—they would like. *Vide* advt. in this number.)

No. II.—"Words in Names of Places."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Prize: E. W. Stiles, 2, French Gate, Doncaster.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: John W. Lewis, 1, Rhymney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff.

Honourable Mention: A. E. G. Freeman, Stanley Courtney, Maggie Elliott, H. R. Morris.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Prize: Mary Lewis, 1, Rhymney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Leonard Bush, 115, Kensington Avenue, East Ham, E.

Honourable Mention: A. J. Romeril, M. Behrman, John Tennant, H. Hockley, Vincent Griffith, H. Stanley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of Prize: M. Spencer, 161, Lincoln Rd., Peterboro'.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Maurice G. Osborne, The Hive, Parkstone, Dorset.

Honourable Mention: Frank Whittle, C. J. Newman, Albert Sandwell, R. H. Brown.

No. III.—"Map of the Mississippi."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of 7s.: A. McGregor, 31, Buccleuch-st. Edinburgh.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Fred Inkster, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: Alan Leslie Snow.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of 7s.: T. Street, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: James Hall, Harold Sommerville, L. E. V. Tiffen, C. Hargreaves.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of 7s.: Herbert Edwards, 31, Haverstock Road, Malden Road, N.W.

No. IV.—"Anecdotes of Dogs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Prize: James H. Walker, 21, John Clay Street, Westoe, South Shields.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to Flora Macdonald, 31, Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, W.; Gertrude Stirling, The Rowans, Fleet, Hants.

Honourable Mention: M. Wolferstan, Frank A. Garratt, Wm. Aitken Oldfield, Rosalind F. Bridge, W. J. White, Maud M. Lyne, H. J. Henderson, R. Alsop Hamer, Myrtle Francis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Prize: Charles Bramshaw, Ward 9, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Lilian Weir, Highfield, Glentworth Road, Redland, Bristol; A. Kenneth Wilson, Beech House, Castleford, Yorks.

Honourable Mention: J. Wignall, Dorothy Brunerton, E. Kleinjung, W. S. Holt, C. G. Dowding, Jack Leien, J. R. Leslie, Alexander C. Adams, Albert Wells.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of Prize: F. Martin, 23, Albany Road, Coventry.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Percy H. McCormack, 65, Richmond Road, Dalston, N.E.

Honourable Mention: Henry L. Hunt, J. E. Barnes, John Sutherland, Muriel S. Clay, Reggie Chapman, Dorothy Payne.

No. V.—"My Twelve Favourite Songs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Winifred D. Ernest, Bellerville, S. Saviour's, Jersey.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Edgar J. Ernest, Bellerville, S. Saviour's, Jersey; Arthur J. Lutley, 6, George Street, Wellington, Somerset.

Honourable Mention: S. H. Overton, H. Russell, H. R. Bishop, Ernest A. Taylor, R. A. H. Goodyear, George R. G. Lynas, Stuart Farr, Kathleen Startin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: G. W. Ivey, 171, Barking Road, West Ham, Essex.

Honourable Mention: John L. Turner, Gertrude Sterling, A. C. Hodgson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Edgar Prime, Church View, Stapenhill Road, Burton-on-Trent.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: H. W. Perrin, 2, South Green Road, Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge; Robin Jackson, Bardykes, Blantyre; G. Baines, Summerfield, Morley, near Leeds.

Honourable Mention: Dora Laredo, Geo. T. Vale, H. Schofield, Kathleen Brinsley, P. Battye, H. Hinson, Walter S. Leeming, Fred. Hales, Dorothy Fremlin, James Campbell, Alex. C. Adams, H. J. Hodgson.

No. VI.—"Black and White."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

Winner of 7s.: Thomas Allwork Charlin, 81, Ansleby Square, Peckham, S.E.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to Edith Winifred Fawn, "Brent Knoll," Mayow Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Honourable Mention: C. M. Cardale, Violet Horley, Winifred D. Ernest, Elsie Smeaton Munro, E. E. Wildish.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of 7s.: George A. Bell, c/o Blackwell and Thompson, Halford Chambers, Halford Street, Leicester.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to L. MacDonald Gill, "Strathmore," Bognor, Sussex.

Honourable Mention: L. McDonald Gill, James A. Ramsay, Dudley G. Buxton, C. L. Reinmann, C. H. Leigh, W. B. Huntly, F. B. D. Stalker, David Pryde, Ethel M. Sheppard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Joseph Taylor, Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Bradford.

Honourable Mention: A. V. Laferla, Sidney J. Edwards, F. J. St. Aubyn, Richard Caparn, J. Ineson, J. Grosvenor Herd, Ralph Etherington, Logan Rook, Mimi Langer, Charles Bellamy, Kenneth Denton Shoesmith.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

I.—There were a great many entries for this Competition. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Neatness was taken into consideration, as most of the prize winners only got one book wrong. Only four competitors guessed "Eric," so, although they had two others wrong, they were awarded consolation prizes.

II.—The six places according to the majority of the competitors are:—1 Wolverhampton. 2 Haverfordwest. 3 Weston-super-Mare. 4 Doncaster. 5 Middlesborough. 6 Kidderminster. No one had more than four out of the six right.

III.—The maps sent in Classes I. and III. were below the average, only those in Class II. being up to the usual standard.

IV.—The Anecdotes were excellent and original. Of course we had a few "imported from America," after the style of the small dog which broke its leg and was taken in by some kind person, who set it for him. Some days afterwards there was a scratching heard at the door, and behold! the same small dog, bringing a comrade with a broken limb, hoping that the same kind office might be performed for *him!*

V.—The list of songs, decided by vote, is as follows:—1. Home Sweet Home. 2. The Lost Chord. 3. The Holy City. 4. Auld Lang Syne. 5. The Old Folks at Home. 6. Soldiers of the King. 7. The Bay of Biscay. 8. Tom Bowling. 9. Rule Britannia! 10. Queen of the Earth. 11. Annie Laurie. 12. Robin Adair.

The prize winner in Class I. had eight right, in Class II. seven right, and in Class III. six right. In several cases prizes were awarded to the senders of the nearest lists.

VI.—We hope to reproduce the prize winners in Classes I. and III., but that which received the prize in Class II. is not quite suitable, although an excellent study from the antique.

The Competition Editor.

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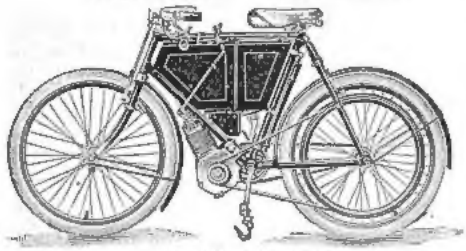

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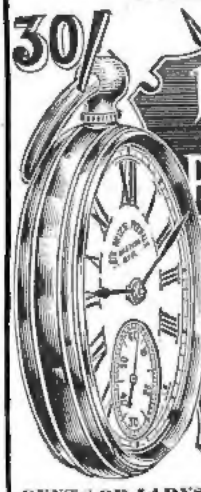

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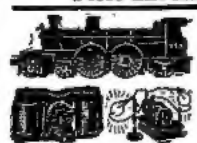

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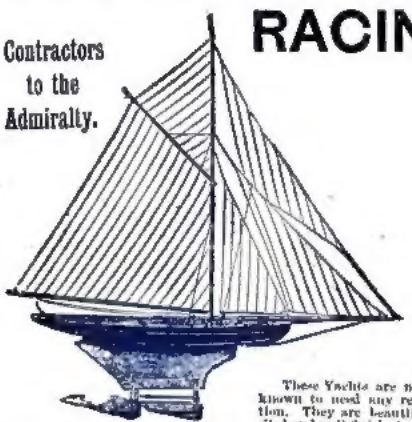

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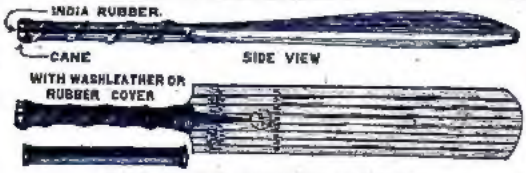

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